SEX FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN — Some Frank Opinions by JOHN ERSKINE

SEPT. 19,
1936

Liberty

5¢

THE Loves OF John Barrymore

BEGINNING the ROMANCES of the GREAT WOOER and HIS SECRET of PERPETUAL YOUTH

ANY WOMAN CAN BE BEAUTIFUL by MADAME SYLVIA

"Four dogs ... four pops ... and ten of Ethyl for a hungry car"

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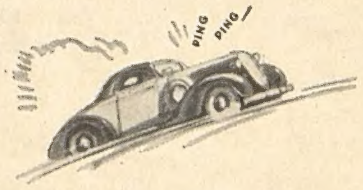

LOOK OUT for a "pinging" sound when you push down the accelerator to pass another car with safety or to make a hill in high! It means that your motor is knocking and failing to give *all* its power at the times you need it most—that you are wasting gas and oil.

DON'T BLAME your car for knock. Blame the fuel! Knock occurs when gasoline breaks down (burns too quickly) under the heat of the modern high compression engine. It's your engine's way of saying: "I'm starving on low compression fuel. Give me more anti-knock!"

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Enough anti-knock fluid to stand up under the highest engine compression and bring out all the power of your car.

✓✓ *All-round quality that is* double-checked *— by the oil companies and the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation — at the refinery and at the pump.*

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LESLIE HOWARD
ROMEO and JULIET

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REGINALD DENNY • CONWAY TEARLE • ROBERT WARWICK
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SEPTEMBER 19, 1936

Liberty

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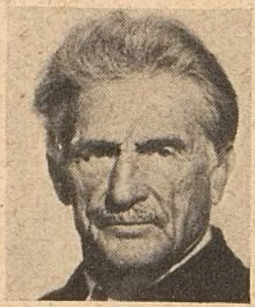
BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

What the Roosevelt Administration Has Done for the Workers



BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE wages of every worker in this country have been radically reduced—in buying power—by the Roosevelt administration. The living standard of every worker has been substantially lowered.

The workers may be receiving wages equal to what they were during the previous administration, or even greater, but a heavy increase in prices has lessened buying power materially in every instance. There are very few, if any, exceptions.

The policy of the Roosevelt administration has been to raise prices—make everything cost more money. And they have been successful to an extraordinary degree.

The NRA was supposed to raise wages, but it started out with the direct statement that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law would be ignored, that if you signed an agreement with the President price-fixing would be allowed. The injustice and folly of such a policy was, however, so apparent that it was ultimately discarded.

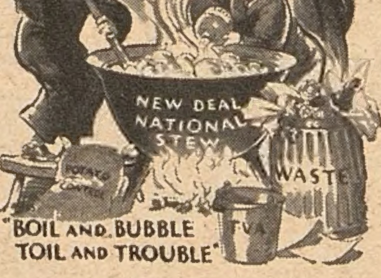
When you allow human greed full play it always runs wild.

We hear little at Washington at this time in support of the administration's desire to follow Mussolini's procedure and saddle Fascism on the business of the country. Despite quibbling, the NRA was Fascism pure and simple. Its control of business was identical with that which is now adhered to in Italy. And it is the coming election that has caused the administration to discontinue for the time being their extraordinary efforts to create new legislation to take the place of the NRA.

Everywhere we hear that the unions and the workers intend generally to support Roosevelt. But if they will use a small part of their mental equipment they can easily recognize the similarity between the NRA and Mussolini's Fascism. There is practically no difference.

And if organized workers think that they will be given much consideration under a Fascist regime they can soon be undeceived if they will study the labor situation in Italy. We never hear of strikes in that country. The workers are told what to do and they accept the enslavement without protest.

Organized labor has accomplished extraordinary results in forcing capital to recognize its needs. Its voice is heard in the management of business. Every intelligent employer realizes that it is good business to give appropriate consideration to the comfort and happiness of his employees. Contented workers are more efficient. The product of their labor is better than the product of those who labor under the yoke of enslavement.



This administration is supposed to have made extraordinary efforts to help the workers. But the officials lack the intelligence necessary to achieve constructive results.

When they followed the do-nothing policy—in other words, while they were making their so-called plans during the first five months of the Roosevelt regime, stimulated by the cheering words of President Roosevelt's inaugural address—business went ahead with giant strides. Over three million of the unemployed were put to work.

But when the crackpot schemes of all the various bureaus in Washington began to operate there was no more progress. As stated before in these columns, the unemployment record has increased by more than two million.

As for the millions of workers who are now on the dole or in CCC camps or on relief-work pay rolls—it is maintained that all of these will vote for Roosevelt under the impression that he has helped them in a grave emergency.

Yes, he has helped them in an emergency created by the lack of intelligence of this administration. He has given them the dole instead of jobs and we can be assured that if Roosevelt is again elected there will be many changes. There will be no further need for votes, and doles and other vote-buying favors will be greatly restricted. As we pointed out previously, business would have been back to normal and the dole could have been largely eliminated or discarded within a year or two after Roosevelt assumed the duties of his office if he had followed the "hands-off" policy that he maintained the first five months he was in office, during which time business and financial conditions improved to an extraordinary degree.

Bernarr Macfadden

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IN THE MIDDLE YEARS

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. . . if you watch your diet, exercise sensibly, live moderately. And, if you drink, *choose a whiskey that agrees with you*

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It is now our privilege to give them the *facts.* For months we have examined this vital question, "How does the human system respond to different forms of whiskey?"

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It is this: *"Seagram's Crown Blended Whiskies are* A MOST WHOLESOME FORM OF WHISKEY."

Therefore, you who have always liked the fine, rich *taste* of Seagram's Crowns now know why these whiskies agree with you so well . . . why they are so easy on you, so considerate, so kind.

Blended with Seagram skill from one of the world's largest stores of fine aged whiskies, Seagram's Crowns, if taken in moderation, are your assurance of *pleasure without penalty.*

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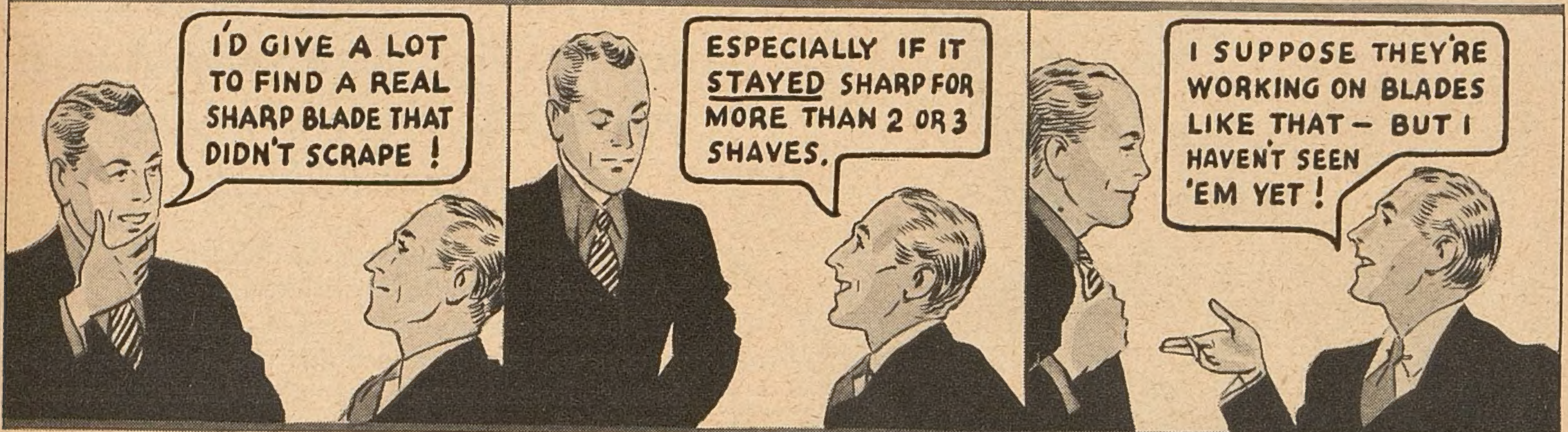
A MOST WHOLESOME FORM OF WHISKEY

STOP WAITING FOR BLADE PERFECTION


I'D GIVE A LOT TO FIND A REAL SHARP BLADE THAT DIDN'T SCRAPE !
ESPECIALLY IF IT STAYED SHARP FOR MORE THAN 2 OR 3 SHAVES.
I SUPPOSE THEY'RE WORKING ON BLADES LIKE THAT— BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN 'EM YET !

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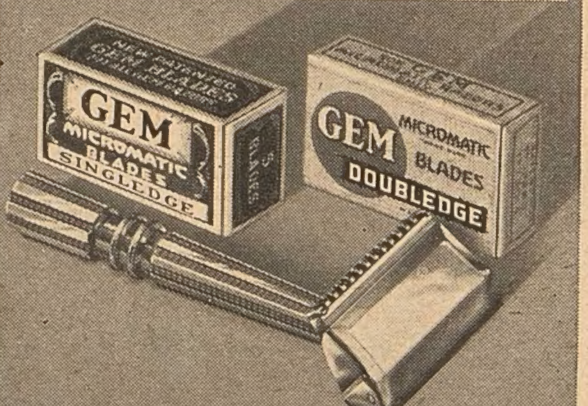
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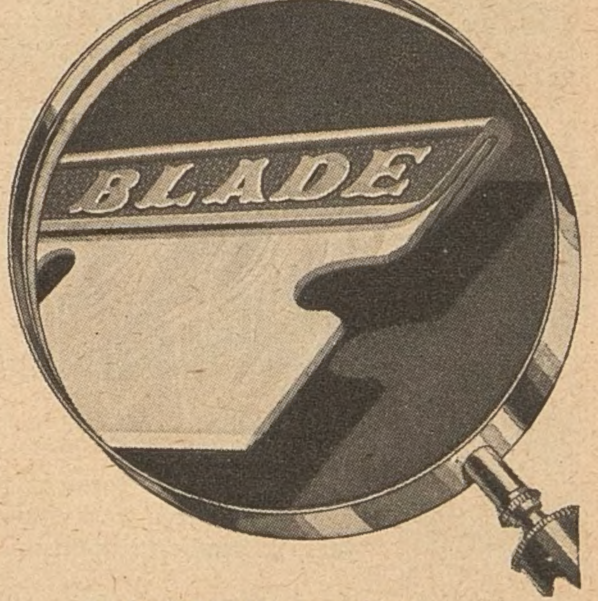

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BEGINNING

THE Loves OF John Barrymore

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

PART ONE—THE GIRL IN THE VELVET SWING

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE most sensational murder trial of modern times was about to begin.

Judge Fitzgerald, a fat judge and a wise one, was glooming ponderously from the bench.

William Travers Jerome—by the grace of God and two whirlwind independent Tammany-defying campaigns, District Attorney of New York County — was busily sorting the notes and papers which comprised the case of the State of New York versus Harry Kendall Thaw.

At his own counsel table, heavy-shouldered, soft-bodied, slumped the young Pittsburgh millionaire who had killed the great architect, Stanford White, on the roof of White's best known monument, Madison Square Garden.

A Revealing Light on the Many Private Lives of "Wild Jack," Perennial Playboy of Stage and Screen, Whose "Damned Charm" and Durability Have Led Him On for Decades from Love to Love

"What are we waiting for?" demanded His Honor.

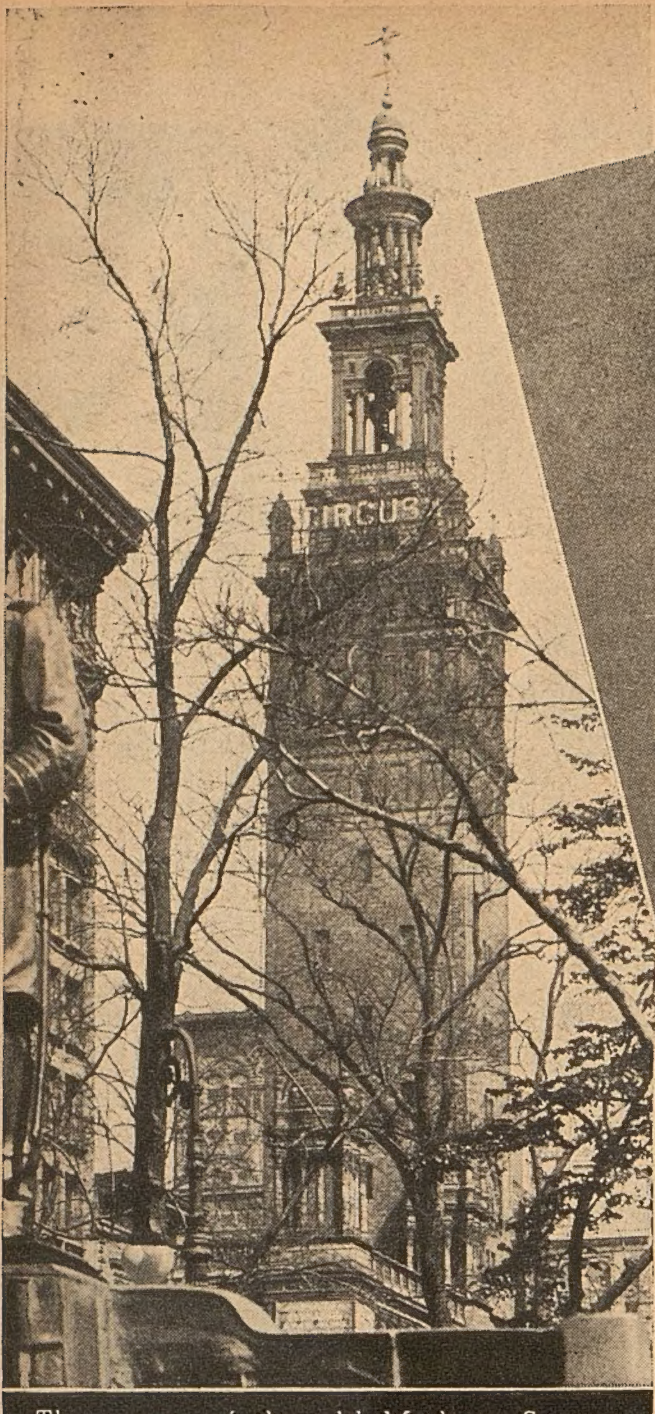
The district attorney stopped fiddling with his papers and strode to the bench. A whispered word. A lurch of the head to indicate a vacant chair placed conspicuously in front of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, the prisoner's beautiful chorus-girl wife, in defense—or rather in memory—of whose "honor" the crime was alleged to have been committed.

The judge nodded.

The court waited.

Jack Barrymore was late.

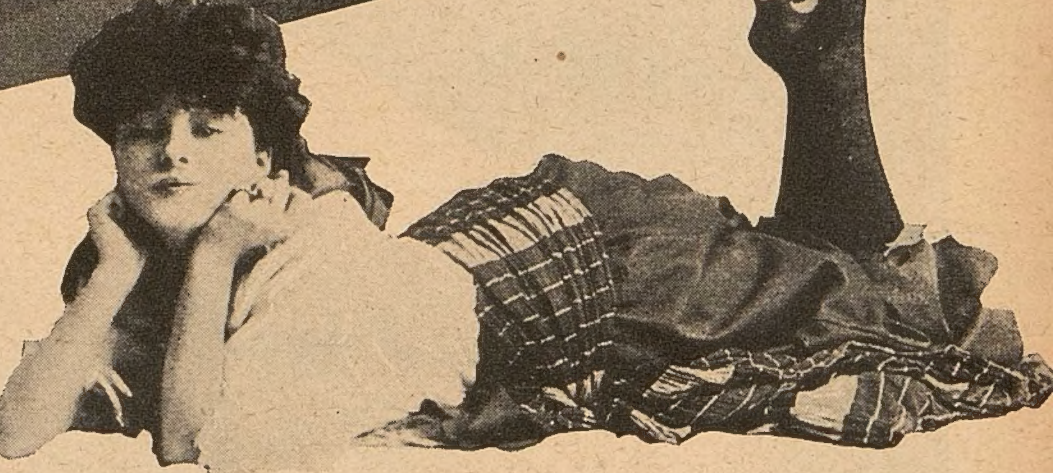
Jack Barrymore usually was late—especially in the morning. For in this callow period of his career "Wild Jack" seemed set on emulating his distinguished father Maurice, whom Otis Skinner called the Bedouin of Broadway, not to



The tower of the old Madison Square Garden, Stanford White's "monument."

Jack Barrymore's sister Ethel in Captain Jinks.

Jack during his romantic days with Evelyn Nesbit.



The 'angel child' Evelyn whom he romanced with.

mention that earlier and naughtier ancestor, the seventh Earl of Barrymore, of whom a Regency poet wrote that he was wont

> To force plain Nature from her usual way,
> Each night a vigil, and a blank each day.

But Jack's engagement with the district attorney on this day, January 23, 1907, was not one that could be delayed too long. It had been brought about by one of those persuasive missives which rough men hand out in the name of the law; and it was clear, when at length Jack did arrive, that the displeasure written so plainly on his handsome countenance was due to something more than a congenital dislike for being anywhere except in bed at ten o'clock in the morning. He was even described as "gnawing nervously at his moustachios."

"I am at an entire loss to know why the district attorney's office desires my presence at the Thaw trial," he grumbled. "I was not present at the tragedy on the Madison Square Roof Garden. I dislike this notoriety exceedingly and only wish that I might be kept entirely out of the Thaw case. I can't see why the district attorney's office should drag me into it."

Other people did see.

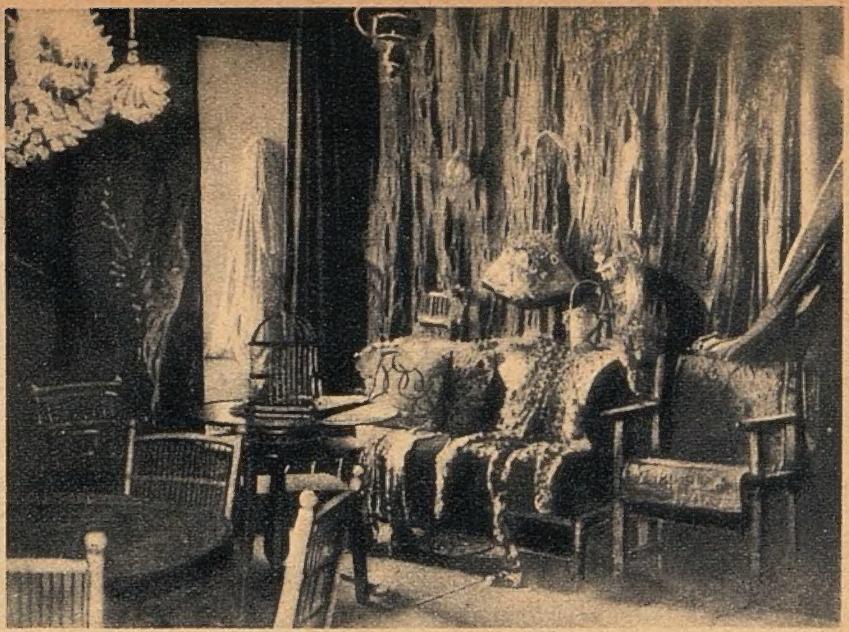
The state's case, so far as the murder went, was bulletproof. In the seven months between the crime and the trial Thaw's family had poured out millions to inflame public opinion against his victim and to paint him, Thaw, as the virtuous and innocent husband. It had succeeded wholly in its first objective; had even succeeded in making a good many people forget the purple incidents which had marked the profligate career of Harry Thaw. But no amount of money could get around the fact that hundreds of witnesses, assembled to view the première of Mam'zelle Champagne, had seen with their own eyes the murder on the roof. Thaw's only chance of getting off was to plead a temporary insanity, superinduced by brooding over the story which his wife was alleged to have told him about White. The effectiveness of such a defense would depend largely on what the story was that Evelyn told. It was a foregone conclusion that she would be asked to repeat that story to the jury.

To make her testimony any good, she would have to swear that Stanford White had been the first man in her life. Would she dare do that, reasoned the district attorney, with one of her many earlier admirers sitting there in front of her?

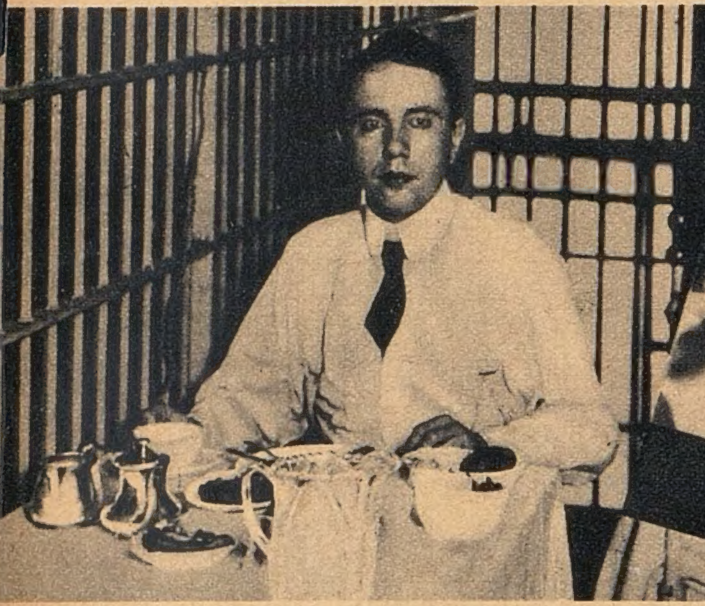
That Barrymore should have been called when so many might have been chosen was certainly tough luck for the young man. Wild he undoubtedly was in the gay, stay-out-all-night sense. The Rialto rang with the echoes of his merry pranks—such, for instance, as his climbing the Dewey Arch in Madison Square, detaching the great

Evelyn Nesbit—beg pardon, Mrs. Harry K.—Thaw at the time of the memorable trial.

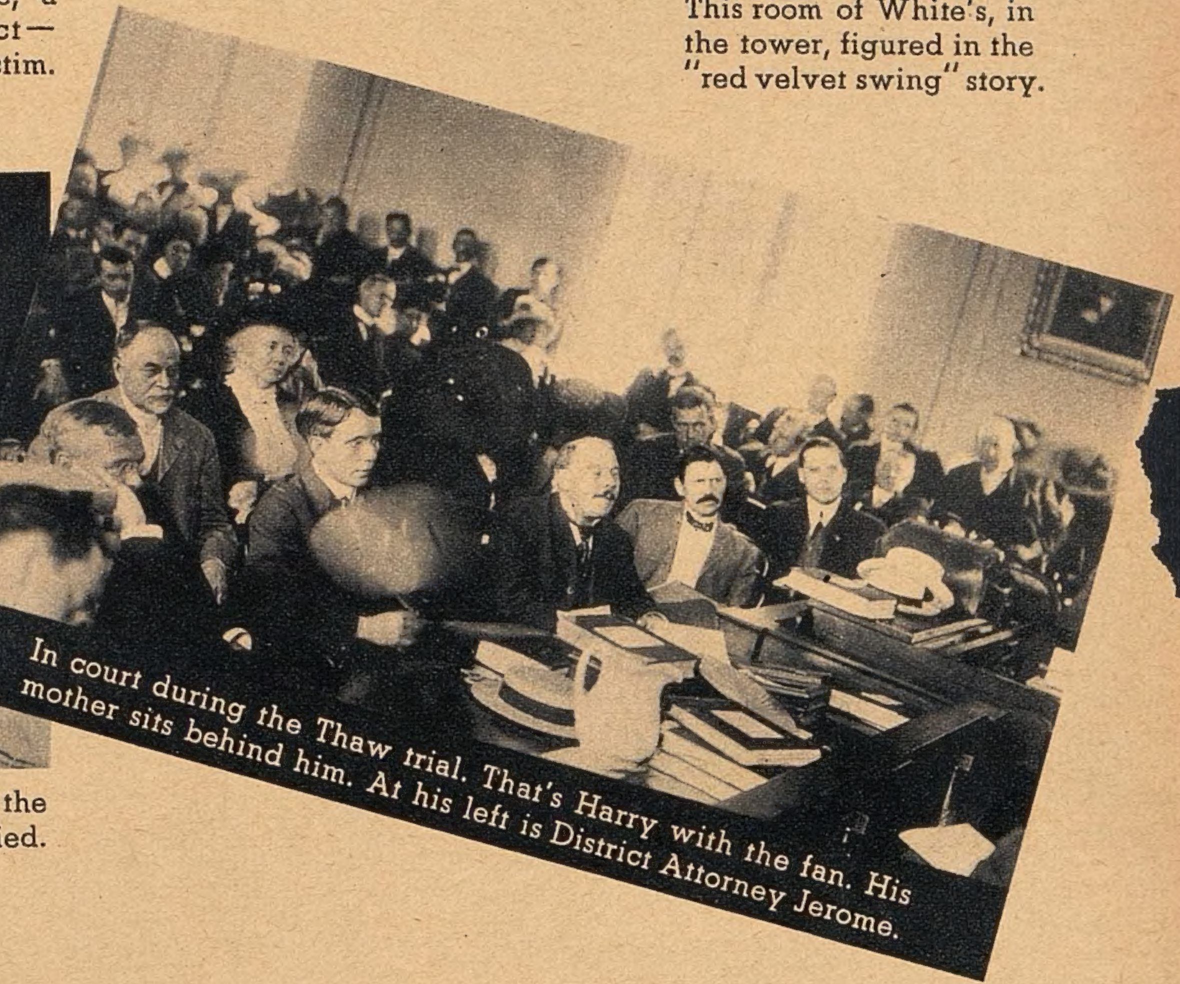
Stanford White, a great architect—and Thaw's victim.



This room of White's, in the tower, figured in the "red velvet swing" story.



Harry K. Thaw managing to keep the wolf from the door of one of the prison cells that he occupied.



In court during the Thaw trial. That's Harry with the fan. His mother sits behind him. At his left is District Attorney Jerome.

Sword of Victory, and marching with this gargantuan souvenir proudly up Broadway to Times—beg pardon, it was Longacre then!—Square. But these were, for the most part, the skylarkings of youth.

There was nothing in his reputation, so far as women were concerned, that justified his being made a " guinea pig " in Dr. Jerome's laboratory of sex.

He was, in fact, the very antithesis of the things Harry Thaw and even Stanford White stood for in the eyes of Broadway. Tiring of the leering attentions of young millionaire wastrels and the ponderous playfulness of the older boulevardiers, the girls of the theater turned to their own Jack Barrymore as if he were money from home. And, apparently, he never let them down.

" He was lots of fun," Evelyn once said. " We laughed so much together that people at near-by tables stared at us enviously."

Doubtless a true picture of the relationship between these two gay kids of the Great White Way—but the district attorney needed a victim, and Handsome Jack made a dramatic one. A convincing one too, in a way; because the record of his apparently having known Evelyn before White did had already reached the public prints:

John Barrymore first met the beautiful and fascinating Evelyn Nesbit while she was at the height of her theatrical career and playing in George Lederer's " Wild Rose " company. She was then the gorgeous butterfly of Stageland, the toast and admiration of the gallants and gilded youth of the city.

Gay and joyous with the freshness of youth, Evelyn Nesbit danced and sang her way into the hearts of all, but she showed preference to none until Jack Barrymore paid sudden and tempestuous court.

Like two happy children, the after-theatre Broadway began to see them with eyes for none others in the fashionable restaurants. Nightly he waited for her at the stage door, whence she would emerge with a huge bouquet of violets as her corsage, the tribute of her admirer. In the afternoons they would drive or walk through the Park. They found each other congenial and all else dross.

Joy and sunshine for three months of devoted camaraderie. Then no longer Jack Barrymore appeared at the stage door. In his place, when the chorus came out into the night, would be standing one of two men: the portly figure of Stanford White or the tall and slender form of Harry Kendall Thaw.

AS the whole world knows, the district attorney's ruse failed utterly of its purpose. With a frankness unprecedented in judicial procedure (and reported with a frankness unprecedented in journalism) little Evelyn took the stand and told " the most astonishing narrative ever heard in a New York court "—a story which more than confirmed the popular impression of Stanford White.

Although she was a well known girl about town before any of the principal characters in this story first met her, although her love idyls with Barrymore and others were public property, although Adele Rice, Manager George Lederer's wife, saw fit to name her as corespondent in her suit for divorce, although by her own confession she had been Stanford White's mistress, although she was publicly known before her marriage to have been Harry Thaw's, the twelve good men and true were so impressed by her bizarre story of the red velvet swing and the big Japanese umbrella on the ceiling, which she punctured with her Venus foot, that even Jerome of the fighting Jeromes saw that there was no longer any use in battling for a lost cause.

Harry was adjudged insane and committed forthwith to the State Asylum at Matteawan.

Curiously enough, the scene in the swing was more intriguing to the public mind than any other feature in the whole trial.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "poetess of passion," whose lyrics young Jack illustrated. He did it very much as he drew Despair (at right)—but when he called on Ella, she at once forgave him!

Its Fragonard spirit caught the popular fancy. And when the Great Ziegfeld sent Lilian Lorraine —whose beauty bore a riking resemblance to at of Evelyn Thaw—winging far out over the ollies audience, displayng among other things the brand-new vogue in French openwork hose, sophisticated New Yorkers recalled with lip-sucking relish the stories of that house in Twenty-fourth Street where Evelyn was supposed to have met Stanford White.

Barrymore's involuntary part in this courtroom tragedy was not an enjoyable one. To him it wasn't a fair one. Evelyn has always said—she would have to, of course—that she met Jack *after* she met Stanford. She even maintains that she met him at a luncheon in the latter's famous bachelor apartment in the tower of the old Madison Square Garden.

"Throughout lunch," she coyly affirms, "Barrymore kept pinching at his thin mustache, throwing me covert admiring glances; and once, when our host left the room to answer the telephone, he leaned forward and whispered, 'Quick! Your address and telephone number!'

"He scribbled them on his cuff. That night he sent me violets and a note surrounded by clever little sketches. He called for me at the stage door every night without fail and took me to Rector's for supper. He would order me a glass of milk, set a rose leaf on its surface, and say, 'That is your mouth!'"

It would be hard to believe, even of the Barrymore, that he could have attained such verbal facility in the art of love at so green an age—he was barely twenty-four—if the Morning Telegraph, that irrefutable chronicler of Broadway doings, had not solemnly reported him as saying:

"She is a quivering pink poppy in a golden windswept space."

When that one reached the Great White Path, Evelyn admits that she was in for some kidding!

At the trial, Jerome had been professionally brutal in pressing her for details of her romance with the scion of the Drews and the Barrymores.

Accepting her statement that the Jack and Stanford romances had overlapped, the astute prosecutor proceeded as follows:

Q. Did Stanford White continually object to your going with Barrymore?

A. After he saw my mother about it he did.

Q. After White had seen your mother he objected?

A. Yes.

Q. Did he state why he objected?

A. Yes.

Q. What did he say?

A. He said it was very foolish.

Q. Was that all he said?

A. He said we did not have any money; that I did not have any money; that Mr. Barrymore did not have any money. He asked what we could expect to live on.

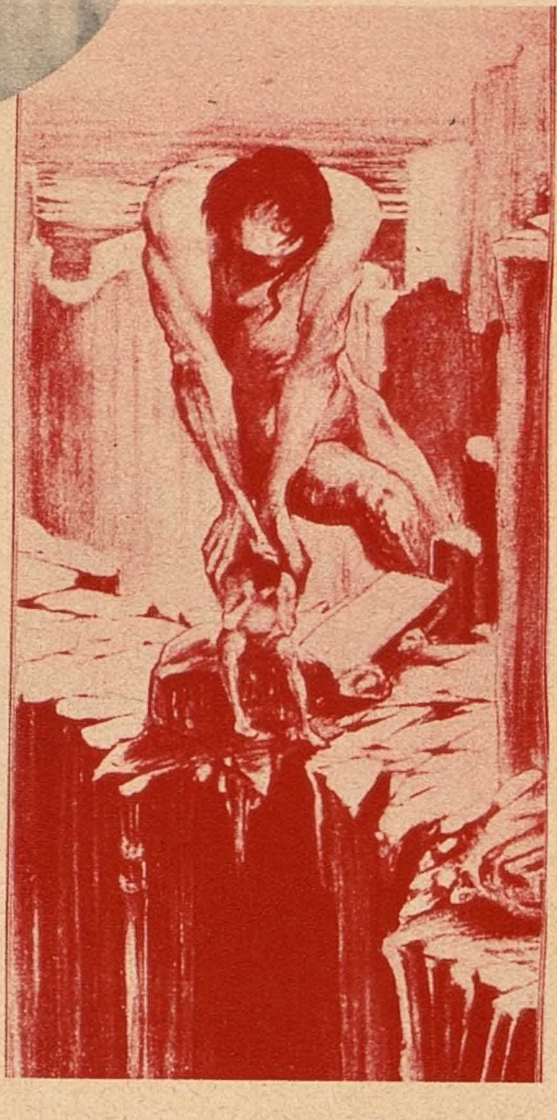
Q. I am not talking now about Stanford White's objection to the matrimonial propositions of Barrymore. Had he proposed to you?

A. He had.

Q. How did Stanford White know about it?

A. Mama told him. . . .

Q. Did not Stanford White endeavor to get you to make a complaint against Barrymore?



From Cosmopolitan

At this point Attorney Delphin Delmas — California's $50,000 gift to the Thaw defense — objected; and Judge Fitzgerald very properly sustained his objection.

Evelyn has since been utterly frank, or apparently so, about the incident to which the district attorney referred; and in her frankness gives not only herself but Barrymore a clean bill of moral health. It seems that the two dined one night at an Italian restaurant where they drank altogether too much red ink.

"It made us nauseated," she says. "We didn't know what to do or where to go."

At Jack's suggestion, they solved the problem by going to his apartment. Since he had lost his job as a cartoonist on the Journal, and was living, presumably, on what sister Ethel could spare him from her $125 a week salary as the star of Captain Jinks, it can be imagined that the accommodations were not sumptuous. According to Evelyn, they weren't even decently warm; but Jack remedied this deficiency by wrapping her in a cloak which his father, Maurice Barrymore, had worn as Romeo. Thus warmed in the mantle of romance, the lady apparently relaxed.

"I stretched out on the floor and fell sound asleep," she recalls. "Jack parked himself somewhere and did likewise. We both slept the dreamless sleep of youth."

At eleven the next morning the angel child awoke to the ugly thought of what mother would say, and to whom. On arriving home, her worst fears were realized. There they stood—Stanford White, her benefactor, and the woman whom even the courtly Mr. Delmas described as that "unnatural parent who deserted this poor little girl and left her to become the victim of man's lust and received the wages of her downfall with which to dress herself in finery."

Suddenly, with the great Stanford White leaning solicitously over her, Mother Nesbit dropped to the divan and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, Florence Nesbit!"—that was Evelyn's birthday name—"how could you

(Continued on page twelve)

COURAGE...to make *finer* whiskey

FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES
Paul Jones
★ ★ ★ ★
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
ONE QUART

HOW easy it would be for us to take short cuts—and give you a whiskey *almost* as good as Paul Jones!

But we're just old-fashioned enough to cling steadfastly to the slow, time-proven methods of distilling that we've used for over seventy years, and give you—*Paul Jones!*

One sip of this noble, rich, deep-flavored whiskey will tell you why we're such sticklers for quality—and why, for four generations, Paul Jones has been known as one of America's truly great whiskies!

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY
SINCE 1865

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Four Roses (94 proof), Old Oscar Pepper (90 proof), Mattingly & Moore (90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.

Paul Jones

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIE
– 92 PROOF

(Continued from page ten) forget your mother, your name, your future? Your reputation is ruined! But it is not you I blame. It is that Barrymore. He has turned your head."

That night, according to Evelyn, White sent for Jack to join them at his rooms in the famous Giralda tower, topped—some said inappropriately—by Saint-Gaudens's statue of the chaste Diana. Let Evelyn tell in her own words what she says happened at that meeting:

"When Jack arrived at the tower, Stanford carefully explained my mother's almost maniacal desire for retribution. Jack was no dumbbell; he must have guessed the truth in the other man's anxious expression. But then and there he made a gallant gesture for which I have always admired him.

"'Will you marry me, Eve?' he said.

"'Good Lord, no!' Stanford remonstrated. 'You two kids can't marry. What would you live on?'

"'Love,' said Jack, with an impish grin.

"Stanford left the room for a moment. In a mirror across the room I could see myself sitting on a chair, the soft glow from a hidden lamp overhead falling across my hair and heightening all its coppery tones, so that I seemed to be wearing a burnished tiara. Softly Jack said, 'Don't move, Eve—you look beautiful there.' There was a pause. 'Why not marry me, Eve?'

"He was just a boy then, remember, still romantic enough to fling everything to the winds for love.

"Finally Stanford drove me home and assured my mother that nothing had happened to me."

Apparently this trying experience did not end the Evelyn-Jack relationship, for, according to Evelyn:

"Mr. Barrymore asked me again to marry him. It got to be kind of a joke, and I quarreled with my mother continually about it. The upshot of it was that Mr. White came and said I ought to be sent to school. He had my mother or his secretary, Mr. Hartnett, I don't know which, look up an agency. Anyhow, they found a school and I went to it."

THE school happened to be presided over by Mr. and Mrs. deMille, parents of Cecil and William deMille; and they evidently exercised on little Evelyn some of the art of inspired necromancy later exhibited by their talented sons. Anyhow, nothing more was ever known of the grand passion of Wild Jack Barrymore and the angel child.

However, Evelyn has only the sweetest memories of their association. Only the other day she said:

"You girls think he is good-looking today. You should have seen him then—when he was twenty-two!"

Barrymore himself has always maintained a becoming silence on the much discussed problem of whether he or White or Lederer or Thaw was the first to discover the "baby beauty" of the "frail girl martyr." But he is quite frank in his acknowledgment that a friendship did exist between him and "the most beautiful artist's model in America" who possessed "the most perfectly modeled foot since Venus." Here is his own version of an incident which occurred during this period:

"It was nearly thirty years ago when I was an artist on the New York Journal and had sworn to high heaven that there was no power on earth that ever would make me become an actor.

"The Grand Duke Boris had come from Russia to visit some society friends in Newport, and before he cast himself into culture he gave at the Hoffman House a party that was rowdier than anything Hollywood historians ever dreamed of. A Russian official named Schlippenbach invited me, and I took Evelyn Nesbit, who was a chorus girl in The Wild Rose.

"I didn't have a dress suit, and Harry Davenport, an actor—and a relation by marriage—gave me one. It turned out that it was a trick suit that had been used by a lightning-change artist, and you clamped the trousers on like a shell instead of stepping into them.

"THEY were held together by some whalebone hocus-pocus, the combination of which I never did discover.

"I was having a gay time dancing with Evelyn when suddenly the whalebone went into its lightning-change routine and the pants popped open at the back. I retreated instantly, crawfishlike, bowing gallantly to Evelyn.

"When I put the pants together again, with the help of safety pins, and returned to the party, the Grand Duke Boris had taken charge of Evelyn, and, when I approached to claim my girl, swept me aside with a volley of isiovitches and oppopopoffs, which Evelyn O. K.'d with a tilt of her chin and a forbidding glare. So I went home a thorough Bolshevik."

Many years later Mr. Barrymore had his revenge. In the picture Rasputin the Grand Duke Boris was of little consequence and was played by an extra man who took no part in the proceedings. Jack sneered at him every time he passed by!

Whatever the truth may be as to the comparative parts played by John Barrymore and Stanford White in Evelyn Nesbit's pinkly colorful career, we shall never know the truth from any of the three persons who alone could tell it. Stanford White is unhappily dead. Evelyn, being what she is, must swear she told the truth about him. And Jack Barrymore, being what he is, must be a gentleman.

So far as our hero is concerned, the truth in this one case is not especially important. But it is fitting to begin with this little-remembered incident in the love life of the most incurable romantic of our times, because it represents the first written—one might even say legal—record of "that damned charm" which has led him on through the decades from girl to girl. Since it all happened a good thirty years ago, and since he is now—or, till very lately, has been—apparently contemplating marriage for the fourth time with a girl of Evelyn's approxi-

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mate age, it offers the best possible evidence of the durability of that thing we call love.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, poetess of passion, whose verses artist Jack once feebly illustrated, had the right idea:

> His art was loving; Eros set his sign
> Upon that youthful forehead; and he drew
> The hearts of women, as the sun draws dew.
> Love feeds love's thirst, as wine feeds love of wine.
> Nor is there any potion from the vine
> Which makes men drunken like the subtle brew
> Of kisses crushed to kisses; and he grew
> Inebriated with that draught divine.

Ella was not a young girl when the unknown artist, whom she had never seen, began making his eerie drawings for her daily verses in the Journal—sketches modeled on Doré's hell-fire scenes from Dante's Inferno—and, to put it mildly, she was not at all pleased with the association.

"Don't let that pessimistic old swine Barrymore illustrate anything more of mine!" she telephoned editor Brisbane.

BRISBANE, who had already formed a low estimate of Jack's artistic ability, was good enough sport to let him call on the irate Ella to see what he could do with that Barrymore personality. The poetess of passion went to the door in a flowing light-blue velvet dressing gown, but obviously did not recognize her caller.

"What is your name?" she asked this young man.

"Barrymore," he ventured.

Miss Wilcox eyed him narrowly. Then she said, "Didn't your father have enough courage to come up here himself?"

I don't know what arguments young Jack used to pacify his hostess, but they must have been good ones. At twilight, that magic hour when "love feeds love's thirst, as wine feeds love of wine," the poetess of passion telephoned Arthur Brisbane demanding that dear Mr. Barrymore should continue to illustrate her poems so long as both he and she should be connected with the Journal.

It was not long after this incident that Brisbane fired him—it was the old failing of being late—and thus started him willy-nilly on the road to histrionic greatness.

Jack changed his job but apparently not his habits. In fact Broadway is still chuckling over the sample of Barrymore tardiness which nearly lost the young man his first really good theatrical job. The then famous comedian Willie Collier and his company had gathered at Grand Central Station for the start of that world tour which was to take Richard Harding Davis's The Dictator all the way to Australia. At least, all the company had gathered except one. The distracted Collier was begging the conductor to hold the train when Barrymore—for of course it was he—strolled down the station swinging a suitcase and wearing the rumpled dress clothes of the previous night's gaiety.

"Now look here, Jack," began Collier, as soon as he had shoved the young man aboard the train, "this thing has got to stop! Why didn't you leave a call?"

"I did, Willie, honestly I did," protested Barrymore. "I left calls at six or seven different hotels. I just didn't happen to hit the right one."

But to get back to Evelyn the angel child. She may have been, and was, only one of the many, many loves whom we shall meet in this narrative of the modern Don Juan. But in one respect she "has it" on all the rest. To use a Biblical comparison which she may remember from her Allegheny childhood, she was Gad. She was the first. She led the Barrymore Parade!

And who followed Evelyn and the poetess? At whose feet, in rapid procession, did young Jack next lay that mercurial heart of his—sometimes, but not too often, in vain? Well, there isn't room here to catalogue most of the American beauties of that hour; but next week you're going to read about the adored, aloof Maude Adams, about lovely Ida Conquest, about "the Pocket Venus," about Nazimova and Bonnie Maginn, etc., etc., etc.!

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Star Dust

THE palm trees squeaked in the gale and rain rattled on the roof. Amanda drew the flimsy blanket around her head. She shivered, then peered at the clock. Jake must have been gone for hours. There was a note in the mirror. It read: "Well, woozy, meet you 12 sharp Bayview; big special in sixth, tab horse, can't miss."

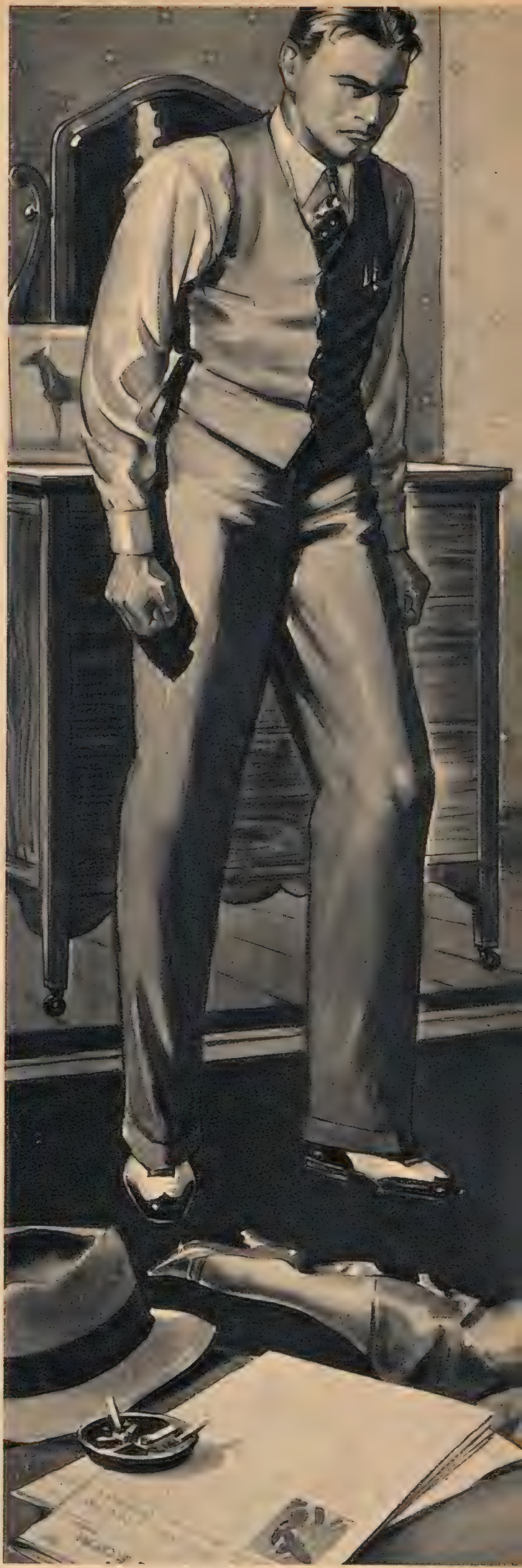
Her eyes swept the bureau. Not even a quarter. They must be good and broke. Dreadful, for the man whom you'd left everything for not to leave you a quarter!

Then Amanda laughed and looked around the furnished room. Pretty awful! She laughed again and buried her head in the pillow. She was so happy—so frightfully happy.

There was a yellow-oak bureau. On it a picture of Flying Flag, Jake's horse of the year, and a torn clipping, Turf Immortals. She could recite it by heart. She could even give the Derby winners of the last ten years.

"Fine, cottontail," Jake had said. "You'll be a gambler yet. How'd you like to lead the Futurity winner past the stands in a new dress and hear the people cheer?"

There was a rocking chair that creaked. Over it hung towels that never seemed to dry. A table where Jake studied the charts. Amanda loved the room. In the



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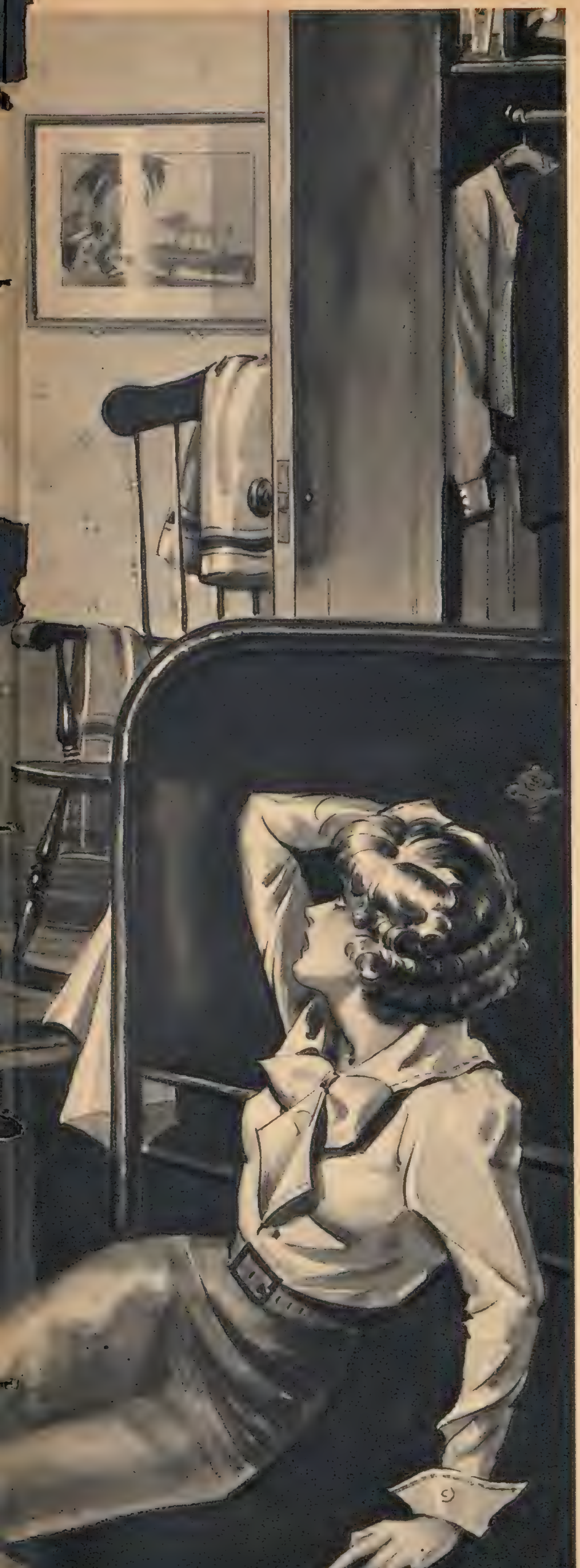


by Barbara Aldrich

A Poignant Story of Young Hearts, High Hopes, and Horses—of a Girl Who Played a Long Shot and Cried When She Won!

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

closet she could see three hats, red, green, and white, and a bottle of whisky, and a pecan roll. Jake's clothes hung immaculately. Strange, how a romantic newspaper reporter could be so neat. And Jake was romantic. He could say things that made her feel new.

Amanda shut her eyes and remembered again the day she had run away to marry Jake.

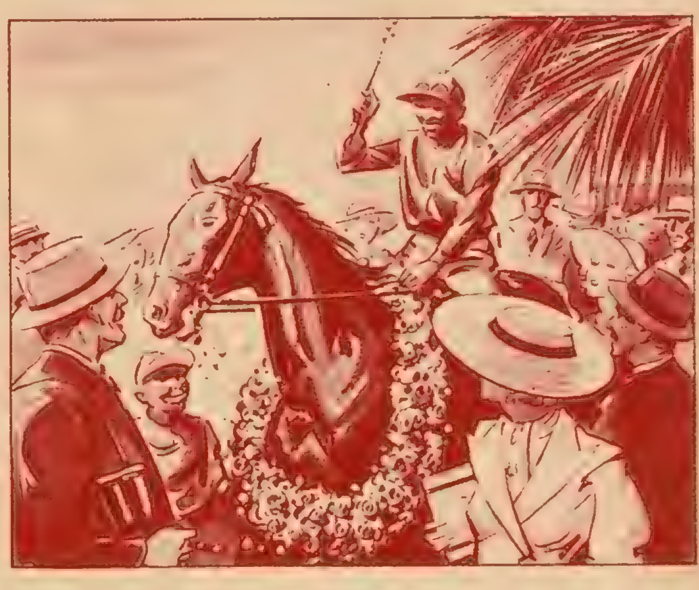
She'd had to do it that way; for her father had other plans that would never include a vagrant newspaperman, and John Forrester's plans rarely failed, nor did his fortune.

She'd met Jake on a street corner waiting in his shabby car, and they were married.

Amanda had wanted an ivory-satin wedding dress, and a church with a canopy, and a wedding march, and crowds waiting on the avenue. But standing there in her old tweed suit, her face wet from the rain, she forgot all the things she had ever wanted before. Such a tremendous feeling of living and excitement filled her that she didn't hear the minister's voice or see the stuffy room.

That night they started driving south. "There's a boom we've got to see, sweetheart. I'll get something. Why, I've got a book that's nearly done, Mrs. Carson—you didn't know?—and stories the magazines will fight for. And I'll pick you a fifty-to-one shot every other day. We'll get by. Wait and see!"

That night Jake said: "You're never going back. We



Jake pushed her savagely and she fell on the floor. "Get out tonight. What do I care now?"

won't let them get you, 'Mandy. I want to drive fast. You're going to be so happy you'll know you've been miserable all your life. Wait and see!" She watched the light in his eyes.

She remembered Jake telling about Flying Flag and his eyes then. "They said he couldn't do it, baby. Ten more pounds than Top Form. The man beside me yells he's licked and I nearly knock him down. 'Come on, you Flying Flag!' I yell, and he comes. I was shaking, darling, and I didn't have a nickel up. I can see him coming now."

If she stayed in bed a little longer she'd only have coffee and then lunch. She had two dollars saved by taking change from Jake's pockets and not even buying a soda. She'd get stockings and go to a movie that afternoon. The room would be too cold.

It had rained for a week. "I'd like to see a cement road," said Jake. He paced the floor restlessly. "I'm sick of mud and lousy food and small-town papers and being broke. We've got to get a winner."

"You said that if I married you nothing else would ever matter," said Amanda. "How is the book, darling? Where is the book?" (Oh, what were the right words for a husband you knew nothing about at all except that you adored him?)

"Be a woman of the world, daisy," said Jake. "Never ask questions. We're going lots of places if you've anything behind that foolish face of yours. Wait till you see Bowie in the spring. Have you written that letter yet?"

Amanda knew it was fatal to stay in bed if there was something not to think about. At this moment it was her father alone in the New York house with all the rooms. She could see the note he had sent her, on heavy white paper with "Forrester & Sons" in thick black letters at the top, signed by his secretary. She had put it under a newspaper in the bureau drawer, but it wouldn't stay hidden.

"Your father asks that you return without your husband, and everything will be the same. If he does not hear from you by March the first, he will be compelled to change his will. He begs that you will come."

Oh, her father couldn't do that! Why, she and he were friends. And then she suddenly knew that he could. So she jumped quickly into the cold damp room.

She pulled on Jake's bathrobe and went down the dingy hall. Probably there was no hot water. The tub was dirty and there was no hot water. Amanda scrubbed the tub, and then herself, with cold. She felt radiant. She was out of bed, nearly dressed, and would see Jake in an hour. She was silly, all right.

She could hear him: "I tell you, you've never lived before. To hell with a white-and-silver bedroom! But I'd love you more if you didn't get lipstick on my racing program. That's enough to ship you North for."

"I'm never going back." (Am I? Am I? Not ever—sometime—somehow?)

"You bet you aren't!"

Amanda stared in the mirror. She really wasn't very pretty. Jake would never have any money. Amanda wouldn't, now.

SHE took a bite of the pecan roll, pulled her raincoat around her, and started down the stairs.

The white camellia tree was blown nearly flat. She'd always wanted a whole tree of camellia blossoms. Now she'd found one in her own front yard.

She'd get a paper, coffee in a cafeteria. She couldn't wait to read the dog charts and see if Undeniable had won. She loved that greyhound just the way Jake loved Flying Flag. "Undeniable, 2—1." Pretty good! But they couldn't go last night. No money. And she had missed seeing him come in.

Now for the horses. Good card. But they couldn't go today, either. No money till Monday now, from a chance story Jake had stumbled on. No one left to borrow from. The boom was dying on its feet, people creeping back North in the night.

She was dying—simply dying—to go that afternoon. She loved the races in the rain. The ground smelled nice. Well, it couldn't be done!

She wandered along to the Western Union. [illegible]here might be a wire for Jake from his old paper: "We can't get along without you." She liked to watch the men sending wires. The place had been jammed a month ago. Men gambling on the land. Like herself. She was gambling on the future, wasn't she?

But there were no wires for Jake. She turned idly from a pile of yellow empty blanks. Suddenly she started and read the crumpled message before her. Some one had dropped it. PLUNGE EVERYTHING ON STAR DUST IN FIFTH CANT LOSE

It was real, it wasn't fake—from New York, addressed to J. Weldon, Tampa Downs.

Star Dust in the fifth. A tip, a wonderful tip, straight from heaven. Pretty name, Star Dust. Some one was looking after her. Some one sent her that tip!

They must do it. But how? They must! Amanda believed in that yellow piece of paper more than she had ever believed in anything before, even Jake.

She grabbed the racing chart. Who'd ever heard of Star Dust? No one picked him. She tore back to his record: Eighth, ninth, wrong spot, trailed the field. But he'd be the long shot of the day; he'd be— She bought a scratch sheet with probable odds. Star Dust, 50—1.

THEY must bet on him! They must get a two-dollar ticket. And she had just two dollars. Amanda counted the change feverishly. Jake didn't know she had it. Yes, it was all there.

She rushed into the Bayview lobby. Jake was reading the entries. She stopped and watched him. He looked the way he should, the way she wanted a man to look.

"Good card," said Jake. "How's my dizzy, lolling in bed while I fight my way? You look perfect. What's the trouble?"

She pushed the yellow paper into his hand. Jake whistled. "And where did you get this—steal it?"

"Just picked it up."

"What'll we do? I've got just enough money for lunch. Can't borrow any more."

"Listen, darling. I've got two dollars saved. You use the lunch money for carfare and getting in. I won't go. You always have better luck. You taught me. You go, Jake. I don't care. Anyhow, it's raining."

She was sure then that she loved him very much and forever. Stay home in a moldy room while Jake saw a 50—1 shot come home! Jake, an ordinary enough young man whom she'd known less than a year, sometimes a lazy, cross, restless young man, a young man without a penny.

Jake examined the wire sharply. "It's not phony. But, my God, what a horse! Star Dust. Who's riding him? Wills. Who ever heard of Wills? It's a spot. I'll bet they've got him full of hop. He'll probably drop to ten when it gets around. Well, that would do, sweetheart. I'll ask George, just casually." George was the night clerk, who lived and breathed for the ponies.

"Says Idaho in the fifth, sure thing. Never heard of Star Dust. So it's not out yet. What about lunch, angel eyes, if this is carfare?"

"We'll have the dollar lunch to celebrate. Then you rush out. I'll eat slowly, say you must be held up on a story and have all my money, and we'll pay tonight. We've always paid before."

"All right, cottontail. We'll have the lunch with the strawberry shortcake."

Jake opened the paper all over the table. "Say, there's a good thing in the first—Rapier. Like him across the board. But it's Star Dust in the fifth. Plunge everything. I feel rotten to leave you."

"Go quick, Jake—and don't lose this." She poured the nickels and quarters and dimes into his hand. "Hurry, Jake, or I'll—" She watched him through the door. He turned and raised his hand. Then he was gone in the rain.

The Florida rain was a torrent. Streets were rivers. People already teetered across on planks.

She told the waitress about the money and that she would leave a double tip tomorrow. The waitress smiled because they were such a nice young couple and once in a while she'd pretend that she had a handsome young man like that.

(Continued on page eighteen)

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Top-run KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

(Continued from page sixteen) So everything was all right except the dismal afternoon and that the horses were going to the post in the first and Amanda wasn't there. But tonight it would be different. Only four hours and the world would change.

She'd get Belham, the landlady, to turn on the heater, and take a long hot bath and never hurry if any one rapped. She'd put the last of her good cold cream on her face and be beautiful when Jake came back.

If she were home, she'd be going to dinner and the theater in a white ermine cape.

She drew her raincoat more tightly and walked across a plank bridge. Having Jake kiss her little finger was worth it.

Torn camellia petals lay on the walk. Amanda picked up a wet bruised blossom and entered the cold damp house. Her room was clammy and she lit the oil stove.

Then she sat down in the rocking chair, with a cigarette. Damp towels pressed her back. She threw them off. Post time for the second race now. When the fifth came she'd drink a toast to Star Dust. She'd try not to think about horses for a while. So many things could happen. It could be anybody's race.

But not today. Today was Star Dust's. Today was hers and Jake's. She could see the headlines: Star Dust Drops Out of the Clouds. Long Shot Pays 50—1. "Star Dust comes laughing home," laughed Amanda. That was a nice phrase.

She might write the letter to her father now, saying that she loved him, but she never would come back without Jake, no matter what—the letter she had not yet written. Jake thought she had. But it was terribly hard. She'd do it tomorrow. Anyway, there were four more days until the first. Choices were nasty things.

She flattened her nose against the screen and watched the camellias blowing in the wind. She heard Jake: "Where's your courage? Write him now, 'Mandy. He's got to know. Take a chance. You'll be a gambler yet."

She wished he'd talk like that every day. It made her brave. But he hadn't much lately. Maybe he wasn't so sure any more, either. Maybe her father— She shook her head.

Then Amanda shivered. Suppose she'd never met him. She would have been nothing.

She looked at her black evening dress. She tried on her hats. Then she took her bath. She still shivered, but not from cold. But there was nothing to tremble about. Not even to wonder about. Why, she knew as she had never known anything in her life before.

Ten minutes of five. She could see the holes in the track dug by terrific rains, feel the sweeping winds, see the regulars stamping, taking gulps of whisky, smell the coffee, hear the band whining Valencia, see the scraggly line before the windows, watch the odds shifting. Star Dust, 30—1, 40—1. Who ever heard of Star Dust? Star Dust, forgotten by all. She could see Jake, with his green hat on the back of his head and his collar up, standing at the ticket window. "Plunge everything on Star Dust."

SHE could see him raising his hand when he left her that noon. She could see the parade to the post. She lighted a cigarette. There was Star Dust, the jockey's green-and-blue silks, black cross on sleeve.

Here they come. What a day! You can't see. The rain hides them. She must see. There goes Star Dust! He looks fine, thought Amanda. I knew he would.

She clenched the yellow paper in her hand and rocked back and forth in the old chair. Then she closed her eyes.

They're off! The cry tears across the empty stands. It's Idaho, the favorite, with Verdun up, five lengths ahead. He beat the gate, all right. Who's second? Look at the gap. The rest might be tied. They'll never catch the favorite. Why, he's in now! The kid's sitting cold. Idaho's home. You can't stop him. Come on, Idaho! What's that? Who's that? Ah, Amanda knows. Who's coming from behind—coming, coming, coming? Ride him, Wills. Ride him! Don't look around, Verdun, you sap. Who's the big bay horse? Come on, Idaho! Who's that stealing through, gaining inch by inch? It's Star Dust, 50—1. He's going to win. He's running over them. He's flying! Out of nowhere. It's Star Dust. A cry of agony: Idaho, Idaho! It's Star Dust at 50—1.

Amanda opened her eyes. She was shaking all over. Of course he's won, but I'll call the paper. They'll know by now. I guess I can have a drink to Star Dust. Here's to you. Here's to whoever sent us that tip.

The whisky warmed her and she danced slowly around the room. Now she'd telephone. She knew he'd won. Still, she'd like to hear some one else say it too. Big upset in the fifth; rank outsider.

She went down the clattery stairs, hoping she wouldn't meet Belham. She hated to have her listen, hear Amanda say, "Who's won the fifth?" They owed six weeks' rent.

But they could pay it now. She raised the receiver. "Tampa News?" she whispered. "Can you give me the fifth?"

"Let's see. Oh, that just came in. Here it is."

"Tell me!" cried Amanda.

"Long shot, Star Dust, 50—1. Second, Idaho—"

"THANK you." Amanda walked up the stairs very grandly. Is there a lovelier feeling, she thought, than to have a winner? I feel as though I were brilliant and had done something remarkable.

I'm so happy! Everything's fine. We'll go dancing, and I'll wear my black dress. And I'm never going back. You won't let me go back now, will you, Jake? You'll work hard, won't you, darling? You won't get tired of me. I won't get tired of you, will I, Jake?

I suppose I could go out to the corner and meet him. But I might miss him. I'll just sit and wait. I don't mind waiting forever now. I'm glad he saw Star Dust come in. I love him.

Amanda sat very quietly. She felt tired. It's hard work to watch a race, she thought. Outside it was getting dark.

Where was Jake? Why didn't he come? The door opened slowly, and Jake stood there. Rain sloshed from his hat and made a little pool on the floor. He looked very white.

Amanda threw her arms around him. "Darling, come—hurry! Take off your coat. Here's to Star Dust. I know. Here's to us. Here's to everything!"

"Wait a minute, 'Mandy," said Jake harshly, and pushed her away.

"What's the matter? He won, didn't he? There wasn't a foul?" She dropped the wringing coat. "Why do you look like that?"

"I walked home." He sat down.

"Walked home! It's miles. Didn't Star Dust win? What is it, Jake?" She almost screamed.

"He won all right, baby. But, 'Mandy—listen. If you love me you've got to understand."

"Did you lose the money, darling? Oh, Jake—"

"I—I didn't bet on Star Dust, 'Mandy. I—I didn't dare."

"What—" Amanda drew away. "What did you do?" Each word was like a cake of ice.

"I couldn't see him when I got there. He's never done a thing in the mud. Just figured he couldn't win."

"What did you do?"

"Bet on the favorite. I had to. He was a sure thing, even money. Darling, if I'd lost that two dollars we wouldn't have had a cent—nothing to eat. I couldn't do that to you—I've got to look after you. If it hadn't been for you— Oh, I'm a rotten gambler! I just got cold feet, baby. I'll make it up to you."

It couldn't be happening.

"I'm sorry, 'Mandy. I'm so ashamed. It's just a horse race, sweetheart. We'll get there somehow. They won't get you back. Don't look like that. I thought it was just a crazy tip when I saw him. He was a scarecrow. I couldn't do it. Don't look like that, I tell you, 'Mandy!"

"But I asked you to do it. I believed you'd do it. I gave up going. I gave you the money I'd saved. It was no fun, saving that money! I don't know how to live without any. I hate living without any." They couldn't be real words that she was saying. "Why, I was going to dress up, and we were going to have luck always, and dance and never worry, and you'd finish the book, and—"

Wildly she began to cry. Jake put his arms around her.

"Darling, don't cry. Forget it. We'll hit one next time."

"Next time! There won't be a next time. I'd have bet on him, no matter what. I knew he'd win. I saw him with my eyes shut. You're a coward. You didn't dare. You're a fine gambler. Why didn't you play the favorite to show? You're a coward. You, plunge everything!"

Amanda shouted with laughter. She struck at him, pushing blindly.

"And how about you? How about you shooting the works? Right on the nose. Poor little rich girl who gave up everything and came South. Gave up everything. You play safer than hell. Have you written that letter yet? Answer me! No—you don't dare. You want to have your fun a little longer. Skulking, hiding down here. You don't love me. You'd write that letter if you did. Plunge everything—you!"

Amanda struck his face madly. "You never ask me any more. You won't even work. Where's the book? You're afraid yourself. I'll go back home. I want to go home! You'll never see me again. You never loved me. You never wanted me for good."

Jake pushed her savagely and she fell on the floor.

"Get out tonight. What do I care now? You never meant to stay. You never trusted me. You and your money. Get out of my sight!" said Jake Carson. "Get out before I do something dreadful."

SHE couldn't see or hear. She stumbled past him down the stairs and out into the night.

It had stopped raining, but Amanda never knew. Her arm throbbed where Jake had bent it. Her head beat where it had struck the bed.

She had never wanted to hurt any one before. She had scratched his face. She could see him standing there mopping the red blood.

She'd never see him again. She must get a train. Jake said she was a coward. She said he was. Had he wanted her to stay? Had she really meant to? She hated Jake. There was a horse long ago named Star Dust.

The night had grown hot. Amanda turned around and struggled back to the house. She crept up the stairs and into a room on the third floor that never rented. She fell on the cot. Her eyes ached and black words danced before them: "Plunge everything." I'm frightened to wake up. I'm frightened to stay awake.

When she woke up the sun was pouring in. She put out her hand to touch Jake. Then everything came back and she jumped up. Belham mustn't find her there. She was going away today. She looked at her watch. It was twelve o'clock.

She went to their room. She packed her trunk. It didn't take long.

She put on the clean white dress she had been saving. Then she took off her ring. She could get enough

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
SHOWS HIS JAPANESE PIPES
THIS ANCIENT JAPANESE PIPE IS A LOVELY THING, JUDGE
YES, AND THE JAPANESE PIPE CASES ARE REAL WORKS OF ART — I HAVE TWO OF THEM OVER HERE ON TOP OF THE CABINET
ALL THE CASES ARE ELABORATELY CARVED AND LACQUERED, AND WERE OFTEN HUNG FROM THE GIRDLE BY A CARVED IVORY TOGGLE OR 'NETSUKE.' THE EARLIEST JAPANESE PIPES WERE OF GREAT SIZE
THE PIPE IN ITS CASE WAS STUCK IN THE BELT LIKE A SWORD. ONE AUTHOR OF THAT PERIOD WROTE: 'THERE IS A NATURAL TENDENCY TO HIT PEOPLE OVER THE HEAD WITH ONE'S PIPE IN A FIT OF ANGER'
BUT HE ALSO WROTE: 'IT IS A COMPANION IN SOLITUDE. IT IS A STOREHOUSE OF REFLECTION, AND GIVES TIME FOR THE FUMES OF WRATH TO DISPERSE'
GOSH, THAT LAST QUOTATION SOUNDS JUST LIKE THE OLD BOY WAS DESCRIBING PRINCE ALBERT
YOU'RE RIGHT, SON. P.A.'S A COMFORTING TOBACCO ALL RIGHT. MILD, EASY ON THE TONGUE, AND CHOCK-FULL OF REAL MAN-SIZED TASTINESS

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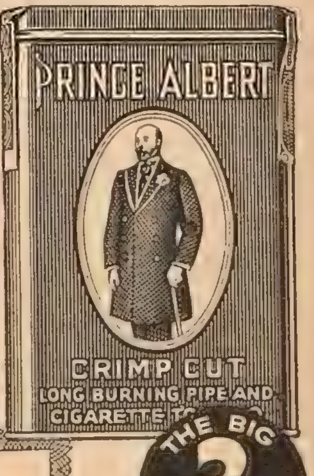
THE BIG TIN FULL OF SMOKING JOY!


PRINCE ALBERT
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THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

Prince Albert comes in a tin of generous proportions, giving you a handsome *quantity* of tobacco. And the first pipeful tells the mellow, fragrant story of Prince Albert *quality*—how its "crimp cut," "no-bite" tobacco means extra mildness, mouth comfort, and tastiness. There is no other tobacco like Prince Albert! So get a big red tin... and enjoy real *princely* smoking. Note for "makin's" smokers: P. A. shapes up into a trim, tasty roll-your-own cigarette.

TRY PRINCE ALBERT ON A NO-RISK BASIS!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

for her ticket home, she was sure. But where was home?

It was a beautiful day. The air was soft and the sky a pale lovely blue. People were sitting in the sun. She was going back to winter. That was as it should be. It would be queer to sit in the sun without Jake. She wished she could sit down in it for a minute and let it dry her tears, but there were other things to do.

She walked till she came to the end of Main Street. She had seen a sign there once: LOANS.

"You can't get more, lady; there's been a boom that slumped. We're flooded with the stuff."

"But I must have seventy dollars. It cost—"

Amanda took the ten one-dollar bills.

Now what? She bought a paper and turned to the choices. What did it matter which she bet on? Any horse that could get her a ticket home.

She got on the bus. She never remembered the ride out. She didn't see the track or the horses. There was only one person alive. She would never see him again.

First race: Melody, 2—1, winner. The cries never touched her. She sat motionless in the corner of the grandstand, Amanda who'd never seen a finish before without jumping on the seat. She was waiting for something, she didn't know quite what.

She didn't hear the band. She heard Jake shouting, "Come on, you with papa's new suit! Run fast, you devil! We've got to make our living on horses that run fast." She could feel his arms around her shoulder and see him toss his hat in the air.

But Jake wasn't there. He was some one in another age. She'd never feel his arms again, not even hurting her, and there would be snow and no love anywhere.

Suddenly it was the last race. She had to bet. She was going home tonight, to her father. Jake had said, "Get out." She would never need a two-dollar ticket again.

She went to the paddock. The race was for maiden two-year-olds. They looked young and untried. Then she saw her horse—a black filly. Her name was Valour. The selector said, "In tight place; may show something." The odds were 10—1.

Amanda went back to her seat. She wished Jake could see Valour. She was so beautiful. Horses were much kinder than people. Horses couldn't be hurt like people. Yet she remembered one day when Happy Flight lost by a nose, and wondered.

BARBARA ALDRICH

came, originally, from Boston, but now lives in New York with her husband, a lawyer. She went to Bradford Academy and Wellesley, then worked on newspapers and liked such dissimilar assignments as fashions and murders. She loved watching horse races, too. Gallant Fox with Earle Sande up was her favorite combination. She is now writing short stories of great charm and distinction.

She didn't want to watch this race. If she didn't win, where would Amanda go? She couldn't hide in the third-floor room. If she won, where? If she didn't, if she did—what difference?

The horses were on the track, at the post. They're off! Amanda didn't look. "Who's the black horse? Look at the black horse!" roared the crowd. Amanda looked up. On the rail came the black filly. Like the wind. She stared, trembling. Her throat ached. She clenched her hands. Don't let her win, Amanda was praying. I don't want the money. I don't want to go back. I was the coward, Jake. Don't let her win. I'll have to go—

ON came the black filly.

"For heaven's sake, daisy, don't lose your program and don't get lipstick on mine!"

Amanda's program was torn to shreds.

"Stop her!" Amanda said. "Stop her, somebody, quick!"

On came Valour. On she came. What a race, what a filly— "Come on, Valour!" Amanda forgot everything. "Valour, Valour!" she was shouting. She forgot the ticket. She forgot Jake.

"Valour!" called Amanda, and she had won. If Jake had only seen it! She sat down. Tears were rolling down her cheeks. Then she thought, I've lost Jake. I've got to go away now.

Amanda took the bills the man handed to her. Her pocketbook felt enormous. The bus joggled from side to side. She watched the lines in the women's faces, lines around bright pink cheeks. Lines came from things like yesterday and today. Too bright cheeks meant these women wanted to go back somewhere—years back maybe.

Amanda had laughed at them before. Now she knew. They wanted to go back. When she reached New York she'd want to go back—back to a furnished room with a rickety chair.

He might not even come home before the train left, and she would get on it alone, and the next day it would be colder, and the next.

The bus stopped. "Have a bad day?" asked the driver.

"I got Valour," said Amanda. She'd had nothing to eat and she felt sick and cold in the warm afternoon sunlight.

Would Jake be there? Or would he be just a good-looking young man, smoking, who wouldn't be Jake? Just a polite young man who might even kiss you good-by. But who meant nothing any more and to whom you meant nothing. A young man who had meant the whole earth.

AMANDA went up the steps. There would be no more camellia trees. She was frightened, more than ever in her life before. This was more frightening than writing to her father and thinking of his face.

The door of the room was open. Jake sat at his table where he studied the charts. On it was a pile of manuscript. Amanda stood there and he never looked up. Would he never look at her again?

"What's that?" said Amanda. It was too still. "Is it a book?"

"It is," said Jake, "and it's done, and they seem to like it, with a few changes. And what's more, Mrs. Carson, I'm not a bum, you know, or didn't you? Maybe some day your father won't think so. I have to do things my own way."

"Oh," said Amanda.

"And some day you're going to read columns about me and they'll say, 'Jake Carson, famous writer—yes, and picker of horses too—does this and that.' But there'll be nothing about Amanda, his wife. Not a stingy line. I see you're leaving me."

"You told me to get out." Oh, she hadn't meant to say that! She was going to be sweet and calm, so he would remember a woman of the world, not a girl who scratched.

"How's your face?" asked Amanda. She giggled from terror.

Jake stood up. "What time are you leaving and how?"

"Well, you see, I went to the races this afternoon, and I happened to find ten dollars and—"

"Happened to find ten dollars?"

"Listen, I got it myself. No, no, not from home. And guess, Jake, guess whom I bet on? Valour at ten to one!" She was with him, talking to him again.

"Valour? You had the sense to pick Valour? Why, there's a filly! You daisy! Let's see the money."

Amanda threw it on the table.

"You picked Valour! Maybe you're all right, after all. I tell you, I'm good. I trained you. Three months ago you couldn't pick an odds-on."

"Jake, she's the most wonderful filly. Jet-black and holds her head the way you like. Oh, darling, I wish you'd been there!" She was talking fast. "I thought we'd have a farewell dinner and then watch the dogs run. I want to say good-by to Undeniable."

"All right, Amanda. I've got a good one tonight. Shall we have a little drink to Valour?"

Amanda drank, but not to Valour, who had bought her ticket away from Jake.

But Jake had called her daisy. You didn't call people daisy when you were through with them! Maybe you did.

"Jake," said Amanda, "I'm starved. Now we can have double martinis and stone crabs and pompano, and we can get the trunk and ticket later. The train doesn't go till twelve."

She stared at Jake. She wanted terribly to kiss him. She wanted to say, You weren't the coward. You were thinking of me. I'm the rotten weak one. But I love you. I'll write the letter tonight, my darling. I will do anything—anything you say—if you'll give me one more chance.

"Come on, kid," said Jake. "I'm pretty hungry too."

Amanda and Jake hung over the rail at the dog track. Jake's arm was around her shoulders.

"Here comes Undeniable—all the way!" yelled Jake. He tossed his hat in the air. He kissed Amanda, then he kissed her again.

"Plunge everything this time, daisy?" said Jake. "It's a good tip, you know."

"Yes, Jake," said Amanda. She knew all right now. Jake was the sure thing.

They drove home through the moonlight.

"Stop here a second," said Amanda, and she went into the Western Union office. Swiftly she wrote her father at the very desk where she had picked up the yellow telegram ages ago. And standing there, she saw her life with Jake stretching out ahead as sure and straight as she had watched Star Dust come home to win.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **DARK MASQUERADE** Anonymous. Green Circle Books.

The famous serial which ran in Liberty now in book form. A stirring and unusual novel combining mystery, crime, romance, and humor.

★ ★ ★ **BORN TO RAISE HELL** by Lowell Thomas. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Another serial that made literary history in Liberty now comes in a beautiful book. Here is real adventure from real life.

★ ★ ★ **THE MOUNTAIN AND THE PLAIN** by Herbert Gorman. Farrar & Rinehart.

Historical fiction that has the intensity and color and believability of fact. Required reading.

★ ★ ½ **MURDER IN THIN AIR** by Anthony Wynne. J. B. Lippincott Company.

A man, flying a plane alone, in full view of five people is stabbed to death. A splendid story—and a "must" item for detective fans.

★ **THE UNDYING MONSTER** by Jessie Douglas Kerruish. The Macmillan Company.

A horror-ghost-what-have-you tale. One of the funniest books of the season, although its humor is unconscious.

DON'T TELL ME A DIME BUYS THIS! says TUTHILL
Tuthill

HARRY J. TUTHILL . . . Union Leader smoker, and famous creator of "THE BUNGLE FAMILY"

Yes, Mr. Tuthill, a dime's no longer small change. It's mighty important money when it buys that big red tin of Union Leader tobacco. This smooth old Kentucky Burley has got what it takes to win a man . . . and hold him. For mellowness, for fragrance, for downright smoking satisfaction it matches any fancy pipe mixture in everything but price. (Aces high for cigarettes, too! Try it when you roll your own.)

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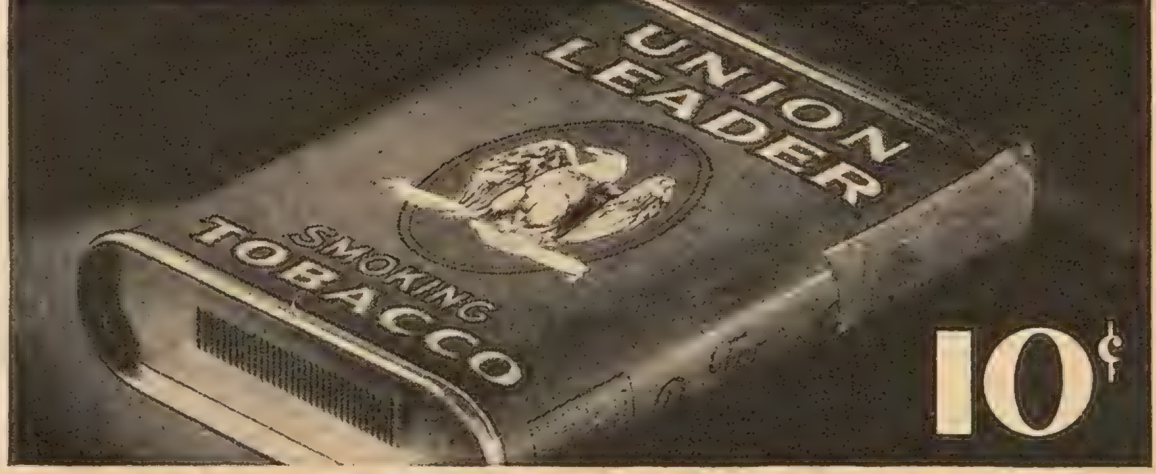


THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

GHOSTS
ON THE TENNIS COURT

Some of the Superstitions, Including the Curse of the Evil Eye, that I Do Not Believe In—and Yet . . .

by
HELEN WILLS MOODY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

I HAD dressed in tennis clothes, carefully. Hair carefully arranged under net, and eyeshade. An extra layer of face powder, so that drops of perspiration would not roll into my eyes. Several extra safety pins pinned on the inside of the right-hand pocket of my red sweater, and in the left pocket my handkerchief. With care I had picked out four rackets that "felt right" in the hand.

Walking around the corner of the clubhouse, I knew that I was on my way to the final match; but it seemed hardly possible, just because the moment was actually almost at hand. The trees, houses, streets were the same, but the day was "different." This feeling of unreality was suddenly broken as I pushed open the gate of the clubhouse.

There, on the lawn near the front door, was my opponent. She had been hunting among the clovers in the grass. "Look!" she called to several people standing near by. "I have found a four-leaf clover!" I spoke to her and glanced at it. It *was* a four-leaf one! Then I went into the locker room, reminding myself that it was amusing that any one should be childishly superstitious. Sitting quietly in the locker room, I waited until the others had left the lawn. Then I walked casually over the green grass—not hunting, you understand, just glancing down now and then upon the close-cropped confusion of tiny leaves!

I did not find a four-leaf clover—but neither did I lose the match that followed. The reader will be spared a lesson, for there is none. I did not say to myself, "Now, she has found a four-leaf clover, so I will have to depend upon my strong right arm and use my head, if possible!" I simply forgot all about the four-leaf clover which she had put in her pocket when the match started.

If I had had half a chance, I might have developed a finer sense of superstition—but how can one who has never found a four-leaf clover, or even a dollar bill in the street?

But superstitions cannot be disregarded entirely because one does not believe in them—for *some* people do. And when people believe in things, it changes them, in their minds, from things that do not exist into things that do. It was because of this that my first thought, "Foolishness!" changed into incredible wonder when I heard that the loser of a final match in which I had taken part attributed her defeat to the presence in the audience of some one with an "evil eye"! She had been, she believed, "willed" to defeat. This is a form of superstition not confined to the tennis court. We find such a well known person as Alice Roosevelt Longworth in her autobiography, Crowded Hours, telling of her ability to put an Irish curse on people, which she calls a "murrain"!

I do not believe in the "evil eye," or that any one has such power. But, on the other hand, it is quite possible for a superstitious person to lessen his own chances for success simply by allowing his mind to be preoccupied by such a belief.

I think that most of the errors in tennis can be blamed on the feet and on the head. The feet because they are not in the correct position for the stroke, and the head because it is not being used! This may sound like harsh judgment, but it wakes you up like a dash of cold water if you happen to remember it in a match.

In connection with a match at Forest Hills in which I participated, an incident occurred which I have never been able to classify. Was it bad luck that it happened at all, or was it good luck that I escaped? I can't remember having seen a black cat that morning! And why did it happen to me, when there were many other people in the dining room of the clubhouse who had no special need for remaining calm?

I was having a light lunch. Perhaps I owe my escape to lack of appetite. The weather was dripping hot, and I had leaned slightly backward while contemplating without enthusiasm the tomato salad before me—when the fifteen-pound porcelain globe of the light fixture above fell with a bang into my salad. My knees felt curiously weak, a feeling I was not to experience again until some years later when I found myself on a narrow ledge on the Jungfrau in Switzerland, with a crevasse on one side and a thousand-foot drop on the other. These feelings do wear off, fortunately. But after the chandelier incident it took some running about in my match against Kathleen McKane Godfree, later in the afternoon, before I began to get into form.

It is often touching and sometimes amusing when you discover that well-wishers are convinced that their point of view is the only one. "Good luck!" "Good luck!" your telegrams and messages say at Wimbledon or Forest Hills, and at the same moment your opponent is receiving *her* share of good wishes. I received a letter from an unknown tennis follower who wrote after one of my matches at Wimbledon: "I was sweeping the stairs while listening to the radio. The score was 5—2 against you. I laid down the broom and said a prayer for you. At that moment the score changed, and you finally won. Please accept my congratulations and my kindest wishes for success in the future." I have always remembered this letter, and appreciated it. It reminded me that the friends of my opponent were no doubt sending their encouragement over the same waves of thought.

"Taking sides" is the inalienable right of the onlooker. After watching a match on the center court at Wimbledon I have found myself quite worn out "pulling for" the player I wanted to have win. But it is doubtful indeed if players themselves are influenced at all by the kind wishes of their friends on the side lines. It is only superstitious onlookers who think that they can aid their favorite by holding thumbs, crossing fingers, or sending "wireless messages."

On a championship court, however, a player can be well aware whether or not the audience as a whole is for or against him, because of the clapping. Abroad I have sometimes been very definitely on the small end of the applause. You have a curious feeling of surprise, at first, that whatever you do well is wrong. Your best shots are disapproved of. Finally, I regret to say, you develop a callous exterior. I must say that I think that of all audiences the American one is the least prejudiced by the nationality of the participant.

But to return to superstitions: I am still to be convinced of their use or value in sport. I can remember, however, when I was somewhat surprised by some one's else faith in good-luck charms. I was playing on the grandstand court at Forest Hills against a first-class player. We were in the early games of the first set when suddenly, at the conclusion of a game, my opponent ran over to the side lines at the signal of some one standing there. Another, older player pinned a good-luck emblem on her dress where I could see it plainly. This well-wishing gesture, intended to help, was instead embarrassing to her because of its conspicuousness. Every one had noticed, and she lost several games before she could get back into the swing of the match.

Sometimes players carry a little mascot, or wear some emblem on a chain around their necks, or have some special ring, bangle, or bracelet. I remember one who used to touch some small object suspended on a chain round her neck when the match arrived at a difficult stage. One of the Australian Davis Cup players used to bring a toy kangaroo on to the center court at Wimbledon. Onlookers were amused to see it sitting under the umpire's stand. But I do not think the player depended much upon it. Mlle. Lenglen wore a plain gold bracelet on her left arm above the elbow in all her matches, but I do not know if this was merely decoration or was supposedly endowed with good-luck properties.

Women players usually have a special dress or a certain pair of shorts that they like best to play in. This may be fundamentally based upon the idea of comfort—but men will never understand why we like a certain dress for a party because " we always have a good time in it " or " its color makes us feel gay " or some such reason. Well, there are some dresses that " we win our matches in," and that is all there is to it. My " little red sweater " is the only one I really like to wear in a match. It is always " the " red sweater to me, although I have had dozens of them—all in the same color.

THE more confidence a player has, the better he plays. Some achieve confidence by sheer efficiency, others by letting their thoughts dwell upon the efficacy of a good-luck charm. Then it is well known that certain people bring confidence to others. When a player thinks to himself, " If so-and-so is there I shall play well," he is, in a sense, endowing another human being with good-luck powers. Mlle. Lenglen rarely took part in a match without her father on the side lines, and the only difficult times she had were when he was not there. Following his death she lost her former keenness in match play, and not long after gave it up entirely. Very often it is a player's mother who is willing to sit on the side lines for match after match. When I was younger, mine always traveled with me, and I liked to feel that she was there, looking on. It makes some players nervous to have their families watching them, but I have always liked to have mine on the side lines if possible.

Very often legends grow up about places that have seen exciting or dramatic action. I think Wimbledon has had its share of tennis drama. That others think so too has been proved by the enormous crowds that go there each year: the Queen and the late King, the stately English dowager and the bright young thing, the typist and the clerk, the school children and the Bobbies or policemen. The latter while guarding the entrance ways are hard put to it to watch with one eye for people without tickets, and with the other eye watch the action on the center court! It is strange that there have been no legends attached to Wimbledon, and it is all the more surprising that I should be able to offer one.

It happened last year when I was in England. The tournament at Wimbledon was over, and had been for several days. I had gone out to the club for a game with a friend. It was late afternoon, but we had ample time left for two sets. I was changing into tennis dress in the members' locker room, which is upstairs in the grandstand. From that room you cannot see out, but you can hear quite plainly the sound of racket on ball on the center court. But there were no sounds of play that day, of course. There was complete silence.

All efficiency! Mrs. Moody in a crucial match. She won.

I was tying the laces of my tennis shoes when my attention was arrested by the familiar sound of ball striking racket. I stopped to listen. A match was being played on the center court! But *nobody* was ever allowed on the center after the tournament!

I finished dressing hurriedly, and dashed out the nearest entrance into the stands. Who could have been given this extraordinary privilege?

Next moment, I stood looking down upon the center court in complete surprise. There was no one there!

Had I heard the ghostly play of the Renshaw twins come back to earth for a game while the turf was still warm? Or the Dohertys back practicing a few drives? I like to think so, and I offer this actual experience as a legend to Wimbledon—in spite of my complete disbelief in legend and superstition.

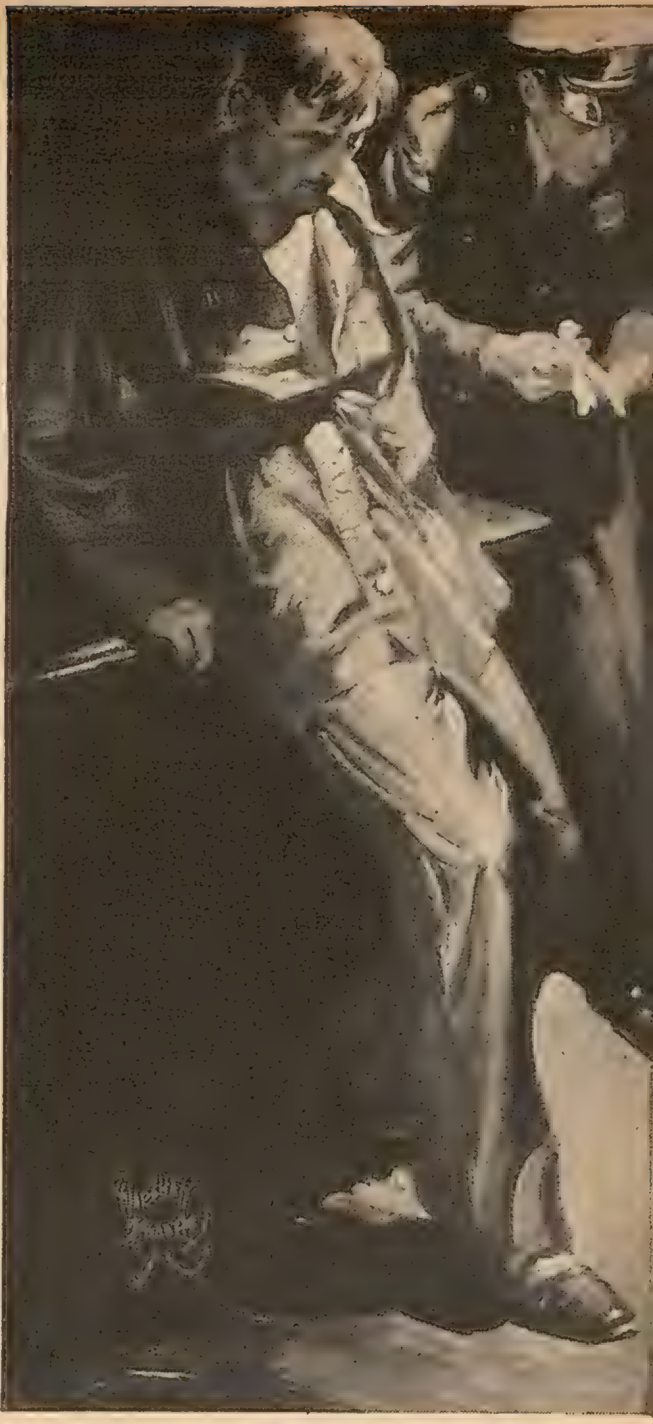
THE END

NEMESIS in Hollywood

The Strange Story of a Venture in Vengeance — of a Spoiler Whose Beginning and End Are Clouded in Doubt

by WALTER de STEIGUER

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



The police came into Juan's bedroom and found Marta King on the floor: Marta, with the automatic in her hand, and Juan standing over her.

WHEN the carven iron-studded door opened for me I stood a moment, staring.

"Dan Ahearn, by the powers! How—when—" He glanced over his shoulder, then grinned, with a hint of the Irish mick I'd known peeping through his glaze.

"The name is Travers now—if you don't mind, sir," he murmured. "You have to be English for the best Hollywood trade. Quite a surprise, sir. I wondered if it might be you when Mrs. Lagarto said she was expecting a Mr. Robert Carson."

I came in, eying him curiously. He took my hat and gloves. "Buttling in a movie star's mansion!" I exclaimed. "How come, Dan?"

He grinned again. "It's a long story, Mr. Carson. But I'm not the butler. Gregson is out, on some arrangements for Mr. Lagarto's funeral, and I'm substituting. I've been valeting Mr. Lagarto for the last four years."

"That's even more astonishing," I said. "Well, it's a long way from Boston and the old Kendall Arms grill. You've come up in the world, Dan."

"I'm not so sure, sir. The old grill was nice. I mind how you'd be stopping in, around midnight, for your toasted muffin and a pint of the De Luz sauterne. A strange combination, I always thought, sir."

"Yes," I admitted. "Nobody but a sophomore would commit that atrocity. But I wish it was 1910 again, and I was sitting there now, waiting for you to bring it in."

He sighed. "Yes, sir. The old days were better. This way, sir. I'm to show you up to Mrs. Lagarto's sitting room." As we ascended an impressive staircase, he added: "I've never forgotten your lending me the hospital money for my wife, sir. I was glad to hear you've been so successful in your writing."

"There's a difference of opinion on that," I said. "But I do write. When I come down we'll have a chin. I'm to do Mr. Lagarto's biography, you know. Maybe you can give me some pointers."

The light changed somewhere in his eyes.

"Yes, sir. It should take well—with the women. It's amazing, Mr. Carson. You saw them, outside? They've thinned out now. But all last week it was terrible."

I nodded. At the gates I'd had to tear myself from the clutching hands. Black and white, old and young, slatterns, and silken women with limousines waiting. The policeman on duty there had glanced at me with narrowed eyes and spat as he clashed the iron bars in their faces.

Juan Lagarto was seventy-two hours dead, and the women were having hysterics from Hollywood to Hong Kong.

Mimi Lagarto, I found, wasn't sharing the general emotion. Her pale yellow eyes were fixed on fat royalty checks *in posse*—on a new contract with Superba. Mimi hadn't been working steady the last year or so.

After two hours of her appallingly intimate revelations I felt pretty confident about the royalty checks, myself—if the book didn't get suppressed outright.

When I came down, Ahearn was standing beside the great entrance doors, bending forward a little to peer through a window. The mob reached farther out into the street now. It was after five, and the shopgirls and office workers were ganging up.

"How long will this keep on, d'you suppose?" I asked him.

"It's hard to say, sir. Tomorrow will be bad." I glanced at him inquiringly, and he added: "The funeral, you know, sir."

"Oh. From here?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Lagarto had planned a church ceremony, but Mr. Blumberg and the Eastern Superba heads objected. Quite strongly, I believe. Since the unfavorable comment on the Valentino funeral—"

"I see. A simple home affair with just a few squadrons of mounted police, instead of church services and probably the National Guard and the Red Cross having to be called out—is that it? The body's here, then?"

"Yes, sir." He turned, glancing up at me, and I wondered why I'd never noticed the long eyetooth, sharp as a dog's fang, at the left of his nose. But mostly he kept his lips closed when he smiled. "Mr. Lagarto is in the east room. Would you like to see him, sir? I'll be glad to show him to you."

I followed after him, staring at his back. "Glad to show him—!" It seemed an odd way of putting it. As if

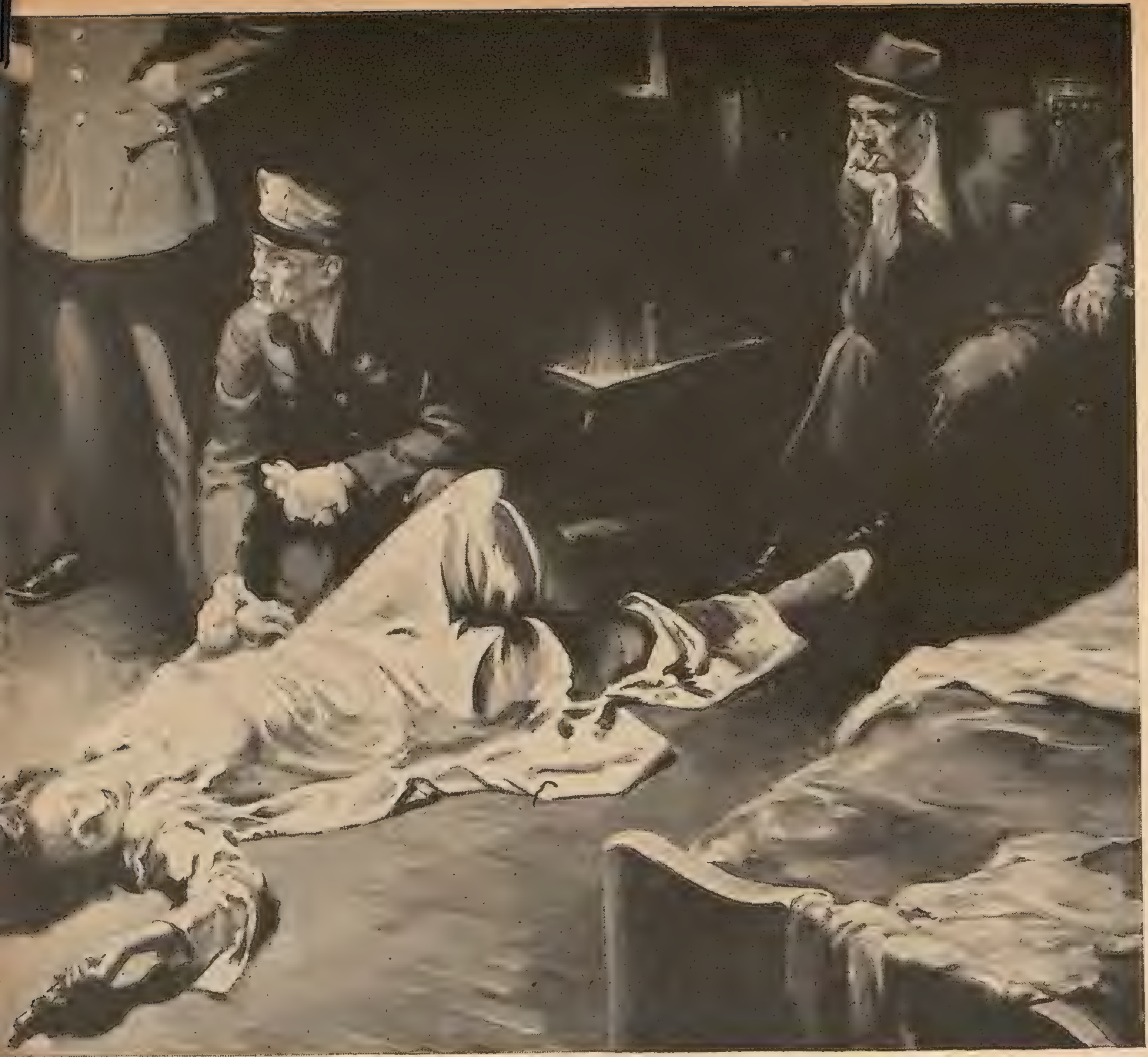


ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

we were going to look at something preserved in a jar of alcohol.

A wave of overpowering fragrance rolled out as Ahearn opened the doors of the east room. It was an enormous chamber. I suppose ten or twelve thousand dollars would have covered the cost of the flowers. Roses, mostly. Death seems to suggest roses to most people. It's too bad that it begins to work wrong end to, eventually.

The shades were closely drawn. The casket stood on flower-banked trestles, long and black and silver-mounted, with tall candles burning at the head and foot. The flames went up, still, in the heavy air.

WE came up to it, looked down at Juan Lagarto's face. The undertakers had practiced a ghastly craftsmanship on him; but he still looked, as in life, merely vicious and brutal. That, at any rate, was what men had seen in him. The women had seen something else: something that made crazy animals out of them. Or maybe they hadn't. Maybe it was the viciousness, the cruelty, his bottomless contempt for them, that got them. There had been something obscene, something that made your stomach turn over, in the way they fell down, all over the world, wherever he passed; begging to be walked on.

He had walked on the bodies of women. Literally, if some of the stories are true.

I stared down at him, trying to understand it: to see what the women saw. But I couldn't. A strange life! Spanish, he'd called himself, and had a genealogy fixed up, tracing him back to a noble family. Lies. He had come alone from somewhere out of the Levant, with heaven knows what mix of swarthy blood in his veins.

Those first years in New York would call for some light fantastic skipping on my part, I reflected. They weren't fragrant. Better give them a miss. Start with his arrival here in the Promised Land. Extra. Bit player in gangster films. Then Blumberg, the obscure assistant director, catching a glimpse of what was in him, catching a hint of what he meant to the women. Blumberg taking hold of him, gambling everything on him. The two of them going up together, more and more swiftly, higher and higher, to the top—on different ladders but side by side always. Nobody but Blumberg could stand him, they said. Blumberg could stand anything if there was money enough. And there was—for five years.

That was when the big money had begun—five years back. You could put your finger on the night, on the exact hour, when it began. The hour that Blumberg thought for a few days meant ruin—but which meant millions instead. Two o'clock in the morning, February 3, 1931. The hour when the police came into Juan's bedroom and found Marta King on the floor: Marta, with the automatic in her hand and a hole beside her ear, and Juan standing over her in blood-smeared silk pajamas.

It wouldn't have gone over so big, of course, if Marta hadn't been tops herself: a long, long way ahead of Juan, then. Summer Night was on the screens of the world, and the world had gone mad over her dance numbers. So it was front-page stuff for weeks.

Murder? Or suicide? That was what got them. But Juan himself had telephoned the police. They couldn't shake his story. A quarrel, hysterics, Marta snatching the gun from a drawer, turning it on herself; him leaping, too late; clutching her in his arms as she crumpled. A good enough story. They hammered at him, but he never wavered. So at last they called it suicide.

Why not? Marta's background was obscure. Superba Pictures had become very much interested in Juan. Important people in the East had become interested. Why make trouble?

So the big money began. In the first picture they didn't quite dare to star Juan. But that made no difference. It was all his picture—his alone. Women were carted off in ambulances from the crush about the ticket booths. In the next picture Blumberg took what he wanted—pretty much everything there was to take. After that it was just more and more of the same. Five years of it.

Five years. From the clippings and letters I had, from what Mimi had told me, I could picture something of the madness of those years. Women, yachts, women, houses, women, horses, women, airplanes. Beverly Hills, Deauville, Palm Springs, Waikiki, Miami Beach, Caliente, Cap Antibes, Santa Anita, London, Paris, Rome, New York; Hollywood, to do a picture; Rochester, to be looked over in the clinic. Hollywood and another picture. Then a round of the German spas, to get boiled out, to get nerves knitted up. Hollywood, the spas, Hollywood, the spas. More and more often, the spas.

Bearded German doctors, peering and poking. Dr. Herman Wartenberg, Dr. Sigmund Strauss, Dr. Johan August Weitzenkorn, Dr. Ernst von Heidenrath. Consultations. Disputes. This cure, that cure, another cure. Something wrong. Something wrong with the liver, with the stomach, with the kidneys. Especially something wrong with the kidneys. Puzzling, obscure.

And so, at the last, Hollywood once more. Hollywood, and the long box with silver mountings, and the still flames of candles in a rose-drenched room.

I came back from the far wandering of my thoughts. Ahearn was staring down at the brown face beneath the glass, a thin mirthless smile on his lips.

"What did he die of, Dan?" I asked. "He was still a young man. I've never seen any definite statement about it."

"Well, sir," said Ahearn softly, "no one seems to know. I used to hear the doctors arguing. But they couldn't agree. In fact, you might almost say that no one knows what Mr. Juan Lagarto died of, sir."

He looked up at me, then down at the face below us, the fixed smile widening a little on his lips; and again I sensed a peculiarity in his way of expressing himself. For a moment I was silent, trying to fasten on its nature; but it eluded me. "Well, he lived fast," I said. "That was it, mostly, I suppose."

"Yes, sir. It seems likely, doesn't it? His digestion seemed to go to pieces, sir. It got so that almost everything he ate disagreed with him. Even the soft-egg and milk dishes the doctors ordered that I learned to prepare for him myself, sir. And he wouldn't give up drinking. Not entirely. But even the mildest drinks I could mix would give him terrible hang-overs, toward the last. It was very sad to see him suffering so. It really was, sir."

The odor of the roses had become too sweet, too sickening. I felt suddenly a need to be out of this room, out of the house, away from the sound of Ahearn's soft, decently hushed voice. Driving fast toward my apartment, I discovered myself to be in an execrable fit of ill-humor, for no reason apparent to me.

It was two weeks before I had time to draw a long breath. You have to get into print fast with these private-life things if you expect to catch the flood tide.

WALTER DE STEIGUER
is a Missourian by birth. After graduating from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology he entered the Air Service, as a captain, during the World War. He insists that his greatest achievement, to date, was an escape from the Agua Caliente race track, after an entire afternoon spent there, with a net profit of $1.25. He now lives in California.

ONE night about eleven I slid the last section of printer's proof into a mailbox. A fine misty drizzle of rain was falling. The night and the drizzle and the sense of a task accomplished made me feel relaxed, unkeyed, tranquil. It's a mood better, almost, than active happiness; and I thought I would walk for a while, holding on to it. It doesn't come too often.

About an hour later I saw I was opposite the Huron Bar, and it occurred to me that I was hungry. I crossed over and ducked into the basement grill. It would be half empty, quiet there, I thought.

Some way, it was no surprise to me to see Ahearn coming up for my order. As Juan Lagarto's valet he'd had a fantastic quality for me. A sort of unreality. But now he looked natural again.

"Well, Dan," I said, "back to normal, eh?"

He smiled. "Yes, sir. This is better. I'll not change again. The last four years— A bit wearing, so to speak. What can I get for you, sir?"

I ordered and let him go without further questions. The tranquillity was still there, and I didn't want to disturb it. But voices began, over by the opposite wall, always louder. A couple of drunks, one maudlin; the other, a big ugly-looking customer, quarrelsome and blackguarding the waiter about something. The waiter flew back and forth, anxiously trying to satisfy—a meek oldish little fellow, gray-headed, slowing up, none too sure of his job probably.

Rough talk to underlings always infuriates me.

Ahearn was back, arranging dishes deftly before me; glancing occasionally, under his brows, at the couple across the room. The big fellow was snarling insults. I said: "He needs a lesson. If I were man enough I'd give it to him. But he looks too big and tough."

Ahearn murmured: "Don't bother, sir. He'll get his lesson—if he keeps on like that."

"What do you mean? How?" I asked.

HE glanced about. There was no one within thirty feet of us. "A Micky Finn, sir."

As I stared uncomprehendingly, he went on softly: "A doped drink, sir. They're called Micky Finns—I never knew why."

"Knockout drops, you mean?"

"Not necessarily, sir. There's a lot of things besides chloral. Snuff, or tobacco ashes or juice; laudanum, morphine sulphate, croton oil, Spanish fly, iodine—"

"Good Lord!" I ejaculated. "What a list!"

"Yes, sir. The results are distressing—very. But it's only for extreme cases, sir. The waiter's last line of defense, as you might say. And, even so, it's going out. Most of the waiters now aren't good at it." He glanced at me obliquely. "I've known some experts in my time, sir. You would never suspect what you were getting. Croton oil, particularly, or Spanish fly. They mix so well with sauces and gravies, you see. A Micky Finn doesn't have to be a drink. A clever man can Finn almost anything eatable or drinkable, sir."

"Good Lord!" I said again. "It sounds enough to wreck a man for life!"

"Oh, not an occasional one, sir. Of course, as a steady thing it would be different. They'd knock the liver and kidneys to bits rather rapidly. . . . Your coffee's getting cold, sir. I'll bring you some fresh."

The drunks had subsided to muttered conversation, so that I was able to do some thinking. When Ahearn came with the coffee I said: "How did you happen to take up valeting, Dan? It doesn't seem your line, some way."

He pushed the coffeepot a little nearer my elbow and looked into the cream pitcher appraisingly.

"Well, perhaps not, sir. But after my wife died, I wanted a change from everything. I thought I would come out to the Coast and try it for a while."

"I'm sorry to hear of your wife's death," I said. "I was just about to inquire after her. Has it been long?"

"A little over five years, sir. She only lived two months after we lost our daughter."

"Eh?" I exclaimed awkwardly. "I didn't know you had a daughter, Dan."

"Yes, sir. But we kept the relationship rather a secret, not to be a drawback to her—my wife and I being such plain people, and she so prominent in the movies. We—we always wanted a better life than ours for her."

"She was in the movies, you say? Maybe I'd remember her."

He glanced at me briefly, then away. "Well, I suppose there would be no harm in *your* knowing, Mr. Carson. Marta King was our daughter."

After a few moments, as I said nothing, he leaned over the table and moved a salt shaker a few inches, to another position. "Will there be anything more, sir?"

"No," I said. "No. Nothing more, Dan."

THE END

to the Ladies

by

PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER,
AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

ABE LYMAN launched his musical career as a singing waiter in a Chicago cabaret. He sang one song. Sang it just once. A customer, handing him two dollars, said, "Here, take this and don't for Pete's sake *ever* sing again!"

Since that night, fifteen years ago, the Lyman talent has been devoted exclusively to instrumental music. And successfully. Abe is now one of our most popular orchestra leaders. He's a great radio favorite. He thinks the Los Angeles audiences are America's most appreciative and discerning tune fans. (A couple of his brothers run a couple of sandwich grills out there.) An orchestra leader's worst moment, says Abe, comes when a soprano singer gets hold of her highest note and can't let go.

ABE LYMAN

He doesn't agree with the opinion, stated to me by another well known orchestra leader, that middle-aged people prefer old tunes with which they are familiar. Abe says the old folks nearly always want the latest tunes. College boys are the ones who pester him, he says, for antique numbers. Abe Lyman is still a bachelor because he was sitting on a trunk the only time he ever seriously proposed to a girl. They were both in vaudeville, on the road. He sat on a trunk outside her hotel room and proposed to her in a loud voice through the door. She refused him. "That's a fine, romantic way to propose!" she snapped. "Sitting on my trunk and yelling at me through a door! No, I *won't* marry you!"

● Here's a true story of cause and effect. I know a woman whose husband got too tight because her dress was too tight.

They were passengers on the Queen Mary. He said he'd wait in the cocktail bar while she dressed for dinner. Her gown was new, fashionable, *tight.* She squirmed herself halfway into it, but no farther. There it stuck. It wouldn't pull down over her hips, and it wouldn't go back over her head. While she struggled, her husband waited—consuming one cocktail after another. He dared not leave their rendezvous for fear of missing her among the mazing corridors and elevators of that colossal ship. A stewardess finally massaged the lady into her too-tight dress. By that time, however, her husband was much too tight for dinner. They spent the evening in their cabin.

A lesson for tourist wives; wear sensible clothes at sea. You can lead a husband to an ocean—but can you make him stop drinking?

● Notes for your autumn symphony:

The smart new stocking shades (by Propper-McCallum) are *Cigarette* and *Swagger.* Fashionable color combinations specify fabrics, furs and hosiery. Wear the *Cigarette* stockings with smoke-blue and brown caracul. Wear the *Swagger* shade with byrrh brown and civet cat.

DuBarry Tropical (by Hudnut) is the best fall lipstick tint. Groom your football game complexion with the new *Beauty Balm* (by Germaine Monteil). Complete your symphony with a dash of the new *Trophée* perfume (by D'Orsay).

● Now Reno is proving that easy weddings are just as attractive as easy divorces. You can get married in Reno with almost no delay, no red tape. Reno weddings are in such demand that the United Air Lines have inaugurated a special service.

Tickets include trip to Reno by air and return, marriage license, minister's fee, wedding dinner.

● Some guests love to languish on low, deep, modernistic chairs and sofas. Other guests *hate* it—usually because they are stoutish and have a bad time hoisting themselves out of an underslung seat. They don't like the goggle-eyed show they make, heaving and straining. What they need is a straight chair high enough to let their legs get leverage enough for a comparatively dignified performance when they try to stand up. The Maharajah of Burdwan, a big man, once carried a chair all through my house as we moved from room to room; it was the only chair he could find that would fit him!

I realized then that the thoughtful thing to do, if you entertain much company, is to furnish your home with chairs of various proportions—some low and deep, some straight and high—so that every one may be comfortable.

● Readers who relish the fascinations of Oriental life and thought will, I believe, enjoy Mark Channing's new book, Indian Mosaic (published by Lippincott).

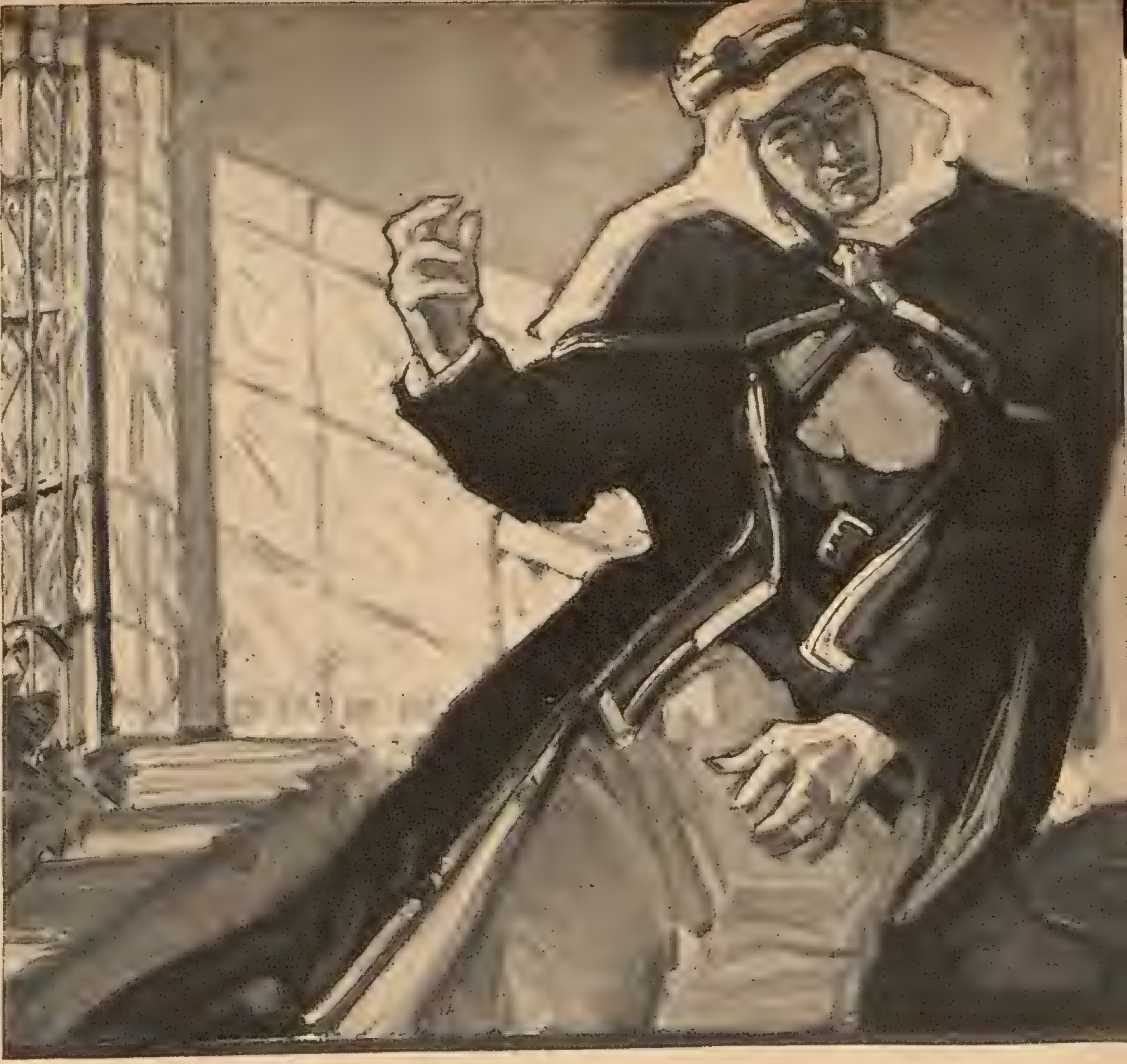
● Scandinavians are fastidious eaters, careful spenders. From Sweden comes this recipe for *liver rolls*—inexpensive but richly delicious:

Use 4 slices liver cut about ½ inch thick. Soak 15 minutes in milk, wipe well. On each slice spread following stuffing: Mix 2 tablespoons chopped mushroom with 1 tablespoon chopped onion and 1 scant tablespoon minced bacon.

Add 1 tablespoon fresh bread crumbs, salt, pepper, pinch of nutmeg, and 1 egg. Roll up liver slices, fix with toothpicks, dot with bacon fat. Arrange in greased fireproof dish. Pour in ¾ cup cream, add 1 tablespoon chopped raisins. Bake 10 minutes in brisk oven. Let rolls brown, decrease heat and cook slowly for 20 minutes, basting them frequently.

Serve piping hot with Swedish ligonberries or cranberry jelly.

Hound or Devil? A Satanic Enchantress — Death-grips in the Assassin's Eyrie . . . At Last Digger Craven's Supreme Adventure with the Iraq Secret Service Patrol



READING TIME
18 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN this series "Digger" Craven reappears as Hell Rider on secret service with the Iraq Desert Patrol. Last week he told of adventures during the pursuit of "the devil's own dancing girl," who proved to be the tool of a white man "gone native," who was attempting to blackmail a peer. And now for that sinister mystery, Mme. Olga Radnowitz!

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

I PLUNGED blindly through the plantation and on toward a clearing where stood a dilapidated house. It was an eerie sort of place, especially at that hour toward dawn. A fitful moon gave me the shadowy outline of the building.

In my somewhat stimulated condition I don't know whether I was fully capable of appreciating the madness of that lone adventure. Not that I was drunk; but I felt as fearless as one does after dining and wining well. Moreover, though it was many moons since I had been kidnaped by Olga Radnowitz, I could still wince whenever she was mentioned, still feel the human desire to get even with her. Here was my chance!

I went forward to investigate—and pulled up sharply, staring into a pair of fixed glassy eyes. There was the vague outline of a huge hound. It was barring my path. It stood firm, as if made of rock. Nothing about it seemed alive, save the hateful eyes and the bared teeth.

Whatever it might be, it should not stay me. I remember moving my hand slowly toward the Mauser butt—and then reflecting. The crack of a gun in that deathly stillness would betray my presence. I was to be the kidnaper this time, and Mme. Radnowitz the kidnaped. I could not afford to risk the slightest sound.

Damn the beast! Were we to stare at each other until the dawn? I saw the lolling tongue quiver; but the eyes never moved. Nor did mine. I don't know just how long we stood thus, that beast and I. At all events, it was not to be outstared.

At last, with a snort of impatience, I sprang. Simultaneously the beast leaped—and I had the shock of my life. Its lunging weight downed me with a crash.

My breath was jolted out of me for several anxious seconds. The brute sank his teeth in the thick stuff of the aba over my right shoulder. My right arm was pinned under me; I smashed at him with my left fist. I might just as well have tickled him with a flyflapper.

I clutched one of his muscular legs and pushed it backward. Heaving with all my strength, I managed to throw him off my chest, so that the shoulder he was gnawing came uppermost, and though his teeth were tearing the flesh I pressed the shoulder down on his jaw while continuing to push back his foreleg.

His leg snapped. I could feel the sickening scrape of bone under my hand. He did not even yelp! Still pressing my torn shoulder against his jaw, I began to pound his skull with the Mauser butt. I must have been stark raving mad for a space, for I was still pounding long after he lay limp.

I sat up after a while and was violently sick. At last I got to my feet, mopping the sweat and dirt from my face. Presently I readjusted my native clothing and moved cautiously toward the house. The moon was fading. Soon it would be dawn. I must hurry.

Breaking into the house presented no difficulties. It was all as quiet as the grave. Was this a fool's errand on which I had embarked? Did the premises have no other occupant than that dog?

I had searched two rooms with a flashlight and was hesitating at the door of a third, when a voice from within the room cried, "Who is there?" I shall be a very old man when I fail to recognize that voice. Olga Radnowitz for a certainty!

I crashed in. There was no further need for caution. A lamp she had lighted revealed her as she stood by the couch from which she had just risen. As always, the sheer beauty of her was a shock to me. Damn the woman! I never knew the like of her!

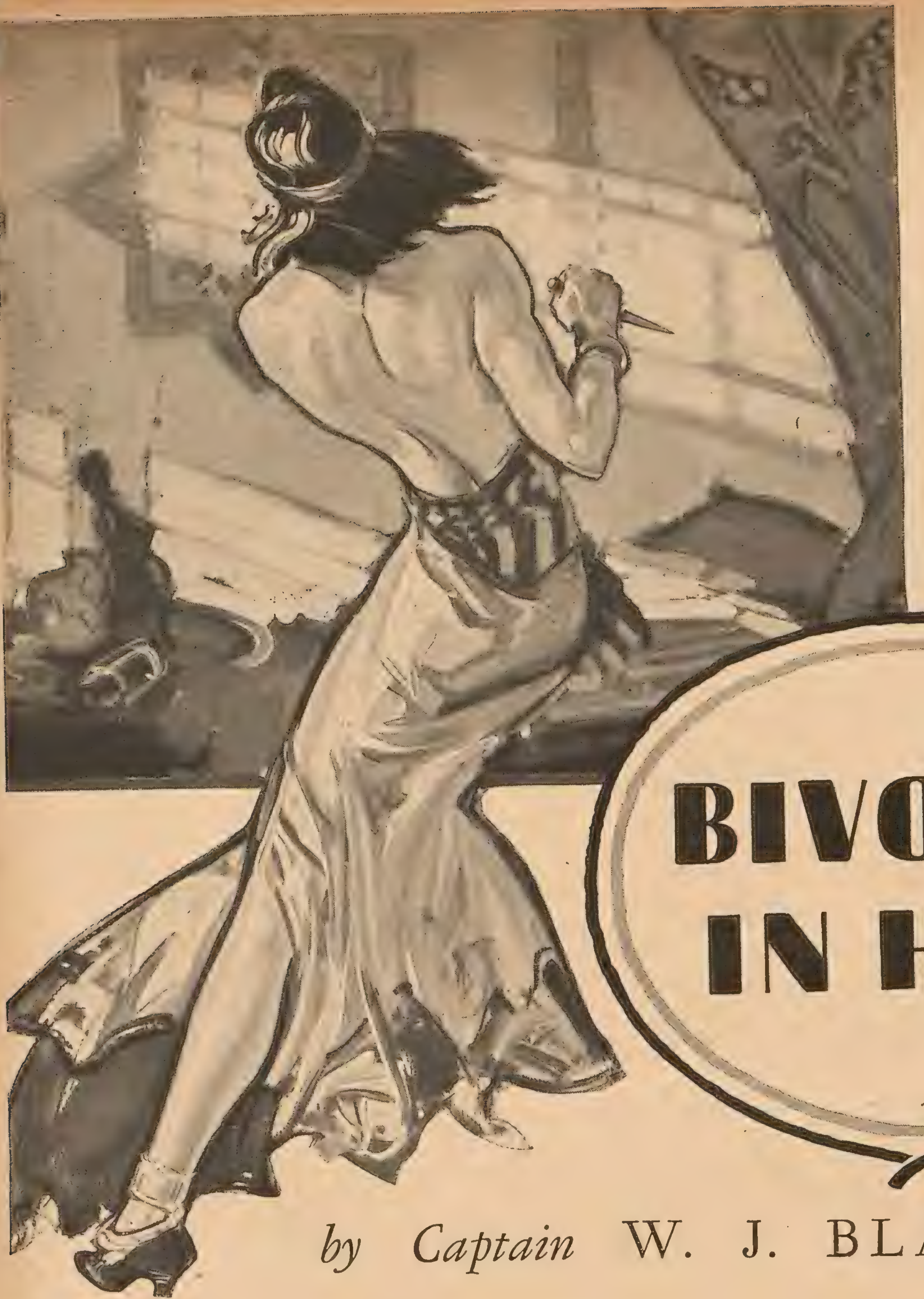
"You!" she breathed.

She stood there like a statue, magnetism in her great dark eyes, thick masses of black hair fallen to her perfectly molded shoulders.

She laughed. "It is the English policeman—with body so white and face so handsome, so brown—"

"You can cut all that out," I said, displaying the Mauser. "It is my turn now. You are my prisoner. I've fixed your dog—the brute! We fought. He lost."

She came nearer, saw my blood-soaked shoulder, touched it with her hand. She looked at the blood on her fingers—and swiftly wiped them across my jaw. I stepped back and shoved out the gun, then deliberately returned it to its hidden holster. She stood for a quivering minute and bit off a few choice oaths. This raging beauty could be as foul as the foulest.



Her hand flashed to the back of her neck. The dawn light was flooding into the room. I saw the gleam of a knife—

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES DE FEO

BIVOUAC IN HELL

by *Captain* W. J. BLACKLEDGE

And while she cursed she spat like any gutter brat. Abruptly her right hand flashed to the back of her neck as her left bowled the lamp over. But the dawn light was flooding into the room. I saw the gleam of a knife—

I have wondered since whether that woman knew by instinct that I could not shoot her in cold blood. She had certainly taken no account of the gun. I might, in other circumstances, have attempted to wing a woman who drew a knife. As it was, I just grappled and wrestled with her, trying to shake the knife from her hand.

The crazy struggle went on and on. Finally there was a stumble and a crash, and Olga's head struck the floor as I crashed with her. She lay still, a crumpled heap, stunned. I lifted her and placed her on the divan.

She would be all right for a minute, I thought, and I could hunt for a piece of rope to tie her up. But I lingered there, making no attempt to revive her, gazing spellbound at the lovely inert being.

It was daylight now. The sun was beginning to climb. I searched the wretched house from top to bottom. There was not a soul anywhere. When I returned Olga was still lying motionless. I had found a frayed rope, and I trussed her, then poured whisky from my flask through her clenched teeth. Lord in heaven, I thought, has she lived here alone with only that brute of a hound?

My plan was to revive her and leave her. She could hardly get away. I would return to the Patrol and report to the Skipper. No use trying to take the witch back myself. I could not very well carry her, and she would not be dragged along, even with her arms bound.

I saw her eyelids flicker. I did not wait for more, but rose to my feet, locked the door of the room behind me, and stumbled out into the glare of the sun.

What a night! thought I. Only a few hours before, the Patrol had been making merry in one of Bagdad's new restaurants when I had been called outside—to find Zara,

She took a bath and gave her husband ATHLETE'S FOOT

SHE WAS A "CARRIER"

THIS lovely young woman doesn't know she is a "carrier" of Athlete's Foot. For Athlete's Foot is treacherous. There is no pain *at first* to warn of infection and the trouble to follow. Even now, *you* may be spreading this ugly disease wherever you tread barefoot.

Examine *your* toes tonight. At the slightest symptom of infection, such as redness, douse on cooling, soothing, healing Absorbine Jr. For unless prompt relief is given serious trouble may follow. The skin turns white and dies in patches; gets moist, peels, cracks open with painful rawness.

Absorbine Jr. brings comfort. It aids in healing broken skin and tissues. Its antiseptic properties kill the fungus of Athlete's Foot when reached. Don't be a carrier. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. Accept no substitutes. Try it at our expense. For a free sample write to W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

If you are suffering with an extreme case, consult a doctor. So difficult is it to kill the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot, your own socks can re-infect you unless boiled 20 minutes when washed.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

who had whispered to me that she knew the precise whereabouts of Olga Radnowitz. Immediately I had declared my intention of making a lone adventure of it.

Zara had been my guide. She it was who had brought me through the maze of alleys and lanes to this desolate spot. I had insisted that she go back; I had watched until she was out of sight and sound before entering the plantation that encircled this house.

I now found that she had not gone back—at least, not very far—when I nearly tripped over a body that lay near a tree trunk in the plantation.

"Digger!" she said faintly, and I knew things were not too bad, though there was a nasty gash in her temple, with blood trickling down.

"Zara! What has happened?"

She sat up while I bathed her head. She was smiling. An astonishing girl, this Zara, and a rugged one.

"I waited for you, Digger. I thought perhaps I could help after you had got her out of the house. But you were so long. So I walked until I reached the plantation again. I was waiting here when I was struck from behind. I fell. I was very sick. But I saw the man go running off. . . . What did you do with her—Radnowitz?"

I jumped up. "Was he running toward the house?"

"Why, yes! What did you do with the woman?"

"I left her there—trussed up. I must go back! He'll find her!"

"Hurry, Digger, hurry! I'm all right. Leave me. You must!"

I raced back to the house. Reaching the room in which I had left Olga Radnowitz, I thrust the door wide open—and took root on the threshold, cursing my own stupidity. The room was empty. The rope I had used lay on the divan; the she-devil was gone. Gone again! For the third time she had got away!

I searched the house, though I knew it was hopeless. Olga and her rescuer must have been making their getaway while Zara and I had been talking.

Well, that was that. I went slouching back.

"Gone?" said Zara.

I nodded. We fell into step and proceeded on our way toward the Patrol's temporary quarters.

. . . . . .

A HAND sticking out of the sand. A live hand, for it worked feebly, clutching at the air. The Wahabi scouts had fired a signal. We had come forward at the gallop, to find them dancing about, gesticulating frantically at the sand. Then we saw it—this live hand sticking up through the golden surface as if clawing its way from the nether regions!

The Skipper was the first to grab at it; then half a dozen of us flopped down beside him and started digging. In a minute an arm was showing, in the sleeve of a white drill coat. No Arab, this! We worked like madmen. At last we drew the fellow up out of his grave and laid him flat on his stomach.

The Skipper hooked a finger into his mouth and nostrils and cleared out the clogging sand. Then he got astride him and began the familiar movements of artificial respiration. He kept it up for ten minutes. No sign of life. Another fifteen minutes; still no sign. Then I took a turn.

At last I felt life in him. We sat him up and administered a little brandy. Even then it was an age before he opened his eyes.

I looked at the cap in Bain's hand. It was skull-shaped and had thick earpieces.

"Good Lord!" I said. "Flying kit!"

"Sure! He took a nose dive," grinned Bain.

IT was an enormous relief to see him sitting up and taking notice. He stared round at us in a dazed fashion, spitting out particles of sand.

"Feeling better?" asked the Skipper.

He nodded—then gasped, "What's wrong?"

"We found you here. You seem to have had an accident. Can you remember anything about it?"

"Accident is right. Engine trouble. We came down— Say, what the hell—Arabs talking English! Am I nuts?"

"Not a bit. We're a police patrol in Arab costume."

But the airman wasn't listening. His face suddenly flushed with rage. He struggled drunkenly to his feet.

"You ——s! What's the big idea? You lousy bums! Decided not to bury me alive, eh?"

He stared around wildly.

"You half smother me in the sand, and then— Damn you! Where's Kay? Where's my sister? What have you done with her? And what have you done with the plane?"

His voice rose to a shriek. Bain took him by the arm.

"Say, listen, will ya? I'm from the same Middle West as you. You've been in a tough spot. We got you out. We *are* police. This is Captain Armstrong. We're the Fourteenth Iraq Desert Patrol. Get me? We're here to help you. Tell us what happened."

The airman's face cleared. He grinned.

"I'd have taken you for an Arab anywhere. Gee, but it's good to hear that lingo! I was flying with my sister Kay— My name's Studor, Erle Studor. We were making a record hop from Algiers to Bagdad. Then we had engine trouble. I remember a party of Arabs coming up when we landed. One of 'em was a woman—"

"A woman!"

"Sure! She seemed to be bossing the outfit. She was dressed like an Egyptian queen. She wanted the plane! She talked a sort of Arabic French, demanding that Kay and I fly her and a couple of her Arabs over the hills. She'd show us where to land. Well, I wasn't standing for that, and I said so."

"What happened then?"

"I was bending over, trying to fix the engine, when I felt a sock on the back of my head. Next thing I remember is hearing the engine start up and trying to get to my feet. Somebody shoved me down again. I felt sand showering on me. Some of it went into my eyes. But I couldn't have been buried altogether, or I'd be dead by now."

Armstrong stared round at the great expanse of sanded waste. There wasn't a thing in sight anywhere. He rapped out an order and a score of the Wahabis went off in all directions, looking for tracks.

"What became of my sister and the plane?"

"It looks as if they had made your sister get to work. She must have taken up the woman—"

"Kay wouldn't do that!"

"You don't know the sort of persuasion these brigands use. She's probably taken up the woman and one Arab. By the way, have you any idea as to the time all this happened?"

"It was nearly ten o'clock when we landed."

"Ten o'clock! It's only ten fifty-five now! If we can find those tracks right away—"

It seemed hours before one of the boys signaled. In a moment we were loping steadily in the northerly direction that the band had very evidently taken.

"No reason given, I suppose, for wanting to use you and the plane?" said Armstrong.

"No. And I didn't ask for any," Studor said. "I've been wondering, myself, what the woman wanted. First Arab woman I've run up against who showed so much interest in flying."

"The conclusion I came to long ago," smiled Armstrong, "is that the woman is not an Arab at all."

"Then what the devil is she?"

"Couldn't say for certain. You saw her. Was she very dark? Did she have very striking eyes?"

I experienced a queer creepy sensation as the Skipper asked these questions. Bain gave me a peculiar look—and I knew what he meant! Studor, however, remembered only that the woman was veiled over mouth and nose.

"If my surmise is correct," pursued Armstrong, "she's a woman we've been trailing for years—the most elusive devil in all Arabia. And she wouldn't want a mere lift in the plane; she'd want it to keep, with your sister to fly it for her."

BY this time we were beginning to climb in broken country. To me, there was something damnably familiar about this road. I knew well enough where it would lead us. When we came in sight of a great overhanging ledge of rock, there was no longer a vestige of doubt—and every man in the Patrol knew all about my experience in this region!

Bain laughed. "Here's where you took your vacation, Digger, ain't it?"

I refrain from recording my reply.

Now we were almost under that damnable ledge, that shelf of rock on which I had been marooned for days after my getaway from the stronghold of Olga Radnowitz. We couched our camels and pitched camp. The plan was to leave the beasts here with a skeleton guard while we made our way up on foot.

It was late afternoon when we started. We climbed steadily for an hour. There was that fall of water which we must penetrate, and a forest beyond. Even so, we should reach the plateau before sundown.

"Where do this dame and her gangsters live?" queried Studor, out of breath. "On the roof?"

We came at last to the fall of water and the Skipper called a halt. "I dare say you know your history," he said smilingly to Studor, "and you will remember that in the time of the Crusaders there were mysterious bands of brigands called the Assassins. There have been evidences of a revival of that sect in recent times. In a few minutes you'll see one of their secret retreats, a place used by them six centuries ago. As Bain will have told you, we've visited it before. Don't let this waterfall worry you. It's less formidable than it looks. Are you ready? Come on! Let's go!"

We played follow-my-leader through the sheet of water, then made our way silently through the forest. As we reached the high ground near its farther edge, we went forward on hands and knees.

BACHELOR DAYS
LAZY BONES, GET UP, GET UP, GET UP - HA-HA-HA!!
FOR PETE'S SAKE, JERRY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO UNCLE ADAM'S PARROT?
JUST TRYING TO KILL IT, THAT'S ALL! IF YOU HAD A HEADACHE LIKE MINE, YOU'D...
SHIVER MY TIMBERS! THE OLD FOSSIL'S GOT A HEAD! FETCH BROMO-SELTZER!
DID YOU HEAR THAT, TOM? SAY, THAT BIRD'S GOT A GIANT INTELLECT!
-OH, NO! HE JUST TRAVELED AROUND THE WORLD WITH UNCLE ADAM
WELL, BOYS, COMING UP THE STREET I HEARD OLD SINBAD'S CALL FOR HELP!
GOSH, UNCLE ADAM, JUST WHAT JERRY NEEDED. LAST NIGHT'S PARTY WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIS HEAD!
• A LITTLE LATER • • •
-HERE, BRAINY BIRD, YOUR REWARD! BROMO-SELTZER STOPPED MY HEADACHE, SETTLED MY STOMACH, SOOTHED MY NERVES!
IT'S PULLED ME THROUGH MANY A FOGGY MORNING!
DOCTORS HAVE PROVED BROMO-SELTZER STOPS NEXT-MORNING HEADACHES FASTER!
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

It's no fun, suffering from morning-after! Get rid of it *quickly* with Bromo-Seltzer! Doctors find it stops next-morning headaches *faster* than any other remedy they tested. Settles the stomach, calms nerves. Reduces excess lactic acid in the blood caused by overindulgence.

Write for free trial bottle to Emerson Drug Co., Dept. 9, Baltimore, Md.

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

READ HOW SKINNY GIRLS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS.
NEW QUICK WAY

Posed by professional models

Thousands gaining normal attractive curves —*in just a few weeks!*

SKINNY, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce can take new hope from the experience of thousands of others with this new scientific treatment that is sweeping the country. These others have gained 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh this new easy way —*in just a few weeks!*

What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Why it builds up so quickly

Scientists recently discovered that great numbers of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in a few weeks, as they have thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package — or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 29, Atlanta, Ga.

Studor gasped when he saw the green expanse of velvet sward, the riot of poppies and shrubs in bloom beyond—and, behind this rising garden, the white towers and rooftops of the castle against a forest of black cypress trees.

"Gee!" he whispered. "And look!—there's my plane! What now?"

"We'll surround the place," the Skipper assured him, "as soon as I can place my men."

As we lay awaiting the signal to advance, Olga Radnowitz came into view across the greensward. She was attended by four muscular and swarthy natives. Strolling over toward the plane, she turned in our direction to gaze at the blood-red afterglow. Her face, now unveiled, and those great magnetic eyes of hers were curiously lit by the glow. A sorceress rendering homage to the sun!

The plane appeared to fascinate her. She walked around it, touching it, examining the various gadgets. What the Skipper had suspected was obviously true. She wanted it as a spoiled child wants a toy. And it would be of the greatest service to her if she was again making her home in this pleasance of the hilltops. She could very well purchase a plane; but that was hardly her way.

"She's certainly a good-looker!" chuckled Bain.

At that moment she climbed into the cockpit, appearing to find much to amuse her in the pretty instruments there.

"If she doesn't watch out, she'll ruin it!" snapped Studor. "God! What has the —— done with Kay?"

We assured him that Kay was probably tied up in some room of the castle, to remain there until she consented to serve Mme. Radnowitz as pilot—or until she was rescued.

Armstrong dropped down beside us. "Listen, you fellows," he whispered. "I've put the boys out in extended order. As soon as they see me out there, every man will follow. We'll cross at the double. If we can, we'll avoid gunplay—on account of the plane and the petrol in it. I imagine we outnumber this mob, all right. Well, now. Let's go!"

HE stepped out on to the sward. In a second a whole line of us were running toward the castle.

I have no very clear recollection of just what happened after that. My eyes were on Olga. She leaped from the plane and ran, calling to her men in a voice that rang clear as a bell.

I tore after her, dodging knife thrusts, swinging my Mauser butt. I was hardly a yard from her when she darted into the castle. I followed.

The place was dim and shadowy after the gold glow without. I hesitated a moment, getting my bearings. Then I saw her. She stood with her back against a stone column, hands behind her, bosom heaving. She laughed—that rich caroling laugh of hers.

"We meet again, Monsieur Digger. But how charming you look! Your face is so full of purpose."

I strode over to her, feeling all sorts of a fool. "You're under arrest, Olga Radnowitz."

She laughed. "But again? You have arrested me before! Do you think you will imprison me now?"

"You won't get away this time," I said grimly.

I might have saved my breath. She filled a long moment with her laughter. I can hear it now!

Then she subsided, pouting. "Is it that you do not love me any more, Monsieur Digger?"

"Will you come along quietly?"

"You know I would go anywhere with you—almost! Why do you not come with me?"

WITH an angry snort I reached out for her arm, but just in time I saw her hand flash to the back of her neck. I ducked. The knife went hurtling harmlessly through the air. I clutched at her. She eluded my grasp. Thereafter a mad game of tag in and out of those stone archways, with the woman chuckling and laughing as she dodged me.

I cursed and sweat. But if the gathering darkness hindered me, it was also difficult for her. I have wondered many times since why she did not slip away to some other part of the castle. She continued to spin round and round those stone arches breathlessly, only the swish of her draperies betraying her whereabouts.

And then, more by accident than design, I tripped her. She went down. I fell upon her savagely, and was astounded to realize that her arms were closing tight about my neck. A familiar scent filled my nostrils; I wanted to give up the crazy struggle. Her soft breath was fanning my cheek, her murmuring voice was in my ears.

"Foolish man! Foolish man! Why will you not take what life offers you?"

It was with a supreme effort that I repressed an impulse to choke the life out of her. She screamed then. Her hands fell away from me. Suddenly she lunged. I felt a hot stinging slash at my shoulder, knew that her lips were pressing on mine even as she pressed the blade home. Then the world was blotted out. . . .

There followed days and nights of distorted dreams, during which I committed murder a thousand times. Always it was the same victim—Olga Radnowitz. Always the method was the same—strangulation. . . .

In the hospital at Ramadi I came to full consciousness. It was there that I learned I had not killed Olga Radnowitz; that she had, in fact, escaped yet once more!

Happily, Kay Studor had been rescued unharmed. They had found her in a kind of dungeon beneath the castle.

My recovery was rapid enough. The frightful dreams ceased. I found peace. In a few weeks I was out of hospital and journeying with Armstrong and Bain to Bagdad.

THE END

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHY JUNK AMERICA?

Colonel Frank Knox

Does America Really Want Bankruptcy and Despotism? A Grim Warning from the Plight of Europe Where New Deal "Innovations" Have Cost Solvency, Democracy, and Freedom

by COLONEL FRANK KNOX

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

Editor's Note: Through Liberty, in its issue of June 6, Governor Landon on the eve of his nomination for the Presidency told the American people and the world where he stood and what he would undertake to do if elected. Now, with the campaign under way, Liberty transmits a correspondingly important message from his running mate, Colonel Knox.

COLONEL KNOX SAYS—

"The enticements of the New Deal are not new. Wherever on the globe they have been carried out unchecked, the people have been subjected to merciless taxation or victimized by wholesale dispossession through currency inflation . . . Mr. Roosevelt's policy is leading us straight to ruin. Bankruptcy is the inevitable end. Compared with this, our depression will be prosperity . . . 'Planned economy' is merely a reaction to the Dark Ages. More human progress has been achieved in the scant century or two of individualism than in the thousands of years which preceded it . . . I do not wish to see recovery in America impeded by the barriers that turned Europe into an aggregation of concentration camps and fortresses."

"TOO often in recent history liberal governments have been wrecked on the rocks of loose fiscal policy. We must avoid this danger."

That is an excellent summary of the imminent peril that threatens American institutions. Its author is Franklin D. Roosevelt. The date of the utterance is March 10, 1933. Yet, since his administration has been in authority he has taken the nation deeper and deeper into debt until he has jeopardized not only our economic structure but our civic rights as well.

The recovery of business on a sound basis is the same thing as the recovery of economic freedom and individual enterprise. No real recovery is possible without a return to American principles. The enticements of the New Deal are not new. Every dubious public policy of the present administration has been tried somewhere else in some form and degree. Wherever on the globe the New Deal ideals have been carried out unchecked, the standards of living of the people have been falling or have been stabilized below prewar levels. The people have been subjected to merciless taxation or victimized by wholesale dispossession through currency inflation.

The experience of the United States will be equally disastrous.

False flushes of business activity, resulting from inflationary and currency policies, may for a time obscure unsound conditions. Bolstering by subsidies and regimentation may give a temporary appearance of safety. But the very best that can be hoped from the cumulative effects of such measures is a gradual descent into the bog of state socialism.

In a nation that does 90 per cent of its business through credit transactions, prosperity cannot prevail without the restoration of private credit. Private credit in a modern industrial society can only be sustained if sound public credit is behind it. Either depends upon solvency. Receipts must balance expenses; at any rate, there must be the assurance at any given time that such balance will be attained in the near future.

Mr. Roosevelt's policy is leading us straight to financial ruin. The bankruptcy of government involves the bankruptcy of all its creditors, dissipation of all liquid capital, and painful reorganization of all business activities. Compared with this,

You Gamble
WHEN YOU BUY THE
unknown
PROBAK JUNIOR BLADES
4 FOR 10¢
PROBAK JUNIOR

Games of chance may be all right in their place—but why risk your money when you buy razor blades! Probak Jr. is produced by the world's largest manufacturer of razor blades. Here is known quality — a double-edge blade that "stands up" for shave after shave—sells at 4 for 10¢!

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

our depression will be prosperity.

The delusion that a government is an unfailing fountain of money stems from the parent delusion that the state exists apart from the people. The state has no creative or earning power in itself. The notion that government in the long run can create money and credit in excess of the similar powers of citizens and private corporations is a survival into modern times of stone-age animism. Men once believed that fetish, totem, and taboo invoked the aid of supernatural powers. The New Dealers still believe that government fiat can create money or wealth, or both.

No business and no government can thrive when spending beyond its income. Bankruptcy, however delayed, is the inevitable end. The losses of private bankruptcy fall largely upon those immediately responsible; government bankruptcy visits penalty on all citizens. More than that—the financial failure of a government frequently involves changes in the form of government and a restriction of the liberty of its citizens.

Tragic as have been many mistakes of the present administration, we could endure them all and recover from them eventually if the nation's budget were balanced. But a continuance of its unbalanced condition leads to inflation, regimentation, and tyranny.

Already we have a warning. As a corollary to the unbridled financial debauch and the unparalleled multiplication of alphabetical agencies, we are passing under the yoke of the most numerous bureaucracies created anywhere in the world. Already one man in every five in our working population is on some federal, state, or local government pay roll, while many more live on bounties doled out to them by the bureaucracy. No more dangerous threat to the permanence of our freedom and liberty could be devised than the growing army of tax-paid bureaucrats. We are approaching the line of tolerance in debt and tax beyond which, if history has any meaning, we may not go without inviting utter financial disaster.

THE New Deal, like other postwar governments, has been unable to resist the temptation to escape the consequences of extravagance by cheapening the money by which debts are paid. The limit is clearly in sight, if it has not been passed. The failure of private credit to expand in the face of an accumulating deficit of capital goods is incontrovertible evidence that money-monkeying has already had disastrous effects.

The financial adventurers in Washington have retarded re-employment —the only key to recovery.

The Treasury Department has adopted the practice of "rigging" the market for government obligations. Such a course parallels the one so severely and properly condemned by this same administration in its criticism of the practices of some private stock manipulators. Nevertheless, the Secretary of the Treasury employs the funds entrusted to him to support the price of the Treasury's issues. He pursues the same fallacious policy that led so many private financiers to ruin.

The demagogic demand for fiat money or credit manipulation, advocated by many New Dealers, is fundamentally dishonest. There is trickery and cheating wherever units of measurements are tampered with without full and equal knowledge and without equal protection for all parties. Every American city jails men who give short weights or short measures. Advocates of fiat money and fiat credit pretend that the cheapening of money saves the great masses of the people from the exploitation of the privileged few. As a matter of fact, inflation—the road upon which the Roosevelt administration has embarked—is a crime against the majority. The victims of inflation are every wage earner, every salaried man, every insurance policyholder, every bank depositor, every member of a building and loan association, every holder of a bond or mortgage, every endowed school, hospital, or charity, and every taxpayer.

SO much has been written about inflation since the present administration came into office—there have been so many "false starts" at inflation and so many abortive "inflation markets"—that warnings against the present trend fall upon many deaf ears. But the danger is creeping closer and closer. The New Dealers cannot check their extravagance; they cannot or will not balance their budget.

We are told by the New Dealers that capitalism has "broken down." How is it broken down? American capitalism, even when hitting on only half of its cylinders at the depth of the depression, afforded the people of the United States an annual dividend of goods and services greater than that enjoyed in any other nation.

Capitalism ought, of course, to hit on all cylinders and everybody ought to have a job. But the reason that does not always happen is not that the capitalistic machine has broken down but that its "gasoline line" of credit has been choked up.

A cognate fallacy is the notion that our industrial system has become so complex that it can no longer be operated on a basis of "free competition" and "natural price," determined in a free market by supply and demand. It is the academic theorists who do not have to run the business machine, rather than the most competent managers of it, who are worried by its supposed complexities. In truth, it requires no more native intelligence to operate a line of steamships or a railroad than it required to run a line of clipper ships or stagecoaches.

The tyranny of the "planned economy" advocated by the New Deal makes the fight for business recovery a fight for liberty. The fact is that

" planned economy " is merely a reaction to the spirit and institutions of the Dark Ages. The communal society, the co-operative state, and a regimented agriculture and industry are not the brain children of our current brain trust in Washington. The world has known them intimately for centuries. All through the Middle Ages the enforced regimentation under the co-operative system blighted human progress.

It was only after the emergence of the free competitive system of political economy, with its encouragement and reward for individual enterprise, that the world was elevated from semibarbarism into the broad daylight of modern civilization. More human progress has been achieved in the scant century or two of individualism than in the thousands of years which preceded it.

This history becomes of acute interest to us all because we are besought by exponents of the New Deal to surrender our personal liberties and economic freedom for the sake of *security* in the future.

If we yield to these arguments and permit a greater control of our personal business by centralized government, do we add to the prospect of security? There are those who are quite willing to surrender liberty in order to evade responsibility. They are ready to believe that in some way they can live off the government and get something for nothing or at somebody else's expense.

But, as Calvin Coolidge said, " If the people are to remain politically free, they must be economically free. Their only hope in that direction is to keep their own business in their own hands."

The people of the United States are today more devoted to the institutions of an American democracy than ever before. They are not asking for a dictator, for a Fascist corporative state, for the Socialism of Marx or Norman Thomas, nor the Communism of Lenin and Stalin. They purpose to remain a free people, within the safeguards and the limitations of American constitutional government.

Italy, Germany, Russia, Austria have sacrificed this freedom without gaining prosperity. All that has happened in Russia has been a change in exploiters.

When the officials of the Russian Foreign Office tried to convince me that they were engaged in a great democratic experiment, I asked:

" How many people are there in Russia? "

He said, rather proudly: " One hundred and sixty-five million."

I said: " How many are members of the Communist Party? "

He replied: " Between two and a half and three million."

No one can hold office unless he is a member of the Communist Party. That is what they call democracy.

Shall America be ground between the upper millstone of Fascism and the nether millstone of Communism?

Economically the whole world is set for recovery, but political barriers stand across the path. I do not wish to see recovery in America impeded by the same barriers that turned Europe into an aggregation of concentration camps and fortresses! In free government, in free competition —sanely regulated to protect the weak against the strong—lies the hope of the world; certainly the hope of America.

If, lured by the New Dealers, we depart from these conceptions, and from the kind of government, the kind of business, and the kind of private life that flow from them, we shall consign everything we love best in the heritage of our fathers to a junk pile.

Why junk America?

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—An eighth child, he was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, and schooled at Amherst. He edited the pioneer hymnal; journeyed to England to win sympathy for the North; and supported Cleveland in 1884. What dramatic orator of the pulpit is pictured at the right?

2—Can one go to Hell in Norway?

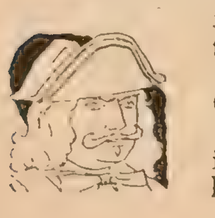
3—What author first submitted typewritten manuscripts to publishers?

4—Do twins live as long as humans born singly?

5—What does one do before pulling the rip cord of a parachute?

6—The Schick test is employed in combating which disease?

7—What coeducational university was founded at Kingston, Ontario, in 1841?



8—Who's afraid of the Ogpu in Russia?

9—What pirate was tried in England and thereafter knighted by Charles II?

10—Are there 55,000, 71,000, or 34,600 dentists in the United States?

11—What Biblical song composer is said to have composed over one thousand songs?

12—Which country leads the world in suicides?

13—One part in 2,000 of vanillin in paint is said to do what to it?

14—What were bicycles called before about 1870?

15—Which President made the mark O. K. popular in the United States?

16—What herb, widely eaten, contains approximately 78 per cent of water?

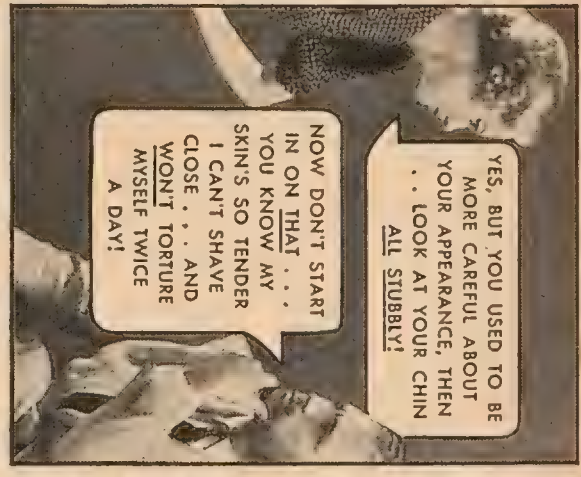
17—Who composed The Girl of the Golden West?

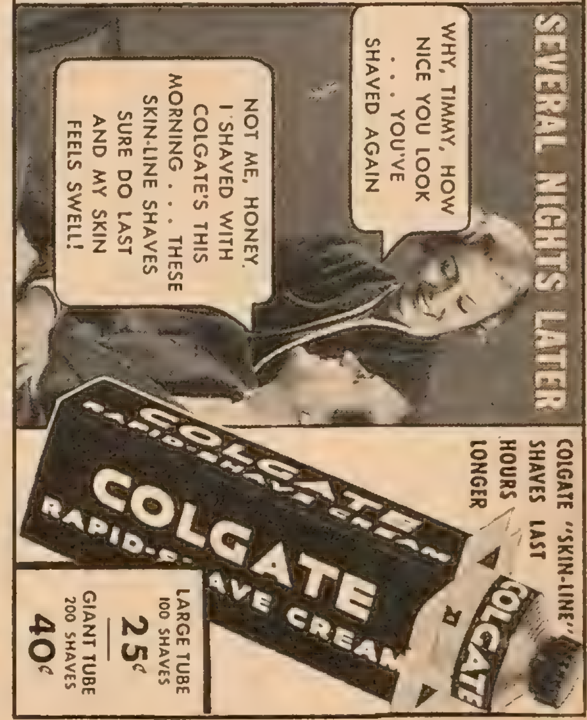
18—What is the chief metal in pewter alloys?

19—The disease psittacosis is popularly called what?

20—What dancer was discovered for pictures by Valentino and his wife?

(Answers will be found on page 55)





WELL, I WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO MARRY!

YES, BUT YOU USED TO BE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT YOUR APPEARANCE, THEN . . LOOK AT YOUR CHIN ALL STUBBLY!

NOW DON'T START IN ON THAT . . . YOU KNOW MY SKIN'S SO TENDER I CAN'T SHAVE CLOSE . . . AND WON'T TORTURE MYSELF TWICE A DAY!

NEXT MORNING

TIM, WHY DON'T YOU TRY COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM . . . IT SAYS HERE THAT ITS SMALL BUBBLE LATHER GIVES A REALLY COMFORTABLE SKIN-LINE SHAVE THAT LASTS HOURS LONGER.

BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY

BIG BUBBLES LEAVE STUBBLE

SMALL BUBBLES SHAVE CLEAN

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted. **COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM** makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER

WHY, TIMMY, HOW NICE YOU LOOK . . . YOU'VE SHAVED AGAIN

NOT ME, HONEY. I SHAVED WITH COLGATE'S THIS MORNING . . . THESE SKIN-LINE SHAVES SURE DO LAST AND MY SKIN FEELS SWELL!

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢

GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

WIFE TROUBLE

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

DURING her wedding breakfast Emmie Stockton, the bride of Rod Gill, mocks Stan Freeman, the chap she is alleged to have once "run after," for not kissing her. This stirs the jealous suspicions of Sara Boyd, who is very much in love with the poor struggling young engineer. The Stocktons and Gills are among the wealthiest families in Sycamore Valley, while the Freemans and Boyds have lost all their money in the last year, Stan having to forgo his full M. I. T. course, and Sara having to work as a model in Jen Riley's fashionable dress shop.

After the newly married couple have departed on their honeymoon, young Freeman declares his love for Sara, but despairs of ever having enough income to ask her to share his lot. Sara tells him she is willing to take any chance with him. Almost without thinking, they too are married. Following a few days at Atlantic City, Stan and Sara start housekeeping in a pretty little flat. Happily they look forward to a substantial raise for him in the spring and to a potential fortune that may come of an invention—a garbage destroyer—he is working on.

But their paradise for two is soon invaded. Rod and Emmie Gill call to renew friendship and flirtation, and Fred Robley, a millionaire cousin of Emmie and a persistent pursuer of Sara, intrudes himself and his amorous suggestions. Between them, Emmie and Fred sow discord in the Freeman home. Sara is sure that Emmie is playing up to Stan, and Stan hates the idea of his wife and Robley palling around the way they do.

Stan's invention gets under way with the assistance of Bert Wiel. Their noise in the kitchen drives Sara to desperation. And to pay Wiel she has to sell some of her silver wedding presents. Fred Robley discovers this and wants to help her. He invites her to his beautiful home, lets her drink in the luxury and glamour that might be hers, and subtly suggests their real affinity.

PART FIVE—BORN TO BE PAMPERED

SARA," said Fred Robley suddenly, "you're driving me crazy. You always have." His words were thick, rapid, emotional, not like him at all. "You wouldn't take my advice—you stepped out of my life—I knew you'd regret it—Sara—"

She sat up. "I won't have you talking like that."

She dodged so rapidly that his kiss didn't touch her mouth but landed on her neck. She felt herself coloring from head to toe. She came to her feet, wanting to laugh, wanting to strike out at him.

"You're really an old-fashioned girl," he said at last, driving her home. She didn't rise to that but sat placid, her hands in her lap.

When they reached her door she said the routine thing: "Thanks a lot for letting me see your lovely, lovely house."

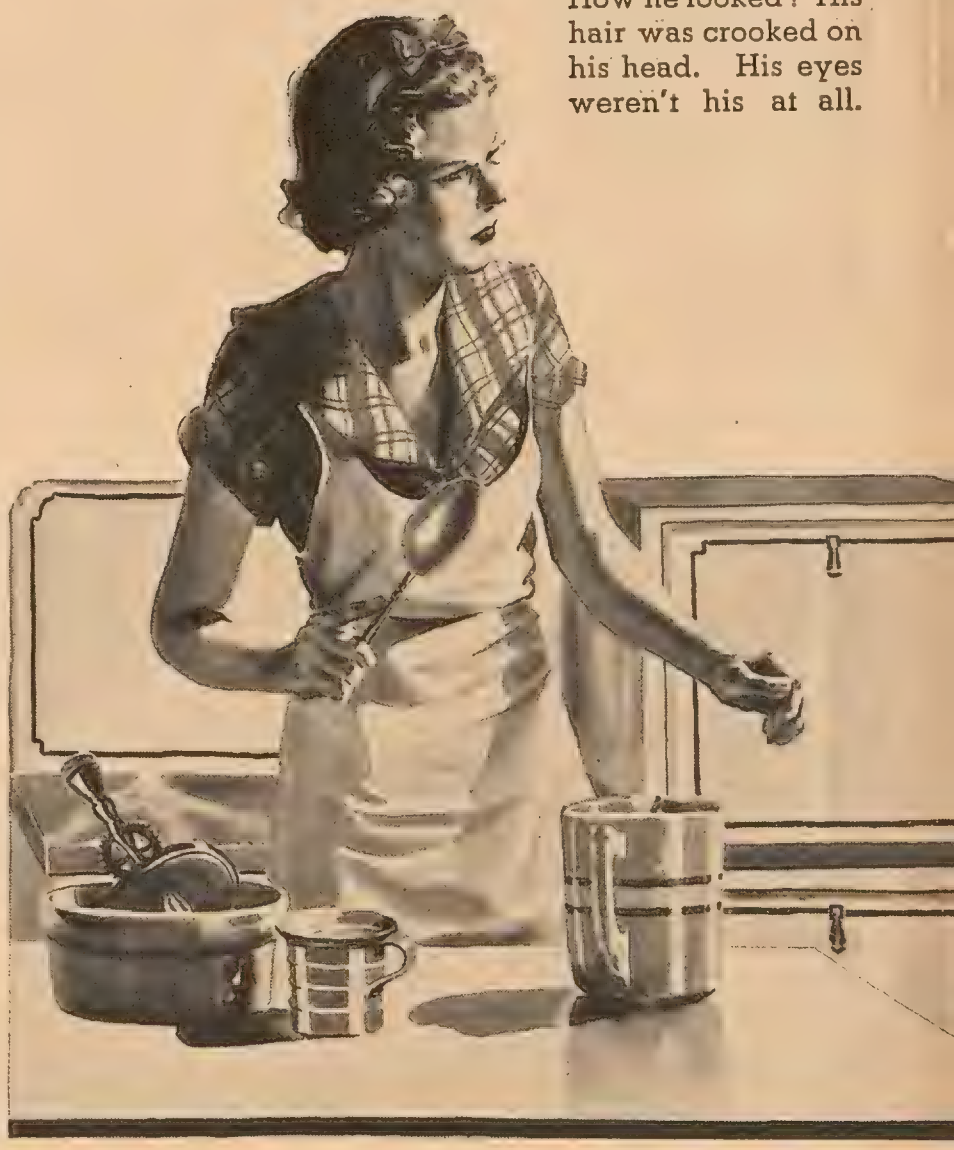
"Next time," he said, as though he were sure there would be a next time, "you'll get a chance really to look around. You haven't seen anything."

"I suppose not." She was standing by the car, hoping that he wouldn't detain her.

"I want to say only this," he said earnestly, taking her hands, in spite of herself: "Whatever happens—I don't care what it is—I want you to think of me as the one who's looking after you. Do you believe that, Sara?"

She ran into the house without reply.

Stan was at the sink, stripped to his undershirt, scrubbing dirty dishes.



How he looked! His hair was crooked on his head. His eyes weren't his at all.

"Whew, you scared me! Where've you been, all dolled up?" he said.

"Not looking for you." She grew rigid. "I went to Fred Robley's."

"Oh." Astonished black brows went up but his tone was mild. "That's safe enough, I guess."

So that was his way of taking the wind out of her sails. Her blood tingled spitefully. "I hope you had a good time with Emmie."

He flushed, remembering maybe the lie which had got him away this afternoon.

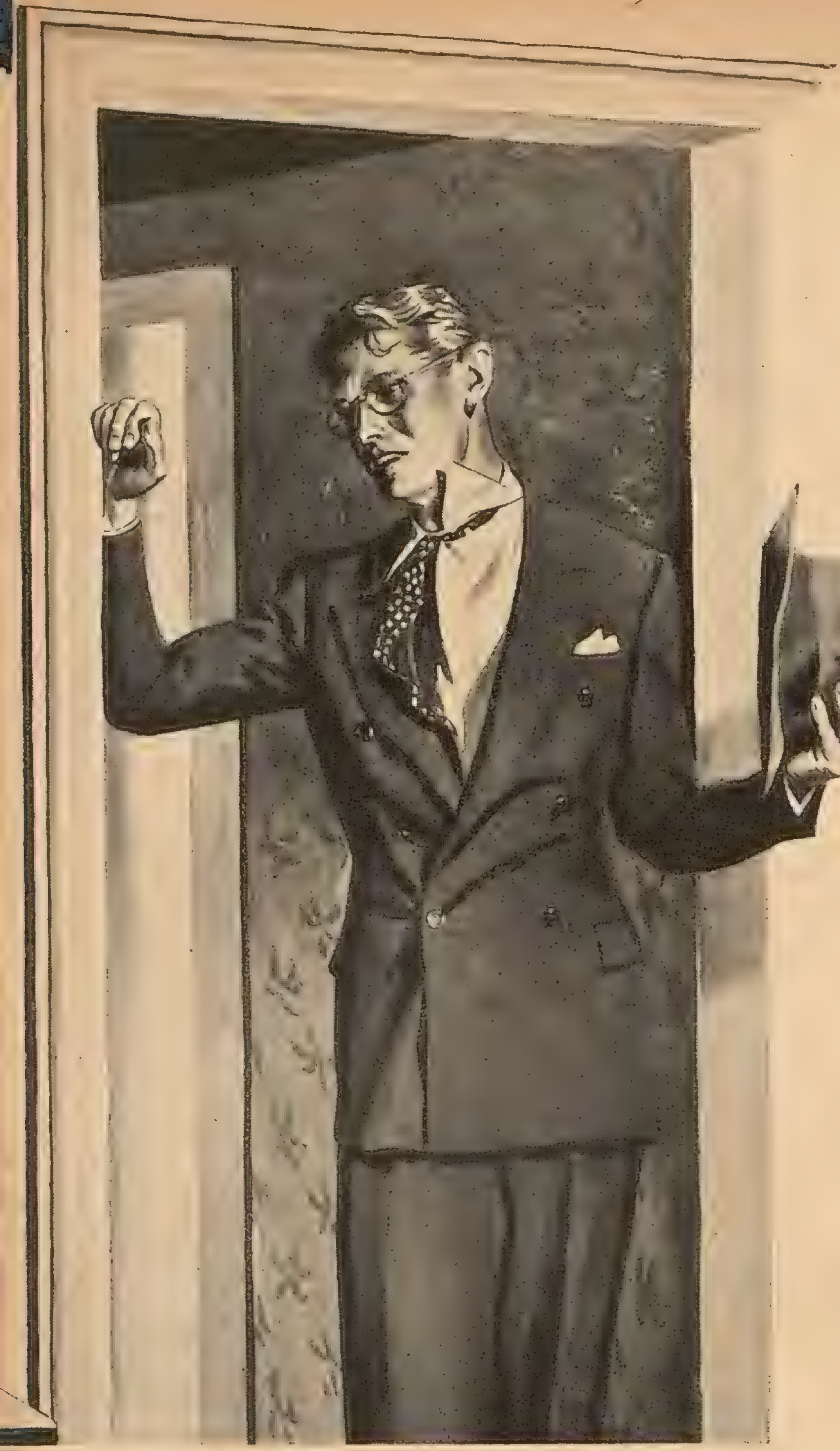
"Not so very," he said. "She's in bad trouble."

"I'm glad she is. I hope she's dead." Sara picked up a paper bag, wrong end to; onions thundered to the floor. Even in the tempest she hoped that he'd apologize, as he had before, and say that he'd keep away from Emmie. Instead he turned his back, went on scrubbing dishes, and mumbled something about Sara's keeping her temper.

"Oh, that's all right." Frozenly. "If you've got to see Emmie, don't lie to me."

They didn't make it up that night, nor for several days. Then they came together, brainlessly, like two magnetized things. This time the bliss was so short, so mercurial, that it scared her. He wishes I were Emmie, she was thinking, even in his arms. . . .

Christmas, New Year's, Valentine's Day were over, and mild early March was blowing premature spring custom into Jen Riley's silver door. Spring! That was the good fetish which Sara snuggled to her. It promised promo-



Is Modern Marriage Just a Step on the Road to Divorce? . . . A Flashing Novel of Young Love Races on Toward This Haunting Possibility

by

WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BRYSON

tion for Stan. It promised a time when they could lift their noses from the grindstone, could go places, see things. Spring approaching, everything was about to settle into a nice smooth groove. And Emmie was out of the picture. In December she had given Rod up for a bad job and gone to Florida for a divorce. She had no further need of Stan, therefore she had forgotten him. Everybody knew she would marry Bob Rainsford.

Bert Wiel and the never-to-be-finished garbage destroyer were at it again every evening. The easiest way to get away from the noise was to go somewhere with Fred, or linger sleepily around mother's. Sara indulged herself in thinking of Fred as a harmless habit, like tea. Yes, but tea in an Oriental garden with jeweled birds singing overhead. Being with him, dancing at Hennessy's or De Costa's, or here, or there, gave her hours of release from Bert Wiel and the destroyer and bad spells of wondering just what Emmie was up to, down there in Florida. Was it really Bob Rainsford she was after? Was Stan writing to her? Would she grab out for him when she was free? Well, she couldn't have him.

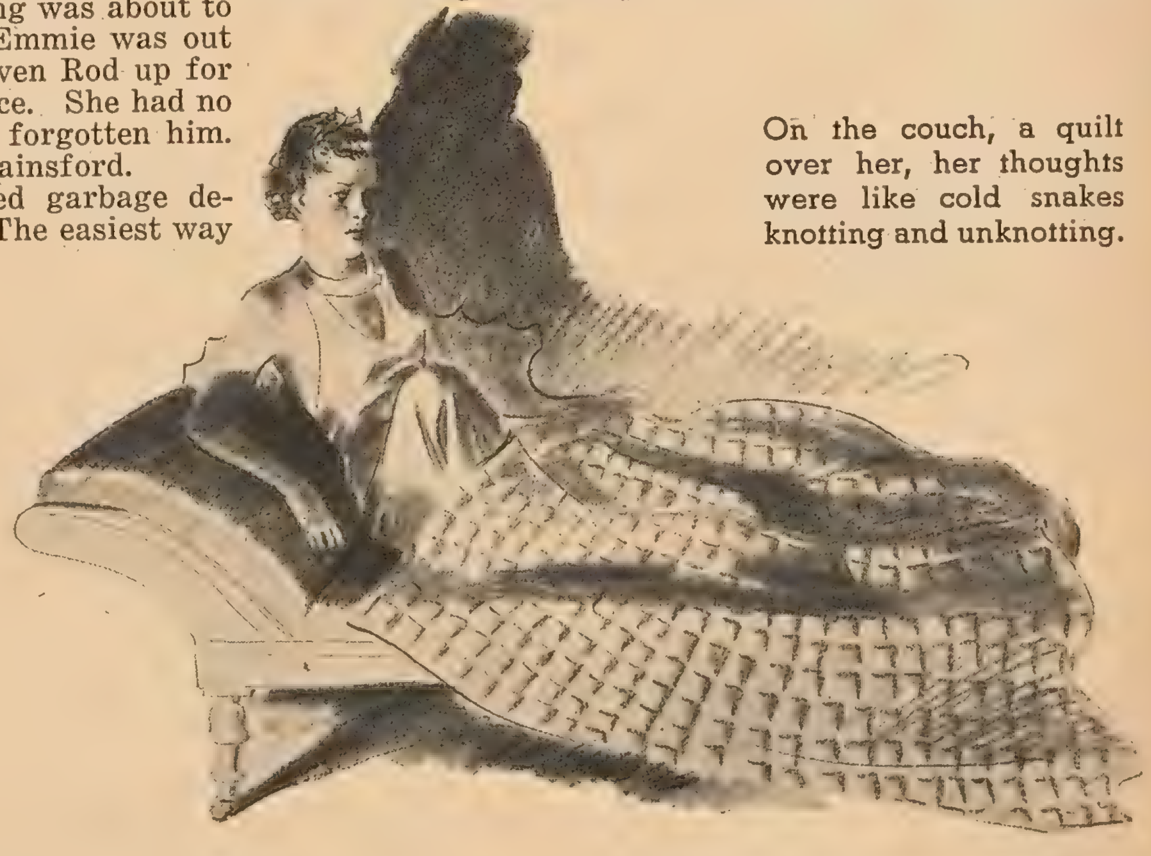
Sara was tired all the time, every move an effort. On her feet all morning, and tidying the flat all afternoon—except when Fred called her away for another party. She ought to drop Fred the way Stan had dropped Emmie—if he had. Yes, Fred was a habit, but the habit wasn't getting the best of Sara. Fred, with all his gestures, all his display, couldn't intoxicate her as Stan could with no effort at all.

One morning, listless in Jen's shop, Sara was wondering how it would have been with her and Stan if she'd had a baby, daringly, as so many poor women do.

"Sara," said Jen, coming through, scolding models, pausing to feel the girl's flesh, as a good housewife does a squab, "there's a difference between slim and skinny. You'd go through a straw without touching the sides. Dark girls, when they go all night, get dark under the eyes. What is it? Too much Fred Robley?"

"I don't know what you mean." Straightening up in defiance of the all-knowing.

"Oh, it's all right to buzz around Fred. Somebody ought to marry him and put him out of his misery. But, for heaven's sake, don't lose weight on me." Feeling her shoulders, her neck. "You ought to put on seven pounds. That's easy, if you'll do it. Stay home a couple of weeks. Lie abed when you can. Stuff yourself with cereal and cream and lots of butter on your toast. If you want Fred Robley to sit by your bed and feed you with a spoon, that's all right. I want you to collapse. Understand?



On the couch, a quilt over her, her thoughts were like cold snakes knotting and unknotting.

Collapse. Make that Thomas A. Edison you married cook his own meals. It'll be good for him."

Like Fred Robley, Jen went out of her way to hint that Sara's marriage was a fizzle.

"You mean you don't want me any more?" Resentfully.

"You silly, silly brat. Of course I want you. What am I giving you this free advice for? Now go home and go to bed."

Numbly Sara went home, numbly ashamed that her worries, her sleeplessness, her aimless parties with old Fred—yes, even her love for Stan—had worn her down so that Mrs. Riley had laid her off.

Jen had given Sara two weeks of rest—without saying a word about paying her.

Her bones ached as she put on her pajamas and climbed into bed. A drowsy comfort filled her. Yes, it was delicious to be able to sleep in the middle of the day, as rich women did.

"Holy mackerel!" It was Stan standing over her in full electric light. "What's wrong, honey? Sick? Gosh, what's—"

"Mrs. Riley. She says I look tired. She's laid me off."

"The old wench! The idea! You've never been prettier in your life than you are right now." He gathered her up, and she felt better already. "What's eating Jen? She gives me a pain in the neck."

"But, Stan dear, I do feel all in."

"I'll get Doc Russell."

"Don't, please. Stan, he charges—"

But he was at the telephone, commanding the services of Sycamore Valley's favorite physician.

"Stan," she cried out, when he came back, "I won't have him! I'm all right. I'll get up. I'll—"

He pushed her gently back into bed and pulled the covers over her. Dizzily she heard him out in the kitchen, clattering pots and pans. The wholesome noise went on until Dr. Russell, pompous and kindly, came in, measuring the size of the apartment with an expert eye.

With a sparkling "Nothing much the matter with a pretty girl like you," he went over her chest, her heart, her back. "Young people go too hard nowadays. Put on seven pounds. Starches, cereal, potatoes, cocoa, if it agrees with you." He wrote prescriptions, gossiping as he wrote.

"Too bad about Rod and Emmie. Young people, burning the candle at both ends. Rod ought to take the cure. Splendid boy, when he's sober. Hear that Emmie's getting her decree next week. They're speedy in Florida. Well, send that husband of yours around to the drugstore. Good night."

ALMOST at once she disobeyed the doctor's orders. She was so completely alone, lying abed in this empty flat. Bad thoughts began to feed on her. Stan had looked so queer last night when the doctor had mentioned Emmie's divorce. Why were people always hinting about Emmie, subtly coupling her name with Stan's? Pretty soon she'd be back in town. Free. Sara wouldn't let Stan be Emmie's putty any more.

She was up again at noon, straightening out the kitchen after him. When he rang her up to say that he wanted to come home and see how she was, his busy office voice offended her. "I'm up," she said shortly, "and washing dishes."

"Sara, for heaven's sake, are you crazy?" His short blessing as he hung up the phone.

Fuming at Stan, she called up Fred Robley at his office. "Fred, I've got the rundowns, and the doctor won't let me leave the house." After Fred's sympathetic noises, she went on, "The real trouble is, I'm bored blue. Can't you come over with a lot of long stories and keep me from jumping out the window?"

He came at three, carrying bundles: a great cart wheel of bonbons—Fred's idea of an invalid's diet—and six pale orchids tied with a silver ribbon, and two dusty bottles of old tawny port. "If you're sick, it certainly becomes you." Shedding his overcoat as he admired the pink house gown she had bought at Slugar's sale for three forty-one.

"Just the same, I'm all run down," she insisted.

"Poor kid!" He put his arm around her comfortingly. She took it away, shaking her head, smiling. "That doesn't help me."

"Sara, you're not built like a dray horse. It's nonsense, hitching a thoroughbred to a truck. You ought to be lying down."

He patted pillows on the sofa. She was a little too conscious of him as she lay back, laughing. "Let's gossip. Dr. Russell tells me Emmie's getting her decree."

"Next week. Florida steps things up. Turn 'em in, turn 'em out. Keeps the hotels full. You believe in divorce?"

"Not much. I'll bet that if Emmie and Rod had been sober at the same time they could have laughed it off."

"You old, old woman!" His small smothered chuckle. "Women are crueler than men, aren't they?"

"You've discovered something, Columbus."

"How sick are you really, Sara? Wouldn't it do you good to get away from this"—his look around the room saved him saying "this hole." "Come on over to my place and forget Charlie Russell's medical bunk. You can stretch out there, have a change—don't need to talk if you don't feel like it."

He had expressed her need. "Give me a sip of that port," she said, and when she had drunk it down she went to her bedroom and dressed eagerly for an hour of self-forgetting.

SHE lay on the swan-white couch, and comfort sank into her bones. Fred's little crooked lake over there; ice clung to the edges, turning it to a bowl of crystal; bright-winged birds floated, dipped, and played.

She was beginning to feel Fred nearer, more personal. He had been rambling on about his possessions. Now he seemed to be reaching toward her stealthily.

"You're born to be pampered, Sara. They don't make girls like you every day. I'd give you anything in the world, Sara. You won't accept anything."

"I've accepted a lot. You've been too kind." She put her hand on his impulsively, then pulled it away because he gripped her fingers so.

"I want to give you something now," he said, "that won't cost me a cent—advice."

"I'll—I'll take that—"

"Rod and Emmie were right. They were through. They quit. You ought to know when you're through, Sara."

"But I'm not." She sat up now, shaking her hair.

"I've watched you pretty closely, Sara. Men in love do that—they watch. You're through with that boy-and-girl stuff. It's burned out. Don't muck around in the cinders, lying to yourself—"

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean it's time you got a divorce." She tried to cry out, but his voice was like a hand over her mouth. "Don't make yourself miserable for nothing. One of these days you'll agree with me. And I'll be waiting for you, Sara—"

She sprang up, wanting to strike him at first. Then suddenly she was sorry for Fred Robley. He looked so old just then, and so humble.

"Please forgive me, Sara. Sometimes you drive me mad. You make me say what's on my mind. I shouldn't do that."

"Maybe you'd better not see me any more, Fred."

"Don't be ridiculous." Coming back to the regular Fred Robley form.

When he helped her on with her coat she had a feeling that he was going to kiss her, as he had the other time she came to his house. Today she might have let him. She was so weak, and he had beaten so upon her spirit. He and Stan—and Emmie in the offing. But he was very formal and self-assured, helping her down the steps and into his car. On the drive home Sara preferred him in his public mood; yet was feminine enough to feel pleased because he had picked her out of the dozens of pretty girls who would have married him in a minute. Before they reached Cherry Street she decided not to see him any more.

That night she loved Stan with especial tenderness.

A week of idleness, lying abed a great deal of the time, and learning that the doctor was right. She shouldn't have gone to Fred's and jangled her nerves all over again. Stan had found out about it and said such gruff things that she had cried, secretly, not giving him the satisfaction of making up.

Now she spent hours against the hot pillow, dreading her mother's visits and implications that she was being neglected. Sara had read everything in the house. Stan, if she had asked him, would have brought her books from the lending library. But he never thought of such things himself.

One evening she got up to stir the rice, boiling on the gas stove. Stirring, a happy thought came to her; a frequent visitor, that thought: It's about time for Stan's raise. By summer we'll have enough to go somewhere. Atlantic City. The Ritz. Just a little while. Long enough to have it all over again.

STAN came in so silently that she jumped and dropped the spoon. How he looked! His hair was crooked on his head, his tie crooked on his collar. His eyes weren't his at all.

"Stan!" She leaped at him and held him by the coat. His breath was rancid with gin. "Stan, why—you've been drinking."

"Sure," crookedly. "Drinking a couple."

"Stan, what makes you so— Stan!" She shook him.

"Yeah?" A silly desperate laugh. "You'd be tighter than I am if it had happened to you." A large crooked gesture. "Like that—I shoved their stinking Phoenix plant right in the face."

"Stan, you didn't—"

"No, I didn't." Glazed eyes trying to look at her. "It was Bert Wiel I shoved in the face. How I slammed the little stinker! All over the Phoenix Electric plant and down the stairs." Broken hands weaving. "Gee, he looked sweet, down on the floor, sniveling little toad! Swipe my destroyer, huh? Sell my plans, huh? Well, he didn't get 'em. I got 'em." Twisted blueprints fell out of his pocket.

"You're not telling me anything. Try to tell me." Something overcame her weakness, held her to his coat.

"Fergus White—huh. Milky Way—huh. 'Freeman, you need a lesson. Freeman, you're a trouble—troublemaker—' Huh. See? White is a dirty fighting son of a—"

"You're not fired! You're not—" Eyes big with the horror of it.

"Hey, it was great, telling the Milky Way, 'Take your Phoenix plant and shove it.' The old hypo. Smooth. 'Freeman, you may report to Mr. Hurley tomorrow.' Downstairs, see? Cutting copper wire. Huh? Saves the Phoenix ten a week. On Freeman—"

"Stan, you didn't say that to Mr. White!"

"Why shoon't I? I'm inde-independent. Know what, Sara?" One of his eyes, glassy as his crooked spectacles, winked slyly. "Going out for that Stockton Brewery job in the morning. In the bag. Twice the salary."

Drunk, he was telling her what had been on his mind so long. He hadn't forgotten what Emmie's father—or Emmie, probably—had offered him. She let go his coat, and there was bravery in her despair.

"Stan, if you work for the Stocktons I'll leave you."

"You'll what?" Sharply, sobering. "Just because you think Emmie—"

"I'm not thinking of Emmie." The lie was dragged out of her. "But you've got to keep your self-respect. You'll go back to the Phoenix and take what they give you—downstairs. You'll work up. You've got the stuff. But you won't take favors from the Stocktons."

"You're a great one to talk about favors."

"Don't you say that!"

But he was so unsteady again, so pitiful, that anger receded and she put him to bed. "No favors from the Stocktons," he mumbled, half asleep. "That's O. K. by me. Start all over. Can work up as well as any other bum. Bert's poor eye. Wish I'd slammed the other. . . ."

She slept away from him that night for the first time since their honeymoon began. On the couch, a quilt over her, her thoughts were like cold, sluggish snakes, knotting and unknotting: He beat up Bert Wiel. That was

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good. It's almost spring, and he's thrown away his chance just because he lost his temper. And felt so independent because Emmie could get him a job with her father.

From the drunken snatches Stan had given her, Sara reconstructed the scene in the Phoenix shop. Bert had turned traitor, Stan had lost his head and made a bloody shambles of Mr. White's pet laboratory. Well, he had got back his plans for the hateful silly garbage bucket which had been a pest to her ever since Wiel came into the flat. What was Stan trying to do—ruin himself and her? Good kind Mr. White would have let him off with a reprimand if the silly fool hadn't talked back. Probably he had said frightful things, as Stan could. . . . I'd have fired him right there, thought Sara savagely. But Mr. White was too big to let Stan starve; he knew his father . . . and Stan raving about a job with the Stocktons . . . an Emmie job . . . he'd love that.

Spring, with its promise, would never come. Thirty a week from now on. Stan in disgrace. Her Stan, her ambitious, clear-sighted boy; the boy who had glowed with his future that night, such ages ago, when they had stood under the trees in Ritter Park. What's changing us, him and me? Why do I keep on with the fool? I couldn't live without him. But you'd think we hated each other, the way we act. Emmie coming back, Emmie coming back.

NEXT morning she found the percolator still hot beside a stained cup on the kitchen table. Stan had gone, and her heart told her that he hadn't gone to the Stocktons'. He had presented himself to Mr. Hurley and the thirty-dollar job. Poor Stan! Her sympathy came rushing back, with an aching desire to help him climb again.

Hastily she drank the rest of the coffee, then dressed herself and went down to the Phoenix Electric offices.

"No, Mrs. Freeman." Mr. White's gray bullet head shook again. The little man, who had seemed like a patron saint, was unmoving as one of his dynamos, screwed down to stay. "I appreciate everything you've said. Stanley is a brilliant boy, but he's got a lot to learn. I'm human, but I'm the head of a corporation. Er—duty to our stockholders. I was lenient as possible. I've given him another chance. The routine thing, of course, would have been to discharge him. I realize, though, that he's young, and he'll make his way if he applies himself to our work—" A quiet strained smile appeared under the clipped mustache. These things weren't easy for Mr. White to say.

"He's been working at home all the time." Sara straining to break the iron. "If you really knew about Bert Wiel—"

"Unfortunately we have to gauge our employees by one thing—results." Mr. White rose and held out a hand that shook a little. "I know it's a struggle, being poor. My wife and I had to go through it—and with a couple of children, too. Don't worry too much about Stanley. We'll advance him in due time. And meanwhile the practical work we're giving him will benefit him." A secretary came in, mumbled something in his ear. "Well, good morning, Mrs. Freeman."

She walked stiffly to the elevator and leaned against the handsome bronze grille. She wanted to lie down and be away from everybody—the way she felt the morning Jen Riley laid her off. She had gone to headquarters and swallowed Stan's pride for him. She would have been better staying home in bed, where she belonged.

Recklessly, prodigal of her small change, she took a taxi home, and as she struggled up the stairs to her flat she was thinking crazily, I've got to find something to do. Right away.

On the third-floor landing a broad figure, like a shadow, stood in front of her door.

"Well, Sara, my kitten, for the love of little turtles, what are you doing out of bed?" Jen Riley's plump arms pulled Sara against her breast. Sara, who had resolved never again to cry, began to bawl like a baby. "There, there, foolish nut, nothing's happened, I bet. Tell Jen, honey." A hand was patting her gently, rouged lips brushing her cheek. Sara clung tighter and sobbed hysterically. It was like going to her mother, if she had had a mother who would understand.

"Dearie, this is a bum weeping wall," Jen was saying.

Sara fumbled for her key. Jen unlocked the door for her, helping her in, and laid her on the couch, chattering all the while. "My old shop has been about as attractive as a case of hives—oh, gosh, the kind of crooks I have to use as models! And this is the way you take a rest? Traipsing up and down stairs, and Lord knows what. You need a drink. Any brandy?"

Faintly Sara motioned toward a cupboard where she had put Fred's port. Uncorking it, Jen went on, "I rang you up twice. Where've you been? Haven't I troubles enough, without you? Why didn't you send that electrician of yours around to collect your pay?"

"Pay?" Sara opened wet eyes and sat up.

"Holy cats, you didn't think I was laying you off without pay!"

Sara clung to her and wailed, "I don't want—pay—when I'm not doing a thing. I'm not worth paying. Jen, I'm such a fizzle." It was the first time she ever called her anything but Mrs. Riley.

"Inferiority complex, huh? That's what the so-called rest cure does for you. Look here, Sara, my kitten." She had grown terse, businesslike. "What's this scenario, anyhow?"

"Stan! They've cut him down to nearly nothing."

"Maybe he's overpaid at that."

"I won't have anybody say—"

"I know. Tin idols are always a hundred per cent. Listen. I've gone through the Reno grinder once. The second try, I had it annulled. Do I cry over spilt husbands? When a man doesn't work out, that's that. You're only five years old. You've got from now to fifty to look around in. Why, if I had half your sex pull I'd be married to King Edward the Eighth. Take a chance, kid. Take a chance."

"Please—"

"Get some sense into your head before it's knocked off. About the only thing you can get cheap and quick nowadays is a divorce. Buy yourself one. You're about the only person in town who doesn't know how silly Fred Robley is about you—"

"I won't—"

"All right, Sara, my kitten. Keep on being a mule." Thus effortlessly Jen mixed her zoo. "I think you ought to come back to work. Funny, but this rest-cure hoo has done you good." Feeling her shoulders. "You're not so skinny now. Come round tomorrow afternoon, huh? I won't keep you on your feet much. Better bring along a shot of Fred's wine."

How did she know it was Fred's wine? Probably she was acquainted with every brand in all the town's best cellars.

THEY fell into their routine, she and Stan. He didn't talk about his reduced job, except now and then a shamefaced witty reference. She went to bed early, slept long, too tired for anything else. If she awoke and let her arm go softly around him, he was unconscious of it as he lay on his side, innocent and absorbed in sleep.

We'll get over this, she would think. But he seems to blame me, somehow. If he hadn't married me, he'd have got on faster. He'd have a workshop of his own. Emmie would have given him everything he wanted. She swallowed this bitter thought like a lump of lead. Yes, she and Stan could piece things together. She had gone to the silversmith's again and sold practically all the wedding presents that would bring a price. That was nearly seventy dollars.

In the stillness she snuggled close to Stan's unconscious body. She was cold. She needed him. Drowsily, warmed by his rich blood, she forgave him his stubbornness. He might have sold his share of the machinery; she knew that he had mortgaged a part of his salary to pay for it. It stood moveless in the kitchen now; he never played with it any more. . . .

Evening had come, and she was busy at the gas stove, evolving the rice curry Stan enjoyed. Today she had had morning work at Jen's, and plenty of time to shop for scraps of lamb, apples, onions, curry powder, fresh butter—all the things that make burnt curry a blessing, if you know how. She had squandered seventy-five cents, too, on a bottle of California claret as a special treat.

The air was gay with the smell of curry snapping in butter. She felt better today. Jen had remarked it and made wisecracks about husbands and health. Last night she and Stan had been close again. Not with the old closeness. Secrets guarded the darkness of their room. But she had the knowledge of coming back. They were poor; they couldn't quite see tomorrow. But everything was all right. It was beautiful to be poor with Stan, if—

That afternoon, just as she was coming out of the grocer's, Fred Robley had stopped his car and insisted on taking her home. Gaily she flaunted humble packages under his high nose. She tried not to hear his dinning urgent whisper in her ear. He hated to see her fetching and carrying. She could have people to fetch and carry for her, if she chose. She could be in her own setting. "Sara—Sara—"

She could have put her fingers in her ears to shut out the insistent appeal. Brutally she hushed him, crazily she brought up trifling subjects to divert his drumming attack on her spirit. He didn't come out, as he had once, and ask her to divorce Stan. But he kept on implying, tempting, pointing out the promised land. And even as she repulsed him the weakening thought came, "He'll be very good to the woman he marries." In front of the house he took her bundles, almost insisted on carrying them up for her.

"Not this time, Fred." Her smile so cool that he handed them over to her.

"You'll never ask me up again, you mean?" She made no reply, and he looked at her with burning eyes. "I quite understand. But sometime, when you feel it's right, will you come to me?"

"You've been so nice, Fred. So good."

"I want to be more than that. I want you, Sara—"

She ran through the yard, up the steps. She was conscious of his standing on the sidewalk, looking after her. Jen had been right. Fred Robley was almost insanely set on marrying a girl he could never have because she was in love with her husband.

Here she was tonight, at the gas range, stirring rapidly in the skillet so that the butter wouldn't burn too fast. The blue table was set with what was left of their flat silver; the purple wine bottle gave it a festival air. She looked up at the old alarm clock. A quarter past six. Stan was late, and he'd been very regular since he got his new job. She hoped he'd be home soon. The telephone rang, and she set the skillet aside to answer it.

"This is Western Union." A brisk female voice. "Is this the residence of Stanley R. Freeman? Well, we delivered a message for him at the Phoenix Electric, and they said he'd started home. Will you take it?"

"Yes. I'm Mrs. Freeman."

"All right. I will read the paid telegram: 'Miami Special, four forty-one. Arriving seven fourteen all alone you said you would meet me am feeling rotten must see you.' Signed 'Emmie.'"

Just how far has Stan gone with the divorced Emmie? And what will be the reaction of Sara to this betraying telegram? It is a moment of life-changing possibilities for her and her husband of a year. But you must wait till next week's issue of Liberty reveals the wheels within wheels in the crisis. Get your copy next Wednesday.

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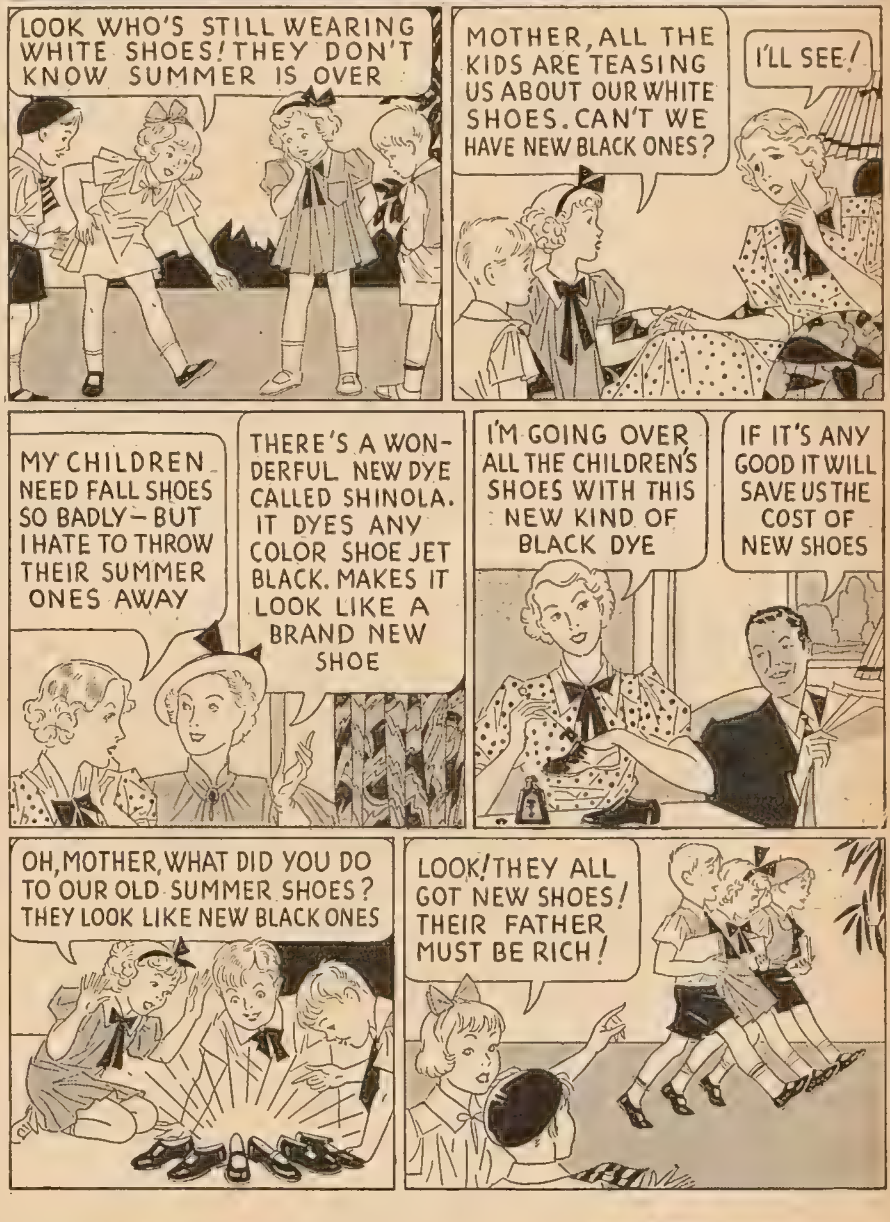
Happy Discovery
SAVES COST OF NEW SHOES


LOOK WHO'S STILL WEARING WHITE SHOES! THEY DON'T KNOW SUMMER IS OVER
MOTHER, ALL THE KIDS ARE TEASING US ABOUT OUR WHITE SHOES. CAN'T WE HAVE NEW BLACK ONES?
I'LL SEE!
MY CHILDREN NEED FALL SHOES SO BADLY—BUT I HATE TO THROW THEIR SUMMER ONES AWAY
THERE'S A WONDERFUL NEW DYE CALLED SHINOLA. IT DYES ANY COLOR SHOE JET BLACK. MAKES IT LOOK LIKE A BRAND NEW SHOE
I'M GOING OVER ALL THE CHILDREN'S SHOES WITH THIS NEW KIND OF BLACK DYE
IF IT'S ANY GOOD IT WILL SAVE US THE COST OF NEW SHOES
OH, MOTHER, WHAT DID YOU DO TO OUR OLD SUMMER SHOES? THEY LOOK LIKE NEW BLACK ONES
LOOK! THEY ALL GOT NEW SHOES! THEIR FATHER MUST BE RICH!

TO DYE ALL SMOOTH-SURFACED SHOES:

Use New Shinola Black Dye. No matter what the original color of the shoes, this sensational new dye gives an even, deep black finish. Once dyed, your shoes will be *permanently* black . . . no rub off.

New Shinola Black Dye is non-toxic when used on shoes. Insist on getting Shinola.

TO DYE SUEDE, BUCK AND OTHER ROUGH-SURFACED LEATHERS: Use Shinola Black Suede Dye. It dyes a rich black. Maintains the nappy surface.

New
SHINOLA
BLACK DYE
TWO SIZES
10¢·25¢

SHINOLA MAKES A POLISH, DYE, AND SUEDE DRESSING FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE

Sex FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

EVERY one, I suppose, thinks children should be taught something, at the proper time, about the facts of life.

Unfortunately there is no agreement as to who should teach them. There is no agreement as to what is the proper time. There is no agreement as to what are the facts of life.

Most parents I've known have wished to spare their children the bewilderment, the curiosities, and the torments which attended their own maturing, but if you've ever sat down with your son of twelve or fourteen for a good heart-to-heart conference on the matter you have probably risen again without saying much.

The conviction that no child can be at peace or learn self-control without intelligent grasp of its own physical nature, and the usual failure to accomplish anything helpful in domestic conversation, has induced a willingness in parents to let the schools impart what they can of the facts of life, usually through a class in hygiene.

This instruction, whether in school or college, is most often known as the " smut course." There is no measure, so far as I know, by which to judge whether it does harm or good. And those of us who desire sincerely that our children should acquire at the earliest possible moment a sound and frank knowledge of life, are worried by that label, " hygiene." Are the facts of life only physical? Is the problem of sex only a question of keeping well? As presented in most schools that's about all it is. The finer things of childhood and youth—the dreams and the ideals—are left out, since they have nothing to do with disease.

As I write I have before me a pamphlet published by the Massachusetts Society for Social Hygiene, Inc. I understand that approximately 50,000 copies have been distributed to Massachusetts schools. I further understand that not all the schools and not all the parents are grateful for this extraordinary gift, but the State Board of Education has ruled that it cannot interfere, and that the only remedy lies with individual school committees.

I know nothing about the persons who constitute the Massachusetts Society for Social Hygiene, Inc., but I am sure their purpose is high-minded, however askew in the carrying out. The statements made in the pamphlet about physiology, biology, intercourse, pregnancy, and venereal disease are correct, so far as I know—and so far as they go. Nor would I quarrel with the opening paragraph, in which the author defines the subject. " To meet this problem [sex] successfully is truly to ' grow up.' It leads to one's happiness and to the happiness of others. The business of this little book is to put before you some of the facts it is essential you should know if you are to understand and control your sex life."

" *Some* of the facts it is essential you should know." Why not all of them?

Those who remember their own adolescence and have had much to do with the upbringing of the young, know that sex is mysterious and troublesome at puberty in varying degrees and within the range of several years. The troublesome aspects of the mystery spring from ignorance and can be dispelled by information. But the information must be conveyed with delicate skill. Not all of the mystery of sex should be annihilated.

Now, this pamphlet put out by the Society for Hygiene is addressed to " adolescents of the present day," and by adolescents we are to understand, apparently, the children at puberty as well as the youth about to cast a vote.

To begin with, the youthful reader of fourteen or twenty is reminded of the outward changes which take place or have taken place at puberty. These details are somewhat caressingly described, and since they must be obvious to even the most baffled adolescent, I think they might have been spared. The sex organs in male and female are then named and described, and advice is given as to diet, clothing, exercise, amount of sleep, and other matters of hygiene during adolescence. All of this advice would be equally useful at any other period of life.

Then follows a discussion of the act of mating, how it is accomplished, and what changes take place in the mother during the following nine months.

We are then told that since it is impracticable for man in a civilized society to marry as soon as he is sexually mature, we are liable to get into trouble through unsatisfied sex impulses. Here follows a brief account of self-abuse, homosexualism, and indulgence outside of marriage, with a warning against syphilis and gonorrhea.

We are told that self-abuse is probably not harmful in itself, but there's a " definite objection " to it because it diminishes the appeal of the opposite sex.

We are told that complete abstinence is not harmful to the body, but, on the other hand, neither is " moderate indulgence on the part of physically mature individuals." The real objections to a sex life outside of marriage, we are told, are: first, the sense of guilt in a clandestine relation; secondly, the danger of venereal disease; thirdly, the possibility of bringing into the world an illegitimate child.

Birth-control, says the pamphlet, is not yet certain. Logically we must conclude that when birth-control *is* reliable, one objection to sex relations outside of wedlock will be removed.

Is the problem of sex only a question of keeping well? As presented in most schools that's about all it is.

WHAT Should They Be Told? And How Much? And Should They Be Told in School? . . . Here a Famous Educator Makes an Eloquent Plea for an End to Half-Truths

by JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL GRAVEN

I'd be sorry to have this pamphlet fall into the hands of a child of mine during adolescence. Not because what is said is untrue, but because the message is inadequate.

Sex is here treated as a subdivision of the large subject of health. It has, here, nothing to do with love, nor with imagination, nor with the creative impulses of the intellectual life. It is expounded as a normal and respectable appetite which you can satisfy safely if you are married. If, however, you are still single, the pamphlet gives five rules for making self-control less difficult: indulge in athletics, work your brain hard at your studies or at some hobby, cultivate emotional expression such as music or dramatics, wash yourself carefully and keep clean, avoid petting parties and the cheaper types of films and novels.

These five rules are illustrative of the fact that this pamphlet offers boys and girls of twenty or so only a feeble trickle of philosophy instead of a deep stream.

On the back of the cover is printed some information about the activities of the Society for Hygiene, and I gather from the program there outlined that it is chiefly occupied in a fight against syphilis and gonorrhea. There should certainly be a crusade against these terrible diseases, and the efforts of the Society in this direction are doubtless helpful, but sex will be a force in the universe even though syphilis and gonorrhea are wiped out. Sex remains a force even in those characters that have achieved self-control. Why not teach children not only the anatomy and physiology, but also the healthful and power-giving aspects of sex? A poet like Dante or a philosopher like Henry Adams would remind us that out of love—sex love—may rise divine faith to beget an immortal epic or an inspired cathedral. I suspect that the immortal epic and the inspired cathedral must be the product of something more than a study of hygiene.

THE younger generation in America today, and their elders also, probably have more information about the physiology of sex than ever before was public property, but our ignorance of sex psychology, of the interplay of male and female influences outside and above the merely physical, is appalling. It is a favorite formula among us that scientific knowledge of the body must necessarily preface any satisfactory mating, but something else must be necessary, too, since our American marriages suffer a sad average of shipwreck. As to the body, we are frank where our ancestors were too squeamish, but we are silent as to spirit and character, where our fathers were wiser than we are. To be wise at all in matters of spirit or character you must possess either a religion or a philosophy—some scheme of the universe within which to decide how you would live. The public schools must be tactful in dealing with religion or philosophy, but no theology would be offended if we pointed out to our children—in George Santayana's beautiful phrasing—that life, as we share it daily, is animal in its origin and spiritual in its possible fruits.

To a child whom I loved I could think of nothing wiser to say than that life is rich in powers and forces, hungers and thirsts, neither good nor bad in themselves, but taking their quality from our use of them. I would say that sex is the greatest of these forces, almost, if not quite, identical with life itself. I would urge the child to honor the human body and to love beauty frankly. If a boy of mine passed a beautiful woman on the street and wasn't aware of her in every fiber of his being, I'd worry about him. But I'd tell the child also that some men and women, loving beauty no less, have of their own choice put away the possibility of marriage, and have lived celibate in order to serve a cause they believed, for them, more precious.

I'd tell the child that his falling in love will be a crucial test of his intelligence. The urgings of the body will come of themselves, but after marriage he must live less with his wife's body than with her character. I would tell the child that he should make some difference, however small, in the world to which he was born. If he goes to his grave without making the slightest mark, he will be a failure. His business in life is in that sense to create, to reach some goal. There are many goals and many paths, but if he is to reach the end he must stick to one path. By implication this means that he must be single and faithful in all his loves.

I would tell the youth, not the child, that even after he has chosen he may have a second thought; he will certainly meet beautiful and desirable women after he has fixed his destiny. To turn toward each one of them as she comes on the horizon will be a fatal and ridiculous delay. That is, even those who lead the full life of sex and love must deny themselves some of the opportunities offered by impersonal animal origins.

I'd tell the child to live hard and live straight; to create, to make his contribution, to develop every talent; to delight in the body and to worship the spirit.

The boys to whom I have said this have listened. I fear that the youth we try to protect are often on a better road than we, their self-elected guides.

THE END

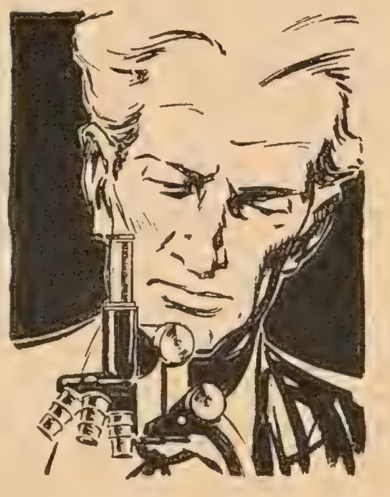
The information must be conveyed with delicate skill. Not all of the mystery of sex should be annihilated.

"... NONE SO BLIND ..."

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

by

HURD BARRETT



READING TIME
5 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

HE was a smart engraver, the little guy. Mike and me spotted him one day while we was casing the joint where we was going to set up the plant. He was down in the Los Angeles Plaza on a soapbox, preaching to a mob of suckers, and at first I took him for a hallelujah peddler.

But then I seen that instead of shouting and waving his arms like most of them he was preaching love-your-neighbor, and about turning the other cheek. Right away I wondered what the suckers was swarming around him for.

Then I spotted the little black box stuck up on a tripod in front of him.

"New racket," I says to Mike, and we drifts up close to give it the double-O. There was a bunch of pins stuck along the edge of the box, and one of them was centered under a magnifying glass. I leaned over and grabbed a look. And did I get an eyeful!

Engraved on the head of that pin was the Lord's Prayer, every letter in it as clear and sharp as if it was in twelve-point type. I worked for a printer before I started shoving queer dough, and I never seen a full-size plate that was any cleaner.

It was funny. He'd preach until the mob would start drifting away, and then he'd sell some sucker a pin for four bits—which is dirt cheap for what they was—and the rest would come crowding back. He was using them pins for a come on, to hold the mob while he preached.

Pretty soon I give Mike the eye, and he reaches for one of the pins.

"Who done this engraving?" he asks.

The little guy looks at us for a second. "I did," he says, kind of slow.

We needed an engraver to cut the plates for our new twenty; and we knew that the little guy was him. So when we're set to go, we pulled the snatch, took him down to the joint and put the proposition to him. He should have been plenty shaky. Mike looks at least one half gorilla, and I ain't no collar ad, and both of us shoved him around and talked plenty rough. But when we was done, he says, sort of like he's praying:

"'Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper?'" Then to me: "I cannot do what you ask."

I give Mike the eye, and Mike moves in. Finally, the little guy mumbles through what's left of his mouth that he'll do the job. Mike had messed him up—plenty.

We tell him there's ten grand in it for him if he does a good set of plates, and that when he's done we'll ship him where the law can't touch him. But we don't tell him where this place is. That's *our* laugh.

We had an engraver's outfit all set for him in the room where our press is, so we put him to work and keep him at it about twenty hours a day. We seen that he was taking plenty of pains with it. He even made us get him a microscope, and done all his work under that, working first on one plate and then on another.

"I want them to be right," he'd say, with a funny, twisted grin. "I don't want to miss that trip you promised me." He looked pretty white and tired toward the end.

When he was done, Mike and me looked at the plates under the microscope, and they was perfect. The figures was the McCoy, and the borders had so many lines in them they looked like fine lace. After we've pulled a couple of proofs, we know that we're set.

I felt kind of sorry when it come time to rub the little guy out. But we couldn't afford to take no chances, so one night we took him out in the river bed and chopped him down with a tommy. But even then, he wasn't scared. After we'd stripped him, to keep the bulls from identifying him, he kneels down in the glare of the headlights and prays. Something about, "God have mercy on their souls . . ."

In the next week we print two hundred G's in queer double-sawbucks, pass them to Richetti, take our cut, and blow town.

Regan, the federal dick that sent us up for our last job, picked us up in Seattle about six weeks later. He took us down to the can and into the Bertillon room to take our prints.

When they're finished, Regan pulls a twenty-dollar bill out of his pocket and holds it up.

"This is pretty good," he says. I grinned at him. I could tell from the serial number it was one of ours. "Queer?" I asks.

"Queer," he says. "Wish I could send you up for it." He hands the bill to the fingerprint dick. "But I can't."

I grins at Mike and he grins back. Regan hasn't got a thing on us.

Then Regan speaks again. "The rap's murder!" he snaps. "You shouldn't have killed him."

The lights went out and the magnifying fingerprint projector shot something green and blurred on the screen in front of us. I swung around and seen that the fingerprint dick had set our double-sawbuck in front of the card reflector, with a strong light behind it.

On the screen, magnified a couple of hundred times, was our twenty. And worked into the fine lines around the border was some words in the same script I'd seen on the head of the little guy's pin, that day in the plaza:

"Behold I send my messenger. Those who will soon slay me are God's enemies. Destruction and misery are in their ways and their feet are swift to shed blood. By my wounds ye shall know me . . ."

There wasn't much more, but it was plenty. The little guy'd tipped the whole thing: names, dates and places.

Mike's voice cut through the darkness. Only it didn't sound like Mike's voice. It was high and thin, like a woman's.

"It's a frame," the voice said. "I seen them plates under a microscope. There wasn't no words on any of them."

Regan laughed. "That's right," he says, "there were no words on any *one* of them. It's better than that. *Look at the screen!*"

Mike began to babble. "It's a frame! There wasn't no writing! It's a frame!"

Parts of each letter was bright and clear, and other parts was fuzzy, like writing on the other side of a piece of paper you hold up to the light.

"Pretty good, wasn't he?" snapped Regan. And then suddenly I got it.

None of the plates had whole words on them. But each plate had *parts* of words, so that when you looked *through* the bill, the two sides together made each letter stand out plain.

And then I seen something I hadn't noticed before. Down in one corner of the bill, engraved in Gutenberg Bible Gothic, was six words:

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!"

He was a smart engraver—the little guy. A plenty smart engraver.

Religious, too.

THE END

YOUTH AT BAY

From France a New Star Flashes to Vibrant Success, While Home Talent Delivers Its Usual Quota of Laughter and Thrills

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ½ GIRLS' DORMITORY

THE PLAYERS: Simone Simon, Ruth Chatterton, Herbert Marshall, Constance Collier, J. Edward Bromberg, John M. Qualen, Frank Reicher, Christian Rub. Directed by Irving Cummings. Screen play by Gene Markey.

European in setting, Girls' Dormitory is also the censorable sort of story that the European studios generally contrive with more adult intelligence than Hollywood is willing to dare.

Girls' Dormitory derives its deep emotional impact from events which are not in themselves greatly important. But so sympathetically are its problems handled, so shrewdly drawn are its characters, that the little incidents are fused into a story as biting as it is lovely.

The picture is laid in an exclusive German finishing school. When it is discovered by a prying teacher that a student has written a self-incriminating love note, it is assumed that the girl has been guilty of what is called an indiscretion. Though it turns out that the tryst the girl so torridly describes is purely imaginary, this in no way clarifies the situation. For the dreamy student is really in love with the headmaster, who is in turn loved by one of the women teachers.

Though, in bald outline, Girls' Dormitory is no more than a mild variation of the perpetual triangle theme, the film has moments when it is truly outstanding.

There is a scintillating performance by the new French star, Simone Simon, whose supporting cast—Herbert Marshall, Ruth Chatterton, Constance Collier, and J. Edward Bromberg—aid her in giving a striking portrait of youth at bay.

VITAL STATISTICS: Known as La Sauvage Tendre, Europe's Sweetheart, and the French Kiss, Simone Simon, 114 pounds of offscreen mousiness and onscreen tragi-lushness, 5 feet 3 inches tall, was born in Marseilles, April 23, 1914. She got a kaleidoscopic education traveling with mama from Madagascar to Paris, to Budapest, Turin, Berlin, before trying to crash the life artistic along the Paris Left Bank. While coffeeing on the terrace of the Café de la Paix, a gent happened along, saw her, stopped dead, stared at her rudely, announced he was Rahshn Film Director Tourjansky and she was just the type. Tested, she got going as a rising comedienne. Imported here by Zanuck. Rather a jumpy type, she is colorlessly anonymous offscreen. On set is hard to work with, temperament clashing with Director Cummings's during entire Dormitorying. . . . Wave of lotteries and drawings around 20th-Fox lot caused Bart Marshall to sell $85 worth of tickets on a pig in a poke as a satirical poke at practice. Gag worked; gave back money. . . . Chatterton had a flu attack through this; worked under a nurse's eye. Has been chastened of temperament recently by run of little work, but admits in her palmiest most difficult days as a supposed snooty actress she was only arguing against bad stories, of which she has had more than her share. . . . 500 gals applied when call went out for Dormitoriannas, and though all were from 17 to 18, only 60 looked their age, others looking from 3 to 10 years older. Trouble was, all girls in Hollywood are trying to do a Garbo overnight, and look older, more hurt by It All.

GIGANTIC PICTURES INC.
STUDIO B
NO ADMITT

"Do you develop snapshots?"

★ ★ ★ STAGE STRUCK

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Warren William, Frank McHugh, Jeanne Madden, the Yacht Club Boys, Carol Hughes, Craig Reynolds, Hobart Cavanaugh, Johnny Arthur, Spring Byington, Thomas Pogue, Andrew Tombes. Directed by Busby Berkeley. Story by Robert Lord.

Much in the same free-spirited vein as 42nd Street and the other early Warner musicals but nimbly dodging most of the pitfalls common to backstage stories, Stage Struck is a merry, tuneful affair. Hardly an inspired offering, the show is nonetheless an engaging merger of gags and music. And while it is reminiscent of many such films, on the whole it is imbued with an infectious freshness.

Considerably enlivened by the cyclonic antics and songs of that dizzy quartet the Yacht Club Boys, Stage Struck is best remembered, perhaps, for the performance of Joan Blondell, who starts the plot rolling when she finances a show so that she may star on Broadway. And it is the same bouncing hoyden who gives the picture its climax when, in a customary fit of jealousy, she shoots the play's leading man.

Stranded thus, with neither angel nor star, stage director Dick Powell finds a solution that gives Stage Struck a satisfactory if conventional ending. The picture marks the successful debut of Jeanne Madden, who supplies pleasantly innocuous love interest. Warren William and Frank McHugh lend comic support, but no one takes the picture from Joan Blondell and those Yacht Club boys.

VITAL STATISTICS: 2,300 gals were tested before 104 were chosen. Hollywood chorus girls sleep nine hours a night; usually have inexpensive boy friends and immoderately moderate tastes. . . . Handling his own business affairs, Dick Powell becomes Richard E. Powell—no drugstore cowboy with gifted tonsils he. An expert at accounting, he signs no papers uncagily; can cite exact fan mail number for current week; never sings in his office; practices rockefellerian economy; is generally hard. No Hollywood males have a good word for him, no females anywhere a bad one. Considers himself something of a philosopher and yearns to be the Sage as well as First Citizen of Arkansaw. Some think he typifies the Eternal Singing Bookkeeper. . . . Jeanne Madden is eighteen, a brand-newie, fresh from the high schools of Scranton, Pennsylvania, and signed by Warners when New York film scouts snatched her frantically from the so-called Madden-hungry Metropolitan Opera Co. Overcome by applause of set watchers, she burst into tears after rendering her first solo in movies—or anywhere professionally, 'n fact. . . . Frank McHugh, neither alcoholical nor nicotiny offscreen, has played forty screen drunks, finally graduating to harmless-goof parts. . . . The Yacht Club Boys have gone Alphabet Nuts—call themselves the YCBs, must be known as AKKM (Adler, Kelly, Kern, and Mann). Noisy ribbers, they brought a dozen live jack rabbits to work, released them on set. Write lyrics on backs of envelopes, bills.

★ ★ ½ CHINA CLIPPER

THE PLAYERS: Pat O'Brien, Beverly Roberts, Ross Alexander, Humphrey Bogart, Marie Wilson, Henry B. Walthall, Carlyle Moore, Jr., Kenneth Harlan, Anne Nagel. Directed by Ray Enright. Screen play by Frank Wead.

● China Clipper is a rather hysteric, spasmodically exciting fabrication which entwines itself about the struggle of commercial aviation to conquer the Pacific. Padded with stock shots of flying and transportation, the picture swings along at a neat clip and climbs to a fairly engrossing peak, though it is never quite as tingling as the tense actors would like to have you believe.

The pivot character, portrayed by Pat O'Brien, is a hard-driving aviation veteran whose single-track ambitions for flying in general and his company in particular cause most of the emotional stress. O'Brien's burning hopes for his company, which exclude all other interests, bring about a rift with his wife, send a man to his death, and cost the air veteran his best friend.

Beverly Roberts, as the neglected wife, turns in a creditable performance, while Humphrey Bogart and Ross Alexander assist in giving the film many of its best moments.

VITAL STATISTICS: Though able to dash off the Taj Mahal or the Himalayas overnight, studio technicians took three weeks to reproduce actual working control panel of the real Clipper, which contains 147 gadgets, enough to warm any Buck Rogerian heart. Reason for not just throwing together an old hair drier, a thermometer, and a bit of wire to represent said dashboard: too many unofficial engineers write in deriding flaws! . . . Half of Clipper built on Warner lot, life-size; mounted in wind tunnel, it flew on wires. . . . Feeling airplanes are not all they're cracked up to be, Humphrey Bogart refused to go up in plane Ross Alexander had taken apart day before as film mechanic. . . . Henry B. Walthall, the Little Colonel of Birth of a Nation, never took an airplane ride in his life, but was willing to practice a few before playing this role—which turned out not to need such typical Walthallian courage, all flying being done on the ground. Walthall was ill during part, but trouped to location at Alameda, California. After twenty-six years of keeping pace with movie changes, died soon after completing part. . . . Beverly Roberts wants to cease being cast as a wholesome gal with a 24-carat heart, but wants to be cast as a gal with an unwholesome heart and a 24-carat exterior. . . . Making that banquet speech to extras in this, Pat O'Brien got his first stage fright in years and had to be dejitterized. . . . It's Hump Bogart's first non-killer part, and he can also play other parts, Hollywood! . . . Real rain at Alameda not sounding realistic enough, fake rain had to be used. . . . R. Alexander collects first editions of Rover, Alger, Merriwell Boys' antics, said same having inspired him to rise.

★ ½ TWO IN A CROWD

THE PLAYERS: Joan Bennett, Joel McCrea, Alison Skipworth, Elisha Cook, Jr., Reginald Denny, Henry Armetta, Andy Clyde, Nat Pendleton, Donald Meek, Matt McHugh, Billy Burrud, Bradley Page. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Story by Lewis R. Foster.

● Two in a Crowd opens with a novel situation when two financial derelicts —Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett— each find half of a thousand-dollar bill that has been tossed out of a window by an alcoholic bank robber. But this sprightly beginning dwindles into a routine and stodgily unfolded little plot that is neither surprising nor always believable.

Drawn together by their half interests in the thousand-dollar windfall, these two make their way through a plot that hits its first snarl when it turns out that their money is "hot." Nothing, however, can quite prevent them from falling in love, nor could the scenarists think of a device to prevent McCrea's horse from entering—and, of course, winning—the big race.

The picture has no suspense, and displays very little to take its place.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Universal's first imitation of its own My Man Godfrey, which, like It Happened One Night, will set Hollywood busy carbonizing same. . . . Back when Hollywood was an amateur, fourteen-year-old Joel McCrea owned two horses, went to school. Hired to teach Rudolph Valentino to ride, he learned movie actors got as much as $175 (then Valentino's salary). Immediately Joel knew his life's "work" and set out in its pursuit, starting by stunt doubling for Ruth Roland, Priscilla Dean, extraing. Still rides like he was part of the horse. Owing his career to said noble beastie, Joel's established a 1,000-acre ranch where he raises pegasi, out of gratitude. . . . Joanie Bennett likes to kitchen-putter, but insists it's habit and she'd like to be able to live up to family sobriquet of Mad Mad Bennetts. . . . Andy Clyde shoots a steady 77 at golf, is Scotch-thin, a curiously sensitive product of the old Mack Sennett Gag and Comedy Woiks. . . . Alison Skipworth used to sing a fancy thin contralto in her fancy thin days. Has been in twenty successive B'way flops, thanks to New York theater clause demanding $10,000 of first week's gate, sixteen of said plays being hot stuff, she says. Allie's been out of work only forty weeks in forty years. . . . Henry Armetta never can understand why wearing dark glasses fails to render him incognito. Henry's a terrific fambly man; cooks Thursday-night barbecue for his kids, who include twin replicas of Henry. He's kindly, fuzzy, fussy; was once Bill Farnum's valet, Bill getting $10,000 a week at the time.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three.

★★★½—Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Follow the Fleet, Modern Times.

★★★—To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann.

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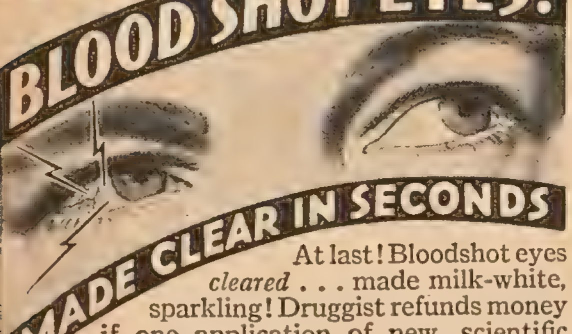

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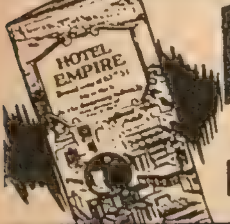

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Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad

The Strangler of the Bronx

Pretty Dolly Parker, the young wife who was found strangled.

A Crossword Puzzle Mystery in Real Life

as told by

A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Dewey Parker, Dolly's stricken husband, who called the police.

WAS she naked like that when you found her?"

"She had on this," replied the young husband, lifting a small silk shirt in his trembling hand.

Silently the two men lifted the still warm body of pretty little Dolly Parker to a sitting posture and slipped over her slim shoulders the gauzy pink chemise which, with a pair of black net stockings, constituted the costume in which she had met her death.

"Anything else?" asked Mulrooney.

"Yes, this"—pointing to a pink silk counterpane—"was around her neck, tight."

That famous New York police chief picked up the counterpane and handed it to Dewey Parker.

"Would you mind?" he said.

"Good God, Commissioner!"

Ed Mulrooney, who had managed to become "the world's greatest policeman" and still remain a human being, placed a kindly arm around Parker's shoulders.

"You want to catch the man who killed her, don't you?"

Parker rubbed aimlessly at his red eyes. He was a fine-looking, upstanding type, a former officer in the Coast Guard, now a universal favorite in the Bronx neighborhood where he had settled down in this apartment with his young wife.

"Please," said Mulrooney.

Still shaking, Dewey slipped the counterpane under his wife's neck and drew it tight around her throat in a hard knot. Then, without further prompting, he picked up a thick quilt which was lying on the floor, folded it neatly, and dropped it gently over her face and head.

"And that's exactly the way you found her?"

"Exactly."

Mulrooney signaled to the police photographer. There was a flashlight explosion. He threw open the window to rid the room of the heavy fumes.

It was a cold night. There had been a sleet storm between ten and eleven. But great opals of sweat stood out on Dewey Parker's brow. After all, this had been his home, his castle, the sanctuary to which he had brought his bride. Now, outside the bedroom, he could hear the rest of us—Inspector Bruckman and Assistant District Attorney Foley, Detective Eddie Byrnes of the Bronx Homicide Squad, Sergeant Nolan, Patrolman Rhem, and half a dozen more—rummaging in search of clues. He turned to Mulrooney, his wet eyes pleading for privacy.

But the Commissioner's iron jaw was grimly set.

"When you came in," he was saying, "you found the hall door unlatched and the bedroom lighted up?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you called to her and she didn't answer. Weren't you surprised at that?"

"No. I thought she might be in the bathroom and have the water running."

"Then you came right in and found her there?"

"Yes, Commissioner."

"Supposing you go out into the hall, come in again, and show me just what you did."

Parker was calmer now, and obeyed automatically. When he returned to the room, he walked without hesitation to the side of the mahogany double bed nearer the door. The body lay on the farther side, so it was necessary for him to reach over, supporting himself with his left knee on the bed. From this position he lifted the quilt, and then, slipping to a half-sitting, half-lying posture, he tugged at the knot, pulled the counterpane out from under the neck, and tossed it over his shoulder. Then, supporting himself on both knees, he shook his wife's body as if to waken her.

"Dolly! Dolly!" he cried. "Speak to me!"

Then, sobbing, choking, he fell across her body.

In the living room, Dr. Michael Gold of Morrisania Hospital was ready to make his report.

"Strangulation, doctor?" asked Mulrooney.

"Apparently. There's a mark on the throat."

"I saw it. Any other signs of violence—criminal assault or anything like that?"

"Not a sign."

"H'm! Just as I thought."

Clearly, the Commissioner had dismissed from his mind the obvious theory about this killing. The robbery theory was equally untenable. A blue-white diamond and a platinum wedding ring still glistened on the dead girl's left hand. The windows had all been securely locked. So had the dumb-waiter. There were no signs of forced entry.

Sergeant Nolan and Patrolman Rhem had been standing a few blocks away on the Grand Concourse when they saw running toward them through the sleet a tall athletic young man who wore neither hat nor overcoat. It was Dewey Parker, and he gasped: "Come quick! Something terrible has happened to my wife!"

Nolan raised his hand to a passing cab, and all three tumbled in. This was about eleven o'clock. "Seventeen sixty-five Walton Avenue," Parker managed to say, and then collapsed. "I think she's dead," was all they could get out of him.

At the Walton Avenue address they entered the Parker apartment on the ground floor. The living room was dimly lighted and was in perfect order except for a woman's raccoon coat and green felt hat thrown over a chair, a man's overcoat and hat on the couch, and newspapers strewn about the floor. The bedroom lights were blazing, and the girl's body, partially covered by the quilt, lay as Mulrooney himself had now seen it.

The boys immediately put in a call for the Emergency and Homicide Squad. Dr. Gold and Detective Eddie Byrnes arrived almost at once, and Byrnes drew from Parker his simple story.

He had left the Coast Guard after his marriage for the quieter life of a painter in the Bronx. He earned about seventy-five dollars a week when he was working, which wasn't every week. After paying fifty dollars a month for their flat, the couple just managed to get by.

The night before, Saturday, they had returned late from a friend's house, and Sunday morning they had slept late. Around noon they had gone downtown and attended a movie, had a late and light drugstore lunch, come home, turned on the radio, and read the Sunday paper.

About nine o'clock Dewey decided to go out to a restaurant. Mrs. Parker's stomach had been upset, and she said she would skip the evening meal and go to another movie. When he left, she was fully dressed and powdering her face. When he returned, about ten, she had not yet come back, so he went right out again with the idea of meeting her. Somehow he missed her, and when he came back he found her dead.

"Ordinarily," Mulrooney told us, "I should say it was that strangler who's been at large up here for some time. But—"

He strode into the bathroom. There a black silk dress, neatly arranged on a hanger, swung from a hook on the inside of the door. Face tissue covered with rouge, lipstick, and cleansing cream had apparently been thrown into the toilet. A small blue toothbrush was still wet. A handful of undissolved bath salts was lying in the bottom of the tub. In short, there was every evidence that a lady had been interrupted as she was about to take a bath and go to bed.

"As I was saying," continued the Commissioner, addressing District Attorney Foley, "I conclude that the woman must have known her assailant and let him in."

"She was practically naked," objected the D. A.

"Yes; but she might have known him *very* well."

INSPECTOR BRUCKMAN came in. "I found one of the bureau drawers locked," he said. "I went through the girl's pocketbook and found a key that fitted it. These menus and this cigarette case were hidden under some underwear."

The menus were all from restaurants in a price range far above the Parker family budget.

"How about this cigarette case?" asked Mulrooney.

"It's exactly like those given to the women who attended the opening of the Chanticleer Club last Thursday night."

Now we were getting somewhere! If we could only find the man who had taken pretty Dolly Parker to the Chanticleer opening and to all those other expensive resorts!

Mulrooney stuffed the telltale souvenirs into his pocket and came back into the living room. "Mr. Parker," he began, "can you tell us what you and your wife were doing last Thursday evening?"

"Thursday?" Parker searched his mind. "Oh, that was the night Dolly went to a show downtown and stayed all night with a girl friend. I cooked my own supper, read the papers for a while, and went to bed."

"Who was this girl friend? Where does she live?"

Parker told him promptly—but since the girl doesn't figure personally in the case, we'll call her Mickey.

Mulrooney drew Eddie Byrnes and a couple of the other boys into the kitchen. "Eddie," he said, "jump in your car, go down to this girl's place, get her out of bed, and find out what you can." Then, turning to the two detectives, he told them to make a tour of the house and the neighborhood, find out what people had to say about the Parkers, and report as soon as possible.

Then, accompanied by Bruckman, he began investigating the kitchen. In the sink were, obviously, the Parker family's breakfast dishes, still unwashed. There was also a saucer coated with a soft brown substance.

"Chocolate ice cream," decided the Commissioner, "and it's been eaten tonight. Not very long ago; it hasn't begun to dry up. And look!" He had opened the garbage pail and produced a pint container marked "Polar Ice Cream Company." "Inspector, send out a man to check all the drug and candy stores in the neighborhood, see who carries this brand of ice cream, and find out whether Parker or Mrs. Parker bought this—and when."

"Commissioner"—it was Eddie Byrnes reporting—"this Mickey says she hasn't seen Dolly Parker in a month."

"Does she know whom Dolly was playing around with?"

"Says no. Hasn't known much about Dolly since she married Parker."

THE Commissioner frowned. Here was partial confirmation of the theory he had formed; but it brought him no nearer to locating the man in Dolly Parker's life.

Once more Henry Bruckman came to the rescue.

"Letters!" he cried, holding up a handful of envelopes he had found in another locked drawer. The first letter the Commissioner opened read as follows:

> Dearest Dolly:
>
> What a wonderful time we had yesterday! . . . Oh, sweet, I am counting the minutes. I'll call you tomorrow afternoon. He won't be there then, will he? . . .
>
> But we must be careful, sweet. If my wife ever found out, it would mean my ruination. So destroy this as soon as you have read it.
>
> With all my love, YOUR APPLE DUMPLING.

"Here's another fellow," put in Bruckman, "who signs himself 'Big Boy.'"

"Another? Is there more than one?"

"Slews of 'em! All in different handwritings! Here's 'Strong Boy.' This one's 'He Man'! This one—"

Mulrooney was now getting too much information. Any one of these men who signed pet names to their love letters might have been the killer!

Our boys were back now, the two who had been covering the neighbors. Everybody, they said, had a good word for Dewey Parker. But "that Mrs. Parker"—they couldn't say much for her, especially the women. She was always getting into cars with strange men—not in front of the house but, say, half a block away.

The boy who had been tailing the ice-cream parlors reported that Mrs. Parker had bought the ice cream at a near-by corner drugstore at nine thirty-three. The druggist remembered he had set his watch by the electric clock as she had gone out the door.

"H'm. Parker says," mused Mulrooney, "that she was almost ready to go out when he left about nine. She must have come back from the drugstore, taken off her things, eaten a pint of ice cream, put on her coat, and started out again before he returned about ten. That's pretty quick work! Another thing: Where did she go when she went out? The sleet storm began right after ten. Yet her coat and hat were absolutely dry."

His words were words of doubt, but his manner was now an omen of certainty.

"Mr. Parker," he said suddenly as he picked up a newspaper, "you enjoy doing crossword puzzles?"

"Why, yes, Commissioner."

"When did you do this one?"

The paper was the early edition of the next morning's Daily News. It

More Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad will be told by the Headquarters Old-Timer in an early issue of Liberty.

would have hit the streets at about eight o'clock that evening.

" After I came home the first time," answered Parker.

" I thought you stayed only a few minutes and went out to meet your wife."

" I did—perhaps five minutes."

" When did you buy the paper? "

" Just before I went into the restaurant. Must have been just a few minutes after nine."

" Where? "

" At the same corner, in Hymie Fineman's place."

Mulrooney walked out into the hall. " Jump up to Fineman's," he said in a low voice to one of Bruckman's men, " and see if he remembers selling this paper to Parker, and what time." To another he said, " Go over to that restaurant and find out what time Parker ate there—and especially what time he left."

The men were back in a jiffy. Fineman knew Parker well, and remembered selling him the News at exactly eight thirty.

The restaurant people were less definite. They did remember that a taxi driver named Spiegel had eaten at the same table with Parker. Spiegel, discovered at the corner stand, knew when he himself had left the restaurant, just before nine thirty; and at that moment Parker, whom he knew well, had been paying his check.

Mulrooney drew Bruckman and Foley into the kitchen.

" This man Parker," he began, " is lying. I've suspected it almost from the first—and I knew it after I showed him that crossword puzzle. Five minutes! It would have taken a crossword shark fifteen or twenty minutes at least to have worked out that puzzle as far as he had—and an ordinary man a lot longer.

" His story that he went out a second time right after ten never did stand up, anyhow, because his hat and coat, like his wife's, hadn't been out in the storm. Everything points to those two having been here in this apartment together from ten o'clock—no, from before ten.

" Parker says he came straight home from the restaurant. We know from Spiegel that he left there at nine thirty. It is only five minutes' walk. He would certainly have been here by twenty minutes to ten. His wife must have been here then, because it wouldn't have been possible for her to walk home from the drugstore where she bought the ice cream at nine thirty-three, open the container, dish out the cream, eat it, put the container in the garbage pail, get ready to go out again, and get away—all in seven minutes!

" But the thing that first led me to suspect him was the way he re-enacted what he did when he found the body."

Mulrooney led us into the bedroom.

" The girl, you see, is lying on the far side of the bed. Now, the natural thing for you to do would be to go around to that side. What Parker did was to go to the near side, where he had to climb up on the bed, support himself on his knees, and finally sit down to untie the knot.

" But, you may say, he just threw himself headlong on the bed. All right; that's possible. But, if he had, he'd have mussed up the bed, wouldn't he? When we arrived, it was as smooth as a floor.

" And you see that counterpane. Where does it lie now? On the floor, on this side, near the door. That's because he flung it over his shoulder. But when we arrived it was on that chair by the window.

" My idea is this: Dolly went out on some pretext to keep a dinner date with one of her ' apple dumplings '—say, at six thirty or seven. Dewey, already jealous, sat around the house, read the Sunday paper all over again, brooded, got sorer and sorer, and went out to eat. On her way back, about nine thirty, Dolly stopped at the drugstore and got him some ice cream to appease him. He or she ate it. She started to go to bed. A quarrel ensued. He strangled her. Then he set the stage and called for the police."

The D. A. and the inspector agreed.

The Parkers' living room and their bathroom doorway. Left: Commissioner Mulrooney.

When we told Parker we were taking him to the Bronx Homicide Bureau for questioning, he became evasive.

" You say you were in the restaurant from nine to ten o'clock," said District Attorney Foley. " Didn't you see the big bus wreck near there about quarter to ten? "

There had been no bus wreck. But Dewey Parker didn't know it, so he switched his story immediately to avoid having to describe something he hadn't seen. He hadn't been to that restaurant but to another one.

" But we have witnesses to swear you *were* there," said the Commissioner.

Faced with the news dealer and the taxi driver, Parker became very excited, but never raised his voice above a murmur—sure sign of a man who had served time in prison. Asked where, he finally admitted a term in Atlanta. He even admitted that he had found out about his wife's infidelities, and that he had lied about some of the events of the evening, but insisted that he had done so merely to protect her name.

Obviously, the Bronx jury before which he was subsequently brought did not believe him. For it returned a verdict of first-degree manslaughter, for which he is now serving fifteen years in Sing Sing.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: There is no case in which we of the rank and file take greater pride than in this one, because it was solved—on the spot, and through straightaway old-fashioned detective work—by our own Ed Mulrooney. In fairness to the modern scientific school, however, it should be stated that one factor which greatly influenced the jury was a stomach examination by Doc Alexander Gettler, world-famous toxicologist of the medical examiner's office.

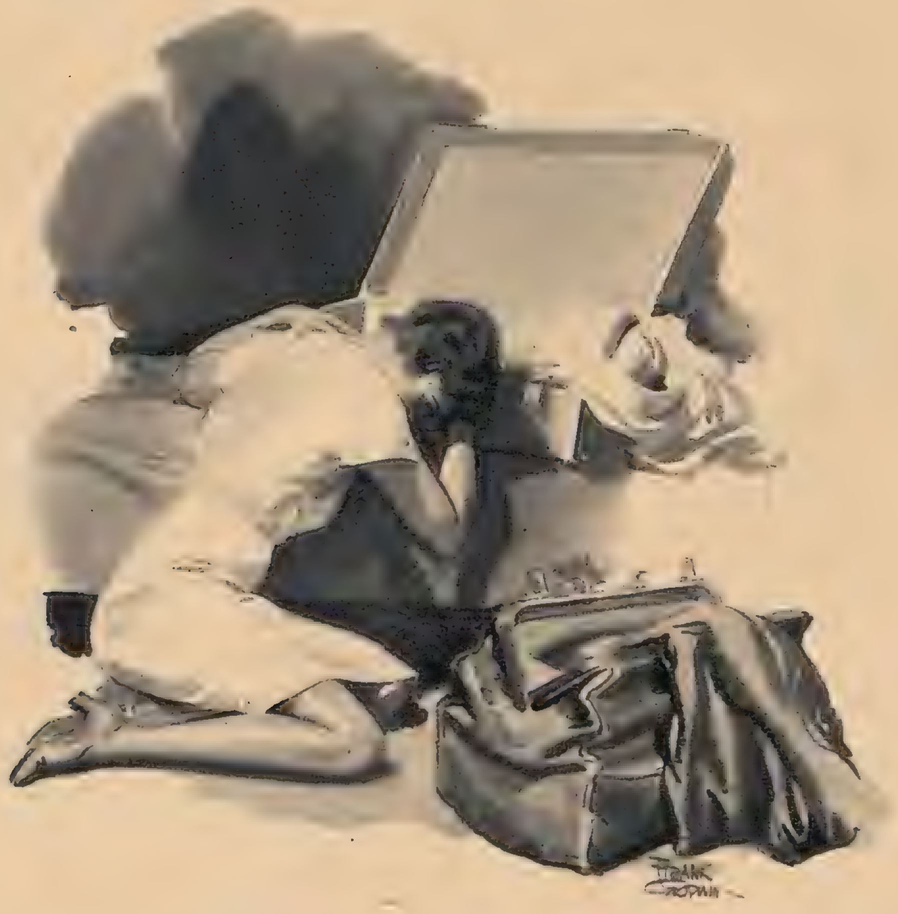
Parker's story, you will remember, was that his wife had been with him up to nine o'clock and hadn't eaten any dinner. She was dead at eleven. Dr. Gettler's report proved that Mrs. Parker had eaten a substantial meal of both red and white meat, celery, lettuce, and poppyseed rolls between three and four hours before her death!

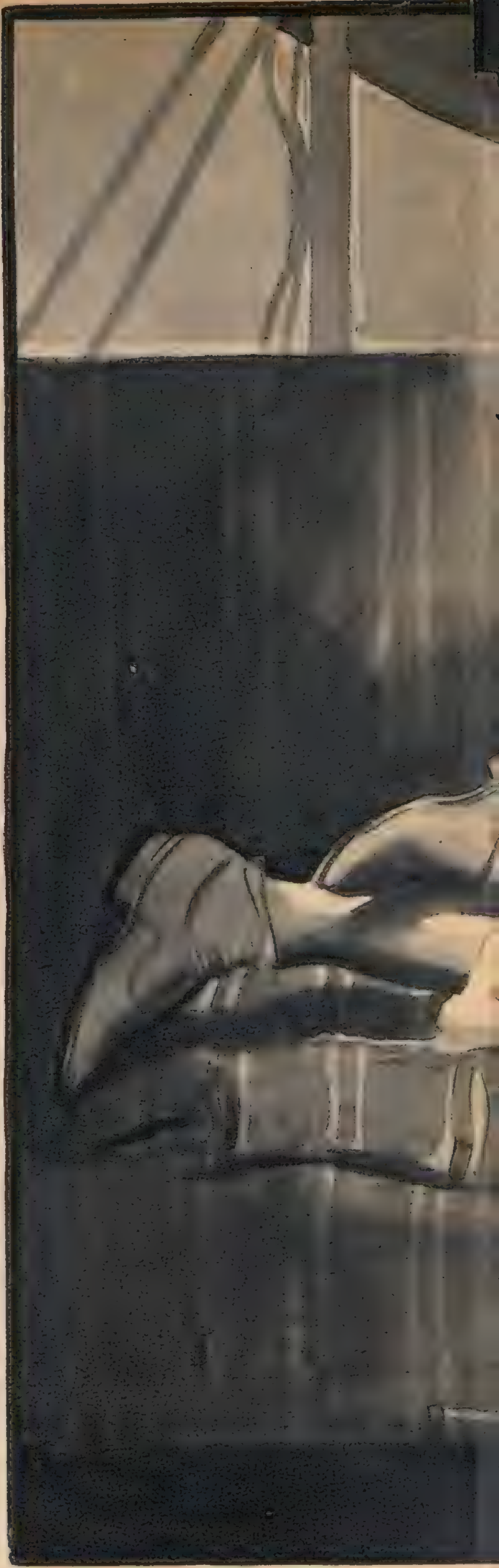
THE END

Godiva Was a Lady

A Bewildered Professor Completes His Post-Graduate Course in Love, and a Gay Novel Comes to a Sparkling Close

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 27 SECONDS





The Princess Royal was in the old spanking position. "Now, you little devil," he said, "you get yours!"

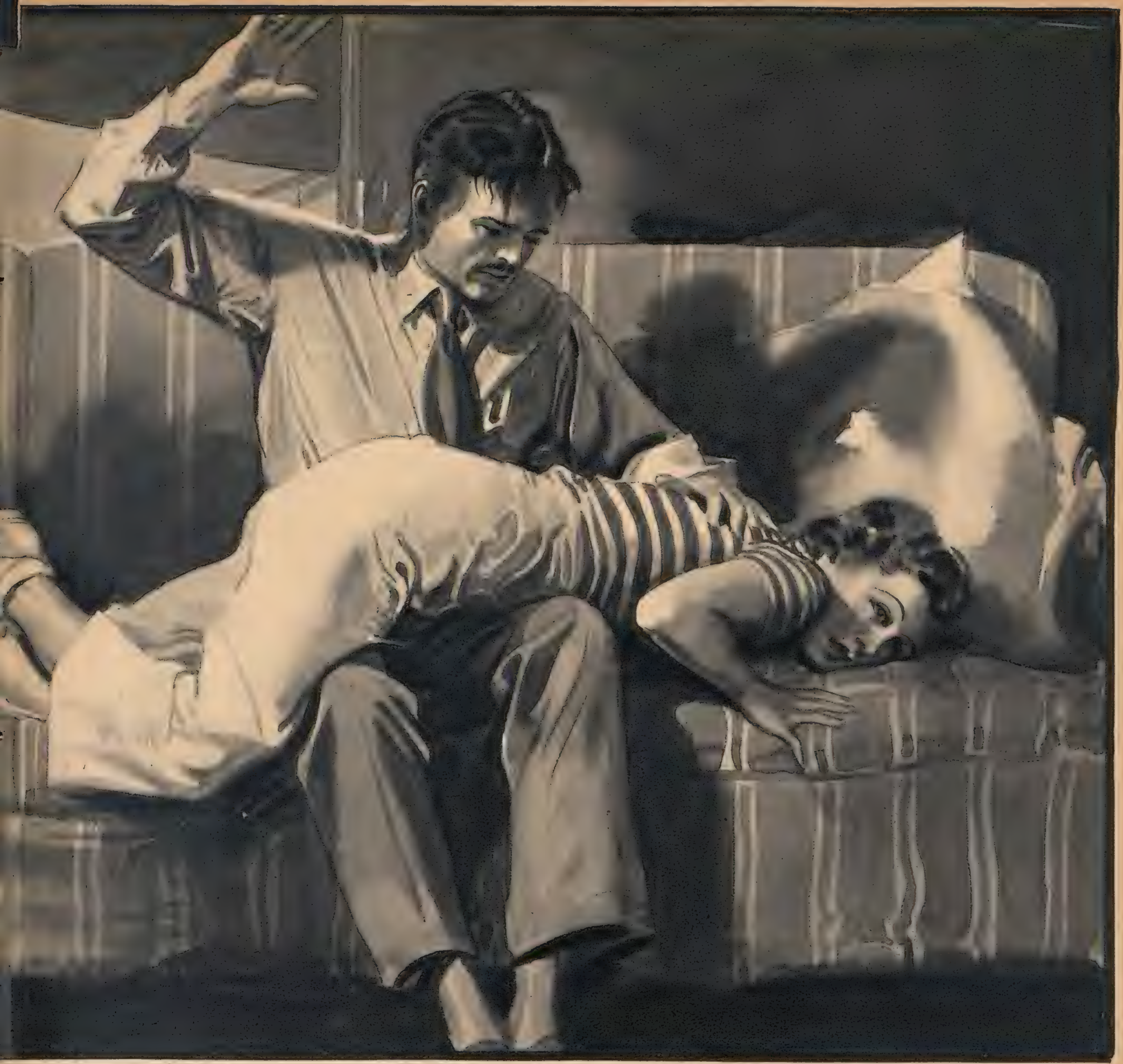
PART SIX—CONCLUSION

SHE began with bends and kicks, vaults and spins and running leaps. Then she began to dance, to the whisper and murmur of the surf, a pagan ode to the moon and sea and sky—the most beautiful he'd ever seen, utterly artless, unconscious, and free. His throat and lips were dry, his knees trembling; he sat down.

Gentleman or no gentleman, he might have crept closer, but from here the illusion was perfect. This was the dream he had followed to Florida, refusing to admit that it was a dream; not Betsy Bliss of the Golden Arrow, the leering press stories, the Babylon Club, and the brassy ambition. It was not Susan Bayliss, the doctor's little girl, either. If only she could go on dancing thus forever! Never be either Betsy or Susan again, but this faëry shape in the moonlight, between the jungle and the sea—not a girl, but a dream dancing.

Stephen leaned back against the rough-soft tree, waiting, his strained eyes closed. When he opened them, she was running into the water, splashing and leaping before she plunged and disappeared. Now he could see her tiny dark head, two arms glinting in the moonglow as she swam back.

She had brought towels. He watched her rub her body dry, then her hair, don the robe, start down the beach.



by LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

She was singing; the voice was true and sweet and trained. And as she drew near he could hear the words. She was doing what he liked to do—parodying a song, an old one as songs age in these radio days:

> " I've told every little shell
> That my love can go to hell.
> Why haven't I told him?
>
> " I've told moonlight on the sea
> Just how much he means to me.
> Why haven't I told him? "

Stephen muttered: " Oh, you have, have you? " He filled his lungs, launched into the parody to drown her out:

> " When they ask if you're in love,
> You always answer, ' Nay.'
> You don't? The hell you say—"

Pretty feeble! He couldn't think of a rhyme for " say," pushing through the lance leaves of the palmettos. She had halted, looking back, as he emerged, ran up to her, laughing.

" Stephen Frost! " she stammered. " How dare you—how long have you been here? " She was either very angry or pretending to be.

I felt so Sluggish!

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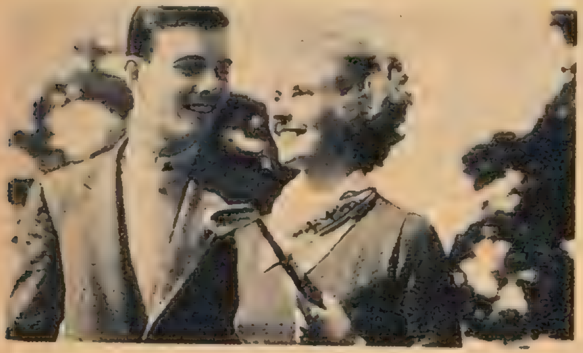

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"How long have you been telling every little shell that I can go to hell?" he evaded.

She didn't smile. "Oh, you!" she blazed. "The perfect male! What made you think it was about you? I make up parodies for fun. How long have you been spying on me?"

"Since you began. It was the loveliest thing I ever saw. What's the matter with you, Betsy?"

She was breathing hard, defying him, her face white and cold in the moonlight.

"That's what's the matter with me. Betsy," she retorted. "How did you guess?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean being Betsy Bliss is what's the matter with me. I'm sick to death of being little Sunbonnet Sue. I've been here three weeks, and I'm bored to death with housework and virtue. I'd almost go back to the Babylon Club to get away from it. Now you know!"

"Well, go back!" he blazed. "Have I done anything to stop you? Do you think I'm good old faithful Fido, waiting for a pat on the head?"

She laughed, suddenly, cruelly. "No, thank Heaven! You're cured, aren't you?"

He didn't want to say yes, and he couldn't say no. She closed up the two steps between them, put her hands on his arms.

"Stephen, I'm sorry." And from her tone she was. "I asked you down here to cure you of—the notion that you were in love with me. I do love you, like a sister—I know that's an old line, but I mean it. You're the nicest thing that's ever happened to me, and you're much too good for me—but I'm not in love with you. I guess I'm not in love with anybody but myself. I want to be me. I want to belong to *me, me, me!* Do you understand? I want to go back and lick New York and make it eat out of my hand."

"I hope you can," said Stephen. The critical side of his mind was thinking: She's talking like an Ibsen heroine, or Wells's Ann Veronica.

"I haven't hurt you too much?" she asked gently.

"SKIP it," he said as nonchalantly as he could. "How long have you been dancing on the beach?"

"Every night since we've been here. Even in the rain. I'm a savage. And you've found it out, haven't you?"

"It isn't gallant to admit it. I do have a grand passion for the girl who was just dancing—yes. But she's not here now."

"Oh, bother being gallant. Now you can go back to New Harbor and—"

"I'm not going back to New Harbor. You've given me a glimpse of the other side of the moon; I'll always be grateful for that."

She sighed. "I want you to stay here. Now that we understand each other, we can really get to be friends. I mean that."

He walked back to the house with her. At the front door he gathered her, unresisting, into his arms, found her cold lips. They clung to his in a long kiss. Sorrow was in it, and tenderness—no passion.

"Good night," he said. "When you see that girl who was dancing tonight, give her my love."

Next morning she waited to go swimming with him. She made flapjacks for him, because he'd praised them before. She was so meek that he protested: "I thought we were going to forget all that. Don't act as though you pitied me. The condemned man is eating a very hearty breakfast, and all he wants at the moment is another flapjack and more honey."

She laughed. "Another honey, you mean."

DOING the dishes they were very gay. She patted his cheek with a soapy hand. "It's so much nicer now," she sighed. "Why didn't we decide to do the brother-and-sister act from the first?"

Stephen retired to the front porch with his typewriter. At nine o'clock a car brought a young man with a telegram for Betsy.

"I have to go to town and telephone," she said a minute later.

She got into her car just as she was, drove off furiously. He went back to his work. His pride was hurt, but he wasn't going to show it before her or her father. Speak about leaving tomorrow; leave next week, he decided.

"I suppose," he thought now, "it will end up with my going back to New Harbor for the second semester, being a good little boy. The hell with women! I'm not the type for the heavy lover, that's all. Two failures in two attempts: Stella and Betsy. Well, I've been a bachelor for thirty years and a plaster saint for six. I can go on being a bachelor without being a saint."

Betsy returned at half past ten with an air of suppressed excitement. He wouldn't ask her what was up. She told him:

"Some important people—important to me, I mean—are coming over about noon. Put on your best flannels and help me impress them. The man has a wife; I've met her, and she's very attractive. You make her glad she came, and I'll take care of him." And she went down the beach to find Dr. Bayliss. Coming back, she said to Stephen as she passed through the porch: "You'd better dress. They said they'd be here before noon, but there's a southeast wind."

He wondered what the southeast wind had to do with it. Little nut! But a sweet little nut! He dressed in his newly cleaned flannels, heard her drive away. Dr. Bayliss came out in fresh white linens.

"Is this as much of a surprise to you as it was to me?" he asked.

"I don't even know what it's all about," Stephen confessed.

"Theatrical man coming. At least, he's a New York lawyer who is backing a show. Angel's the term, isn't it? He wants Betsy in it. The featured dancer tore a ligament in her knee, and they're opening in New York as soon as they can replace her. Fellow by the name of Clinton Powell. Ever hear of him?"

Stephen thought he had, but didn't know where.

Betsy drove in at eleven forty with the Powells. They were two agreeable surprises. Powell was about fifty, grizzled, with an athlete's frame, a hearty handshake, and the simplicity of a prince. His wife appeared to be about twenty-seven or -eight, and a honey.

It developed that Clint Powell was a New Harbor alumnus; Stephen had seen his name on a bronze tablet in the gymnasium as the donor of something. With three New Harbor men present, the conversation over the tall drinks was easier to start than to stop. Mrs. Powell looked at her watch.

"High noon," she said. "I told them we'd be aboard the cruiser for lunch at two o'clock. Suppose you continue the reunion on the way down. With a head wind we'll be two hours getting back. Dr. Bayliss, you and Dr. Frost are coming to Miami with us. It's all arranged. You don't mind flying? Our ship is very steady."

"It's an ambi—what you call it—amphibian," Betsy said. "Seats eight, sleeps four."

Betsy took the Powells back to the airport, only three miles; came back for her father and Stephen.

"This is the life!" Dr. Bayliss grinned. "Drop over to Miami for lunch—only two hundred and fifty miles."

Betsy explained then that when she'd telephoned Mr. Powell, after getting his wire, he'd said he'd fly up and meet her father, bring her down. Joe Rorty had come down from New York with Mr. Powell, to talk business. Stephen somehow felt vastly relieved.

AFTER they'd met the pilot, the plane took off, just like that! It didn't seem like two hours before they alighted on Biscayne Bay, below the yacht club, taxied up through the moored yachts and cruisers of all shapes and sizes, alongside one at least a hundred feet over all: the Madge III.

"That," said Mrs. Powell, "is the first Madge; but I'm the third wife, so I named her Madge III. It gives me an air of permanence, somehow."

Rorty was at the gangway, smiling toothily, when Stephen went aboard, and greeted him cordially. A Jap led the gentlemen below to wash. Stephen, when he went up, found Rorty alone on the after deck, under the awning.

"Well, doc, you're looking fine!" Joe beamed. "Been socking any more guys? Gees, you scared me out of a year's growth! But it's O. K. now. Bonelli told Dalmatia to lay off you, and when the big boy whistles, that dog lies down and rolls over. He took the Babylon away from him; sent Jerry over to one of the Jersey roadhouses, just for discipline."

Stephen grinned. "I haven't congratulated you. Evidently you've got Betsy a swell job."

"Not me," said Rorty. "It was Powell's own idea. He saw her do the Faust number during its one and only week, and when this dancer cracked her knee, he ran me nuts trying to get in touch with Bet. I didn't know where she was. Powell found out for himself, and next thing I knew I was in that bird out there flying to Miami."

Stephen was doing some heavy thinking. "How did Mr. Powell find out where Betsy was?"

"Damfino," said Rorty. "He wouldn't tell me."

THE luncheon table had been set under the forward awning. There was one vacant place.

"Where's Her Highness?" the host inquired.

"She has a headache; asked to be excused." Mrs. Powell turned to Stephen. "I hope she'll be on deck before you leave. My most charming college friend."

The luncheon was superb and Stephen was hungry. He felt as though he hadn't a care in the world.

Mrs. Powell took Dr. Bayliss and Stephen aft for the coffee, so the other three could talk business. Stephen was getting on famously with her. His wit was reckless. At half past three the others came aft. Powell was grinning.

"All signed and sealed," he announced. "Sorry to hurry you gentlemen, but we're going back to get Miss Bayliss's baggage and on to New York tonight. A day saved is a penny earned, if we're going to open in New York before Christmas."

"I suppose you won't be back for Christmas," Mrs. Powell pouted. "Will you people excuse me so I can talk to this sudden husband of mine while he changes?" The Powells went below.

Betsy came over to Stephen, seated herself on the arm of his chair. "He *is* sudden," she sighed. "I haven't caught my breath yet. But I get featured billing—as Betsy Bliss, but I can wear a few shreds of costume. That for you, father! Little Susie will go back to New York and make you both proud of her. This is the break I've been praying for."

Just then Mrs. Powell returned, followed by a young man in a cap and sailor whites who ran down the starboard ladder, started the motor of the tender in which they had come aboard from the plane.

"Will you three get into the bumboat and go over to the plane?" Mrs. Powell suggested. "He'll come back for Clint and Dr. Frost."

Betsy threw her arms around Stephen, kissed him as though she didn't mind doing it at all. "Don't blame this on me," she murmured. He wondered why she was protesting her innocence, and of exactly what.

He said: "I'm very happy for you, darling. All the luck in the world! This is your chance."

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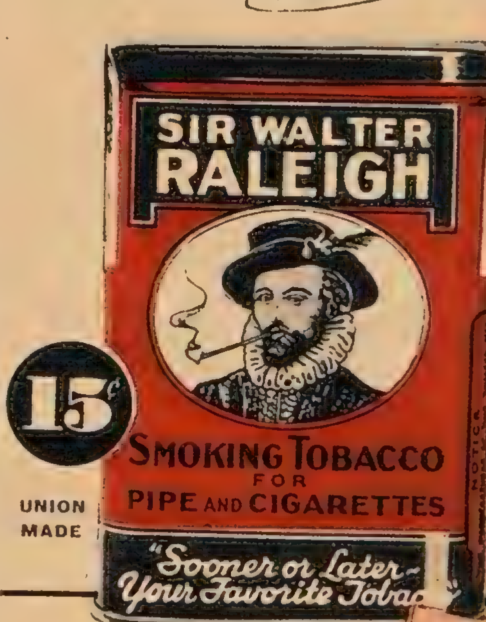

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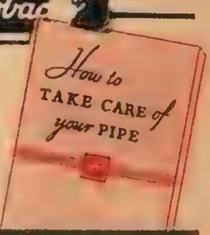


"I owe every bit of it to you," she said. "But you owe a good deal to me too. I guess we're even, Stephen."

Before he could ask her what she meant, she had skipped to the gangway and run down it. Her father and Rorty, after saying good-by to Mrs. Powell, followed.

"Let's go up forward," said the beguiling hostess, "and wait for Clint." Stephen followed her politely. She seated herself on a divan, patted it. Stephen sat down.

"Do you know," she sighed, giving him the full benefit of her gorgeous gray eyes, "I hate to let a handsome young man out of my clutches. Why don't you stay, and we'll run down to the Florida Keys for some fishing?"

Stephen had never met a lady before who was quite so direct. He knew he was flushing with embarrassment.

"We have the princess aboard for a chaperon. And it's all right with Clint; he thought it was a swell idea for you to stay."

The motorboat was putting off from the side of the cruiser, aft. There were four passengers in it, and one of them was Clint Powell, waving to his wife. Stephen followed her to the rail. She yelled: "You come back for Christmas, Clint Powell, you ——" The concluding epithet was vulgar but affectionate.

"But—" said Stephen. "Shouldn't I have gone in that boat?"

"You're not going," said Mrs. Powell. "Make yourself at home. I have to go below for a minute." She dodged around him, walked rapidly aft.

Stephen started after her, then turned back. Take what the gods give you, he decided. Wonder what this princess, who has headaches, is like?

He didn't have long to wonder. He heard rubber-soled shoes on the deck—turned. Around the corner of the wheelhouse came Stella Cornelia King, the Princess Royal of New Harbor.

His mouth fell open. He knew now what it was to be stricken dumb.

The slim young woman in the white sailor pants and the striped jersey appeared to be twice as proud and haughty as he had ever seen her, and ten times as angry when she spoke.

"I want you to know," she said, coldly furious, "that this is none of my doing. I told Clint Powell where Betsy Bliss was, but I didn't know he was going up to fetch her this morning. I made Madge swear that she wouldn't tell any of you that I was aboard. And now the dirty little rat has made them go off and leave you!"

"I didn't know you were here, Stella, but what of it? I never was so glad to see any one in my life!"

"Well, I'm sorry I can't return the compliment. I came down here because Madge begged me to. I suppose you think I ran after you. I know that Bliss girl will."

It was impossible to ask Miss Bliss. The big plane was taxiing down the bay, gathering speed, leaving the water.

"Now, Stephen Frost," said Her Highness, "you get off this boat, or I will."

STEPHEN suddenly realized how funny it was. He grinned. "I have no intention of getting off this boat. I like it. We're going fishing. I like that. Mrs. Powell is a very charming hostess. I like her. I even like you."

Stella looked across the bay where the motorboat should have been returning to the cruiser. It was heading for the yacht-club pier instead.

"You can't get off the boat," Stephen chuckled. "I won't let you."

There was an open section of rail, guarded only by a chain across the top, right behind the Princess Royal. She put her hand on the chain and, before he realized what she was doing, unhooked it and dived into the waters of Biscayne Bay! It was a clean dive. She came up swimming for the shore a quarter of a mile away.

Stephen stopped to strip off his coat, pull off his shoes. She was a strong swimmer. She was within a hundred feet of the pier side when he overtook her, grabbed at her, got the heel of her hand, stiff-armed, in his face. The next couple of minutes it was a dogfight. But he finally got behind her, pinioned her arms. She was still fighting.

The angry buzz of a speedboat was bearing down on them. It was the young man in the Madge's tender. He threw out the clutch, came up alongside the struggling pair.

Stephen had a brain wave. He released one of Stella's arms. She turned, kneed him in the midriff. He let her go, gasped, "Oh-h-h!" and sank realistically.

He was almost senseless from holding his breath before she got to him under water, and towed him up. But she was about spent; her face was white. In a minute he'd have to rescue her. And that wasn't his idea at all.

The young man in the tender was holding out a boat hook. Stella grabbed it, and the sailor hauled them alongside.

"Grab him!" she panted with the last of her breath.

The sailor grabbed him under the arms. Stephen helped until he was on the stern deck. He wanted to help haul Stella in, but that wouldn't do. When she tumbled aboard, he collapsed.

The young man began to apply artificial respiration with more zeal than skill. Stephen gasped: "I'm all right. Let me up. She kicked me—right over—the heart."

HE sat up, crawled into the cockpit, holding one hand over his heart. Stella had collapsed, streaming water, on one of the long seats. She put out both her hands, pulled him down beside her.

"Stephen darling! I'm so sorry. Are you all right?" Her face was so stricken that it made him ashamed of himself. He lay doggo until the boat got to the gangway. He let Stella and the sailor help him up it, collapsed on a waterproof divan. Stella stood over him, her face working, her eyes tragic.

"Get me some brandy," she ordered the hovering young sailor. He sped away for it.

Stephen sat up. "Now, you little devil," he said, "you get yours!"

He had little difficulty in turning her over his knees. Mrs. Powell came running up from below just in time to save Stella from getting hers.

"What on earth?" she gasped. "Collins said you were almost drowned."

The Princess Royal was in the old spanking position across papa's lap, but she mustered all her dignity.

"Will you go jump in the bay, you dirty sneak?" she advised her hostess. "This is a private fight."

Mrs. Powell said, "Oh, so sorry!" and vanished.

One of the Jap boys came aft with the tray, brandy bottle, and glasses. He poured two slugs of cognac, bobbed, said: "Please! Miss Powell say we go to pier now, get gasoline for trip, and Miss King please not to jump in water. Can go ashore when we get to dock."

"Oh, yeah?" said the Princess Royal. "Tell her I said 'Oh, yeah,' Tayaki."

Tayaki bobbed, disappeared.

The Madge was getting under slow way, heading for the gasoline pier, when Her Highness, now very much Her Wetness, got around to admitting this to the enchanted gentleman in whose lap she was sitting:

"I think I was twelve when I decided to marry you, because you were so important. You were a senior prefect in prep then. I got over you because you couldn't even see me for years, and I was all arms and legs. Then, after your mother was gone, I waited to see whether you'd show any signs of wanting to be anything but a New Harbor professor. I've been a faculty daughter all my life, and I was damned if I was going to be a faculty wife and raise a crop of little instructors in English. I wanted to go places."

"You've always gone places," Stephen said. "Now you're going places with me. I'm buying one of those trailers; you've got the car. We'll go all over the United States before I settle down. I have money enough for a couple of years, if we're careful."

Four men were handling the hawsers, warping the Madge alongside the gas pier. If they saw what was going on under the after awning, they were gentlemen enough not to stare. Stephen ended one of those miraculous kisses that could make a man feel warm all over when he was soaking wet by admitting, not very originally: "What a fool I've been!"

"Yes, darling. But we'll overlook that. You're dumb, and I'm a shameless hussy. I'm going to tell you the truth before Madge does. I took the Powells to the Babylon to see Betsy because I knew he was casting this show. But it was all cast by then, and he didn't have a spot for her. When what's-her-name hurt her knee, Clint tried to find Betsy, and finally Madge had the bright idea of calling me up. By that time I knew you were cured and looking for an honorable way out. Now do you hate me?"

Stephen shook his head. "Just so you don't think I'm ridiculous. I don't think I ever was in love with Betsy Bliss—and certainly not with Susan Bayliss. It was some other girl—a white shape in the moonlight."

"You're like all men," Stella said, "you must mourn over the last woman while you're making love to the next. Your Godiva is a lady—yes. Barely a lady sometimes, but always a lady in spite of hell. That's one great advantage I had over her. I know I'm just a female."

. . . .

High above the Everglades, at about that moment, the lady under discussion was explaining to her father about Stephen. Rorty and Powell were up talking to the pilot. She quoted a favorite story of his: "You remember what the Gryphoness said about the Minor Canon: 'He was good and kind and honest, and I think I should have relished him.' But what could he have done with me?"

"No one," her father admitted, "could do anything with you yet, Susie." But he patted her hand.

She clung to his tightly, her nose against the cabin window, looking down at the Everglades. Godiva was a lady. She would never tell any one that Stella had wired her, after Stephen had socked Dalmatia, to get him out of New York; nor that she had telephoned Bonelli, hamstrung Dalmatia with the boss by saying that she'd quit because of Jerry's annoying attentions. A lady may lie, but she must not tell.

Back at the house on Longboat Key, before she started packing, she had a quiet and private cry. "I could have loved him so much," she told herself, "if I had just shut my eyes and jumped! Stella King will take him back to New Harbor, and that's where he belongs."

She bathed her eyes, repaired her make-up, and went out into the living room singing gayly. She wanted Powell to discover that she had a voice, too.

"Well, well!" Powell said, as she posed prettily in the doorway. "I didn't know you could sing! A most amazing young woman, this daughter of yours, doctor."

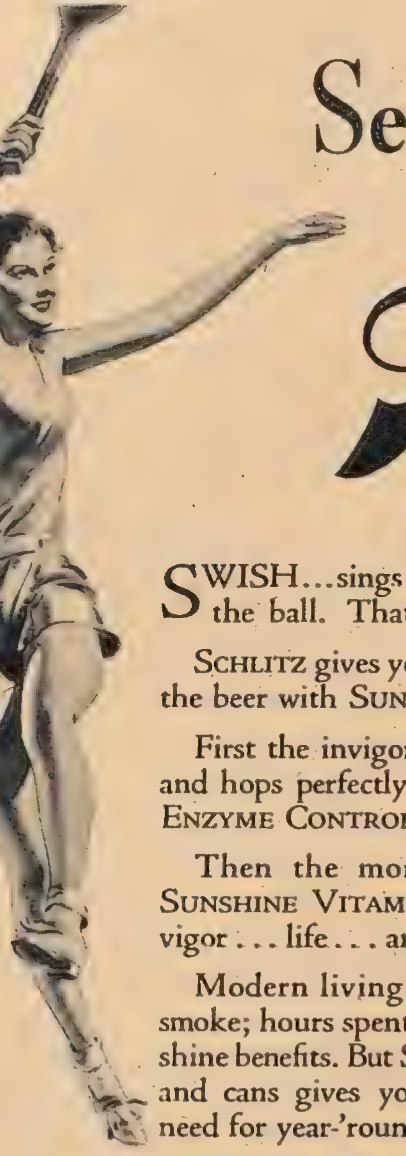
Dr. Bayliss twinkled. "You don't know the half of it," he said with a touch of pride.

He didn't know the half of it himself!

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 35

1—Henry Ward Beecher (1813-87).
2—Yes, by taking the train from Trondhjem.
3—Mark Twain—although there were other claimants.
4—No; according to insurance statistics, the life expectancy is twelve to thirteen years less.
5—Counts slowly up to five.
6—Diphtheria.
7—Queen's University.
8—No one; for it was abolished July 10, 1934.
9—Sir Henry Morgan (1635-88).
10—About 71,000 practicing dentists, according to census figures.
11—Solomon. 1 Kings 4:32: ". . . and his [Solomon's] songs were a thousand and five."
12—Germany, with approximately twice the suicide rate of the United States.
13—Remove the paint's offensive odor.
14—Velocipedes.
15—Woodrow Wilson.
16—The potato.
17—Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924).
18—Tin.
19—Parrot fever.
20—Myrna Loy



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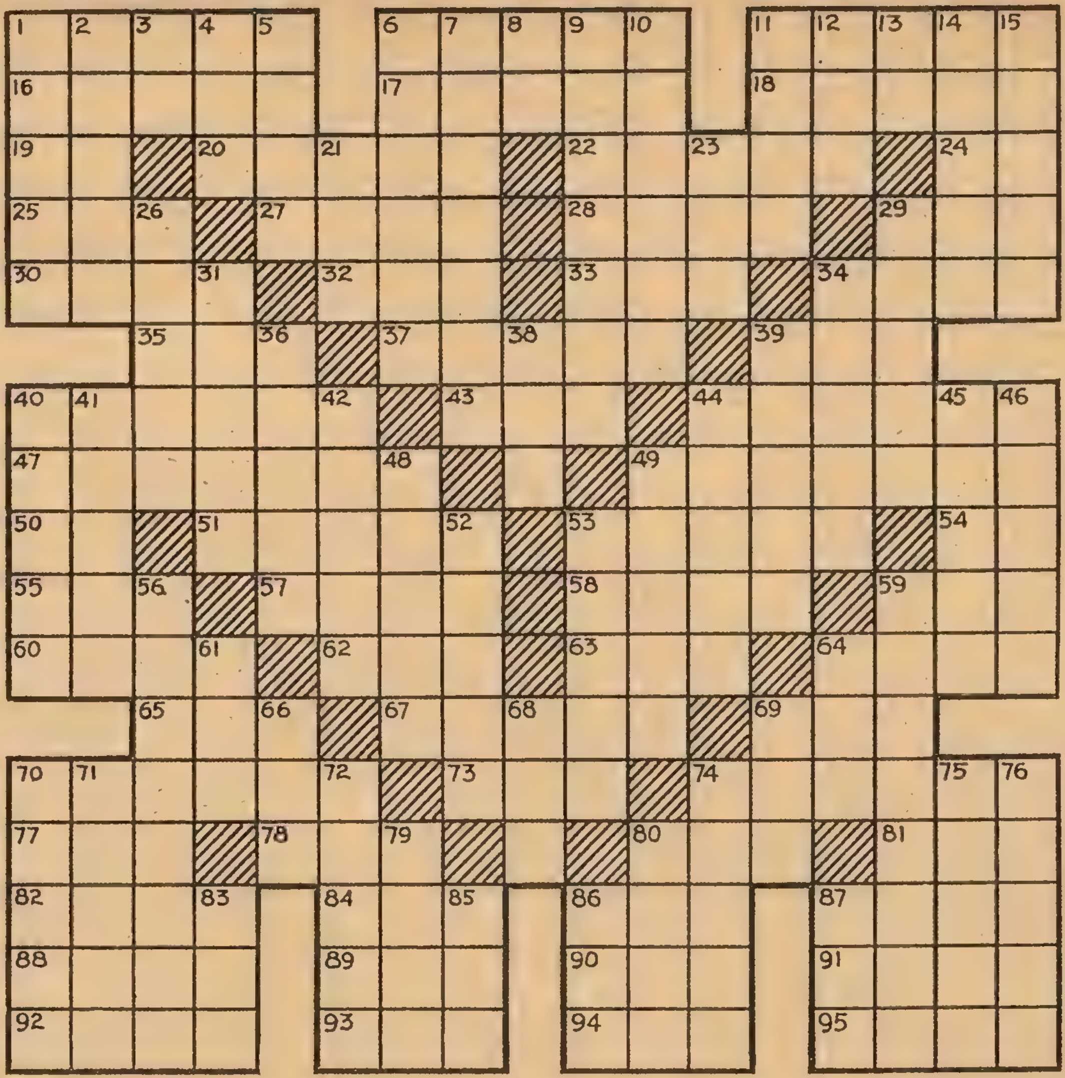


HORIZONTAL

1 Sea eagles
6 Rascal
11 Woman's name
16 Elevate
17 A shade of red
18 Title of respect
19 Into
20 Type of automobile
22 Shy
24 Pronoun
25 Self
27 Morning
28 Peruse
29 Mortals
30 Essential individual
32 Born
33 Scrap of refuse
34 Bare
35 Anger
37 Scrutinizes
39 Container
40 Smith's implements
43 It is (contraction)
44 Billiard shot (plural)
47 Staggering
49 More than two
50 Exist
51 Dens
53 Peeled
54 Egyptian sun god
55 Poem
57 Expectorate
58 Malt liquor (plural)
59 Err
60 Former English coin
62 Enclosure
63 Pronoun
64 Begone!
65 Billow
67 Asperses
69 A tree
70 Bosom
73 Printer's measures
74 Marsh
77 Gypsy
78 Stitch
80 Excavate
81 A plan
82 Afresh
84 Insect's egg
86 Hurried
87 Capable
88 Feminine personal name
89 Individual
90 Devoured
91 Rosy flush
92 Drunkards
93 A color
94 Armed conflict
95 Fish (plural)

B	E	A	U	T	Y	S	H	O	P	P	E		S	B
A	R	M	O	R	E	R	■	M	A	L	A	R	I	A
T	U	■	B	O	A	■	O	S	I	E	R	■	D	T
	D	O	■	D	R	A	W	■	R	A	■	H	E	H
C	I	T	Y	■	S	T	E	W	■	S	P	I	C	Y
O	T	T	E	R	■	I	N	E	Z	■	E	R	A	S
R	E	■	L	U	L	L	S	■	O	F	■	E	R	P
P	■	P	L	E	A	T	■	S	O	L	E	S	■	H
O	P	E	■	D	R	■	S	I	M	O	N	■	H	E
R	A	T	S	■	D	O	P	E	■	P	I	P	E	R
A	T	T	I	C	■	W	I	G	S	■	D	O	L	E
T	R	Y	■	U	P	■	L	E	W	D	■	E	L	
I	I	■	B	L	O	A	T	■	I	O	I	■	C	A
O	C	T	O	P	U	S	■	A	N	G	O	R	A	S
N	K		B	A	T	H	I	N	G	S	U	I	T	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 American Indians
2 Scope
3 Symbol for nickel
4 Letter of the alphabet
5 Have appearance
6 Alarms
7 Join
8 Measure of area (variant)
9 Wives or widows
10 Small pincers
11 Surrounded by
12 Youth
13 Small fish (variant)
14 Beast of burden
15 Amend
21 Put on
23 Tangle
26 A fruit
29 Estate of a lord
31 Narrow flounce
34 Denuded
36 Man's name
38 Ventilate
39 Caverns
40 Bower
41 Indigent
42 Clips off suddenly
44 Roman goddess
45 Italian form of Mary
46 Slope
48 Grates
49 Pickles in brine
52 Fashion
53 Couples
56 A relief
59 Mix confusedly
61 Grassland
64 Baronet's title
66 Beast of burden
68 Woman's name
69 Mist
70 Scotch hillsides
71 Musical composition
72 Male voice
74 Sapper
75 Rheumatism remedy
76 Vomits
79 Alcoholic beverage
80 Granted facts
83 Existed
85 Man's nickname
86 Crude
87 To mature

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"Exercises that strengthen the abdominal muscles are important."

ANY WOMAN CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

Don't Let a Spare Tire or Bulging Hips Get You Down . . . What It Takes You Have, or Can Get, if You Listen to a Friendly Warning from

MADAME SYLVIA

"When you're walking, make an effort to put some snap into it."

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

"Clean, wholesome air is a rarity these days in the big cities."

BEAUTY—what is it? My dictionary says it's "a certain perfection of form resulting from the harmonious combination of diverse elements in unity." Some job, eh? Believe me, beauty is all of that. And you can *all* have it if you want it badly enough! It isn't done with hocus-pocus or magic. It isn't easy. It takes plenty of work, gumption, determination, and that rare quality, stick-to-itiveness. Nevertheless, like Mae West's man, it *can* be had! And when you've got it, hang on to it. It's power for a woman—power that brings success.

Now, don't think those diverse elements referred to above apply only to the different parts of the body and the facial features. They include the stuff you're made of, too. Your graciousness, heart-warmth, tolerance, decency, honesty, sincerity, and, last but by no means least, intelligence. These things some people call inner beauty. They're vitally important to complete that "harmonious combination" that makes for beauty in its highest form. If you have them, you're lucky—I might say blessed. If you haven't, cultivate them and make good use of them.

You're probably thinking: Phooey! What's the good of possessing all this inner beauty? Take a good look at these bulging hips. And my basooma, or the lack of it. What about these hickeys? And my chin that's well on its way to blazes? Those are the things people see! Right you are. But don't kid yourselves into believing that's *all* they see. If you're a so-and-so at heart, it shows on your face—never forget that—hips or no hips.

Just hold your horses and be thankful for those inner qualities, will you? Take it from me, if you have a little warmth in your soul, you're a darn sight better off, and your job of being a really beautiful woman is much easier, in spite of your spare tire, than it is for the gal who already has finely chiseled features, a well-proportioned body—and nothing more. Without the inner part, her regularity of feature is just a flashy sign that reads: VACANCY!

Millions of people suffer from constipation. It's the cause of a great many disorders and a constant menace to health and happiness. It's the greatest stumbling block in your path to beauty. Almost as great a stumbling block is constipation of the soul! And that means just what it says. The first can cause the second, and vice versa; they are interrelated. Frequently, though, the latter is just the result of plain cussedness. But whatever the cause, and in all cases, get busy and clean house if you want to be beautiful. Dust off your heart. Sweep out nastiness, narrow-mindedness, smugness, and self-pity, and you've taken your first step toward beauty. Rid your body of all refuse and you've taken your *biggest* step toward beauty. You'll be healthier, too. And the more health you have, the more beautiful you will be.

The food that you eat—or don't—plays a big part in regulating the normal function of the intestines. So does the preparation of the food. You've heard that a thousand times; it's no news, I suppose. Well, if you don't wake up and use a little common sense about your eating, one of these days you'll get some news, all right. Bad news! You'll wish you'd listened to mama. So you'd better draw up a chair.

Vegetables, for instance, must be steamed. Don't drown them. Don't boil them for hours. You destroy the valuable minerals. Eat them immediately; don't let them slosh around and get soggy. If they are steamed, the juice that is extracted is liquid health. Save it and use it as a pick-me-up between meals.

Don't peel everything. The skins and peels of fruits and vegetables are natural roughage. Of course I don't mean the hide of a pineapple or a banana. But whenever the peels are edible, just scrub them well.

If you have boiled potatoes, eat the skins and all. If it's baked potatoes, do this: Scoop out the inside. Let a tiny bit of the mealy part cling to the skin. Put this shell in the oven and let it get brown and crisp. Even if it's a little burned, that's fine—it forms a kind of charcoal that serves as a good internal cleanser. Furthermore, you get the benefit of all the minerals in the potato this way. You can have this thinly buttered, to take the curse off it!

Avoid fried foods, grease, and strong spices. Pass up anything doughy or sticky, or anything that becomes that way in the system. If you allow partly digested food to accumulate and smother your system, you smother your beauty along with it. In most cases that's the big reason why your stomach bulges and your figure goes completely haywire. And that goes for the complexion, too.

Include these foods in your diet: cabbage (red and white), celery, watercress, lettuce (plenty), turnips (tops and all), carrots, peas, parsnips, kohlrabi, kale, dandelion, and other greens. What, no spinach? *No.* It's an excel-

I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD WEAR AN EVENING GOWN!

BECAUSE OF . . .

PSORIASIS

blemishes. Hundreds of such letters from women everywhere come in to the **Siroil** Laboratories—telling of the tragedy caused by the ugly lesions of psoriasis—how psoriasis had prevented them from wearing evening gowns—and of their loneliness and unhappiness. When they tell how **Siroil** has changed the picture for them their gratitude is really pathetic. **Siroil** removes the crusts and scales of psoriasis and relieves other of its discomforts. Thousands bear witness to these facts. And **Siroil** is so easy to use. It is applied externally—does not stain clothing or bed linen—and is offered on a two weeks' satisfaction-or-money-back guarantee, with you the sole judge of results.

SIROIL ON SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

If your druggist cannot supply you write direct to SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC., Detroit, Michigan

Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

lent source of iron and is O. K. once in a while, but as a daily cathartic it is highly overrated.

Fresh fruits are wonderful aids in relieving constipation. They are better raw. If stewed, don't have them swimming in sugary syrup. Peaches, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, grapes, and apples are excellent. Figs too; but go easy on these if you're fat. Include also orange, grapefruit, and tomato juice. Also sweet apple cider.

"Dust off your heart, and you've taken your first step toward beauty."

Here is an old Scandinavian dish that's not only laxative but works wonders in clearing up your skin. A bowl of clabbered milk, over which grate a handful of dry pumpernickle bread. Top it off with a teaspoonful of brown sugar. Serve it ice-cold. It's simple, easy to make, and delicious. Try it for lunch, plus a dish of raspberries and a small piece of sponge-cake.

Every morning, before your breakfast, take a glass of water with the juice of half a lemon. It will stimulate the muscular movement of the intestines necessary to carry off the waste matter.

And, for goodness' sake, chew your food! Even if it's liquid—chew it! Don't gulp down a glass of milk, but actually chew it and mix it with the saliva in the mouth. You'll save yourself a lot of grief farther down the line, I can tell you.

DON'T underestimate the value of fresh air in combating constipation. Fresh air is a beautifier and a potent tonic for whatever ails you. Get all you can. God knows, that's difficult these days in big cities. With all the factory smoke, automobile fumes—and let's not forget the gases from the big buses—clean, wholesome air is almost a rarity. But, even so, it will do you a lot more good, in the long run, to use your lungs than it will to fly to the medicine chest and swallow a pink pill. Get out into the open country as often as possible. Every morning, stand before an open window, in the raw. Inhale deeply at least ten times and fill your lungs. When you're walking along the street, make a deliberate effort to do the same thing. But when you're walking, walk! None of that shuffling and waddling business. Put some snap into it. Keep your shoulders back and your head high. Humped-over figures that slump and cave in at the middle cramp the vital organs of your body. Give them a break!

Now I'll let *you* have the floor for a while. I mean that literally. You're going to do a few exercises. You all know the value of exercising by this time—or at least I hope you do. They are not worth much on paper; the value comes from doing them. Exercise can do a lot to prevent constipation as well as cure it. But the *kind* of exercise you do is the important thing. You'll tell me that you get plenty of exercise doing your housework. That's not enough. Your job is to concentrate on exercises that will strengthen the abdominal muscles and intestines and increase the circulation in that area. Here is a honey:

LIE flat on your back on the floor, legs together, arms outstretched above your head. Now stretch in both directions away from the middle. In other words, reach for all you're worth with the arms and hands. Simultaneously, stretch in the opposite direction with your toes, trying to touch an imaginary object that's always just beyond your reach. Be sure you feel the pull through the stomach and abdomen. That's the first movement. Do this six or eight times, and then:

Raise the right leg until it forms a right angle with the upper part of the body. Now bend that right leg at the knee so that the heel of the foot is resting against the buttocks on the right side. The foot must be kept off the floor. The left leg should also be bent at the knee, and the left foot resting on the floor about ten inches from the buttocks on the left side. Now, with both hands, fingers interlocked, grasp the right leg just below the kneecap. With a quick jerk pull the leg up until the knee touches the chest. Repeat this ten times. Remember to keep the foot off the floor, and make the movement a quick jerk rather than a slow pull. Now the left leg. After you have worked on both sides, come back to the very first position and finish off with this:

Raise the body to a sitting position, keeping the knees stiff. Don't raise the legs off the floor. Continue through, bending forward, and try to touch your knees with your forehead. The arms should be stretched out in front of you as you try to touch your toes.

Follow the routine every day.

Of course I can't tell you in this one article all the things you must do to be beautiful. That calls for an encyclopedia. But you've got plenty to start on. Get busy! Never mind if I've spent all my time on this subject of constipation. I know what damage it can do to your beauty. And you all want to be beautiful, don't you? All right, then—eliminate!

THE END

LIBERTY'S PATRIOTIC GAME OF PRESIDENTS

$1,500 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

WIN ONE OF THESE PRIZES!

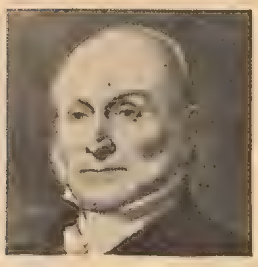
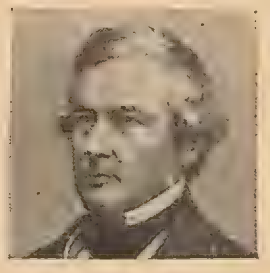
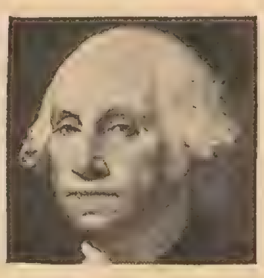
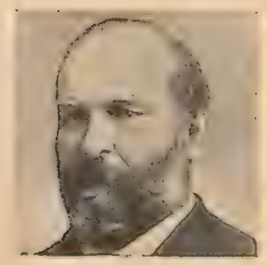
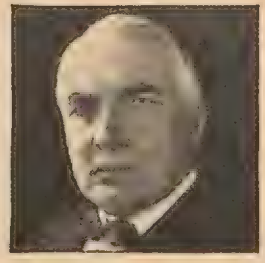
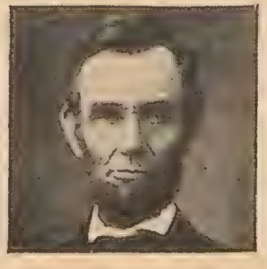
FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
20 PRIZES, each $10	200
90 PRIZES, each $5	450

BEGIN NOW! YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT

ON this page Liberty presents a new and fascinating game that offers great cash rewards and at the same time will help every one to renew acquaintance with the careers of the Chief Executives who have guided the nation in past years. The rules are brief and simple. Be sure you read them carefully. Not all pictures will be published in the same issues with the coupons to which they apply, so you should save all of the small pictures. During the game the picture of every President will be published.

Liberty invites every reader to enter this game. Perhaps you cannot pick the next President, but you certainly should be able to pick those who have already been in office! Can you? Liberty has set aside $1,500 for cash prizes to be paid the most successful contestants. Be sure that you complete and file an entry to claim your share. Start right now!

THE PRESIDENTS WHO ARE DESCRIBED THIS WEEK ARE IN THIS GROUP

THE RULES

1. Each week for eight weeks Liberty will publish a coupon containing verses relating to the Presidents of the United States, together with groups of pictures of the Chief Executives.
2. To compete, identify the President referred to in each verse; clip the portrait that applies and paste it in the space at the left of the verse. Then write the President's name on the line provided.
3. Save all coupons until your set of eight is complete, then submit them as a unit, at the end of the contest, together with a statement of not more than 150 words explaining "What the Constitution of the United States means to me."
4. The entry with the greatest number of correctly completed identifications, accompanied by the best statement, judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness, will be awarded first prize. In the order of their excellence, the next best entries will receive the prizes listed in the prize schedule. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Address all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF PRESIDENTS, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. All entries must be received on or before Friday, November 27, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
7. No entries will be returned. Liberty cannot enter into correspondence regarding any entry. Simplicity is best. Avoid elaborate presentations. By entering you agree to accept the judges' decisions as final.

CLIP HERE

GAME OF PRESIDENTS
COUPON NO. 1

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

He was but a boatman in old Ohio,
A lad of the towpaths where canals flow.
A soldier, a statesman, and then martyr too.
He came to the toga the wearer of blue.

....
(Write the President's name here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

He was a surveyor in plantation days
Who knew the wide forests and Indian ways.
When Britain scorned freedom with taxes on tea
He took up the cudgels for our liberty.

....
(Write the President's name here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

A carder of wool and a teacher as well
Was called to the bar where high honors befell.
A pioneer settler of earlier day
Had shown the young settler the successful way.

....
(Write the President's name here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

A man in the might of his simplicity
Reshaped a great nation to new destiny.
By founding a faith in the race as a whole
He crowned a free people with Liberty's goal.

....
(Write the President's name here)

CLIP HERE

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Vox Pop

Macfadden's Editorials and the Coming Election

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Mr. Macfadden's forceful editorials on the New Deal may well be the deciding factor in the November election. The New Dealers claim that "the New Deal has put us on the road to recovery." An editorial in regard to the truth of that claim would no doubt be appreciated by your readers. The acid test of that claim is, of course, a comparison of the degree of recovery in the United States with the recovery made by other countries.

The following statistics, sent to me by the National Bureau of Economic Research, of New York City, are from a tabulation in the May, 1936, issue of the Monthly Bulletin of Statistics of the League of Nations.

The tabulation shows the percentage of industrial production in a number of countries in relation to the average monthly industrial production in these same countries during the year 1929. The monthly figures used in making the comparison with 1929 were the latest monthly figures available and were for the month of January, February, or March, 1936, except that in the case of Italy, Sweden, and Great Britain (viz., England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales) the latest monthly figures available were those of 1935.

The figures used for the United States were the March, 1936, figures. Russia is included in the League of Nations tabulation but it is not included in the list given, for the reason that in 1929 Russia was in such a condition that figures for that country do not form a true basis of comparison with the other countries. The tabulation follows:

	Percentage of 1929
Japan	135.3
Finland	130.0
Chile	125.1
Denmark	121.0
Estonia	120.3
Great Britain	112.2
Norway	111.4
Sweden	109.1
Germany	95.8
Austria	87.8
Spain	87.4
Italy	87.2
Canada	81.7
Belgium	80.6
United States	79.0
Czechoslovakia	73.6
France	71.7
Holland	69.8
Poland	67.8

The United States, because of its great natural resources, the wide variety of its products, the energy and initiative of its people, its transportation and communication facilities, and its factories, machinery, and manufacturing equipment, should be at the top of the list. Instead, we are fifth from the bottom. Fourteen other countries smaller than the United States, without our many advantages and without any New Deal, have achieved a greater degree of recovery than we have. In eight of these countries industrial production is higher today than it was in 1929. Has the New Deal helped us or has it held us back?—*Howard W. Garner.*

A DARK—AND WET—HORSE!

COON HOLLOW, IND.—Our esteemed citizen the Hon. A. Harter was shown Mr. Macfadden's article on weather control, and he said, "Macfadden may steal a few of my thunderbolts but he can't get away with my rain water. We have plenty of water right now in the Gulf of Mexico, Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, without trying to create greater rainfall. My plan of action is the time-tested method of irrigation—of taking the moisture where it is not needed and putting it where it will make things grow. This will not only give employment to many but will also bring about an increase in such fine recreational activities as fishing, boating, bathing, and high diving."

HON. A. HARTER

Candidate for President Harter is getting a great deal of support from the East, West, North, and South, and he has also received several postal cards from Cuba. And when a suitable arrangement can be worked out with the broadcasting companies for credit, Candidate for President Harter will be on the air with his Nation-Wide Moisture Control Program, when the campaign heat reaches the proper intensity.—*Elmer Weedmower, Campaign Manager.*

THAT BROKEN LEG OF A FLY

CHICAGO, ILL.—Controller (SERA) Riley must have wanted to see his name in print or cover a lot of wasted time on the part of his men (It Happened in Sacramento, August 1 Liberty) by springing that yarn about the broken leg of a fly: I first heard that story in 1895 and can prove it. I understand that Lucas de Burgo told it in Venice about 1494 and was thrown in a canal, being a menace to intelligence. Did Riley charge Uncle Sam with ambulance and hospital bills for the fly?—*Harvey M. Brown.*

WOULD REPLACE CHILDREN WITH DOGS AND CATS

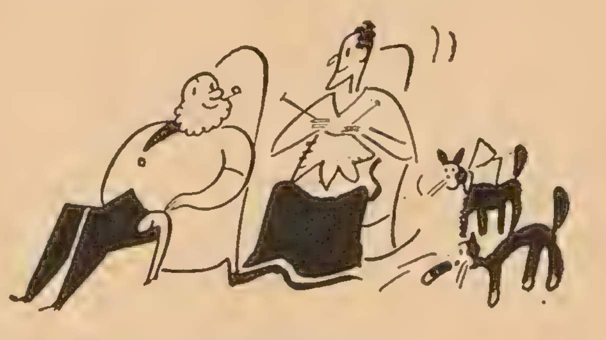
ST. LOUIS, MO.—More and more persons are learning the value and comfort, the companionship, peace, and happiness to be found in animal pets.

My husband and I own a dog, two cats, and a squirrel. We would not willingly part with them for ten thousand dollars. Our pets will never desert us and they are constantly ready to bring us amusement, friendship, and joy. No matter what our circumstances, nor where we go, the affection of our dumb friends remains loyal and constant.

Our children have grown and married. They have deserted and almost forgotten us. Children are always ungrateful. They are never worth the worry, the cost, nor the responsibility.

If we were starting all over again we would resolve never to have children. Instead, we would replace them with animal pets. In the evenings around our fireside our cats may romp and play and amuse us. Our faithful dog follows us wherever we go, and if we leave him even for only an hour, he welcomes us with all the feeling he can show.

When folks take the trouble to find out how much happier they can be in the companionship of pets instead of children this world will be a much better one.—*Mrs. Carl Vandersing.*



CRAPE ON THE GONG

DETROIT, MICH.—I noticed in this week's Liberty's Amateur Writers Page an announcement, suitably edged in mourning, warning us timid literary aspirants that shortly the friendly advice and encouragement of Major Bowes is to be denied us. I hope this real catastrophe can be avoided.

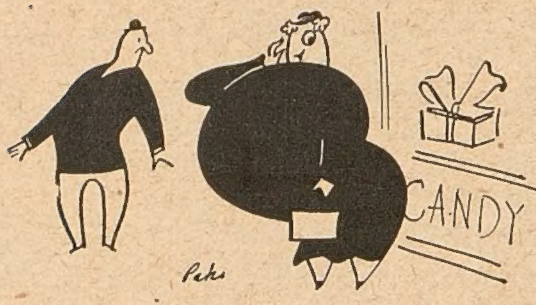
I know that Liberty has been the springboard of many new writers. The Amateur Page has been just one more proof of that. Please keep on giving these lonely, striving people new confidence in themselves—that's what so many of us lack in these uncertain days.—*Kathleen E. Jenney.*

AUGUST 1 AMATEUR PAGE PRIZE WINNERS

The $25 first prize goes to Mrs. L. V. Wallace of Barksdale, Texas, for her anecdote, A Close Buyer. Second prize of $10 goes to F. M. Schureman, Chicago, Illinois, for his quip. Three prizes of $5 each go to L. Pryce-Jones of Buffalo, New York, for his quip; to James Kane of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, for his cartoon; and to Maxwell B. Murray of Toronto, Canada, for his quip.

HOW WOMEN GET FAT

New York, N. Y.—I hate all fat women. They get that way because they eat too much, just as a drunkard gets that way because he drinks too much. Yet, to hear her tell it, she doesn't " eat enough to keep a cat alive." The liar! As between the two, the drunk is the less disgusting, for he *can* sober up; but she is hopeless as she waddles from one gorge to another—no good to herself or anybody else.—*G. Whiskey Kelly.*



SWEEPSTAKES CONTEST

Elsinore, Calif.—Will you kindly inform me about the Sweepstakes Contest which occurred in Liberty quite some time ago? The contest was to close May 31 and notification made of winners on or about June 23.

I noticed several items in the newspaper to the effect that an injunction had been placed against the carrying out of the contest and I would like very much to know just what did occur and if and when the winners are selected.—*Mrs. Glenn R. Conklin.*

[To Mrs. Conklin and others who have sent us similar enquiries: The Post Office Department originally approved the advertisement of the National Conference for Legalizing Lotteries, as it appeared in Liberty, then reversed itself, slapping on a fraud order, which denied the use of the mails to the organization. Mrs. Harriman is still fighting the Post Office action.

The fraud order does not prevent carrying out the contest, and the prize money is now in the bank awaiting the winners. Delay in the awards has been due to the great number of entries. Final judgment is expected to be completed by Labor Day and the winners announced shortly thereafter. —Vox Pop Editor.]

AM I DUMB, OR WHAT?

Seattle, Wash.—I have enjoyed Liberty since its first issue and have found many laughs in Vox Pop. But never have I so thoroughly enjoyed a letter in these columns as much as the one from Leroy C. Robertson III of Wilmington, North Carolina, which appeared in the issue of August 8. Mr. Robertson razzes Howard Chaille of Indianapolis for his humorous letter which subtly suggested that the Hungarian Dance No. 5, by Brahms, was probably an imitation of a fine popular song, Lullaby of Broadway, written by two American song writers.

Oh, Mr. Robertson, where is your sense of humor? Or am I being dumb? Perhaps you meant your letter to be funny. If so, I apologize. Anyway, it gave me a good laugh, for it was so serious.—*V. M. Valley.*

SELL THOSE 200 IDLE SHIPS!

New York, N. Y.—In this city alone over 20,000 idle seamen are being fed by the government and are sleeping on cots provided by the government on piers, at the taxpayers' expense.

The government has over 200 fine steel steamships lying idle under guard of a few men. Since 1920 over $1,000,000,000 worth of ships have been sold for scrap which, to a great extent, has been sent to Japan, Italy, England, and Germany.

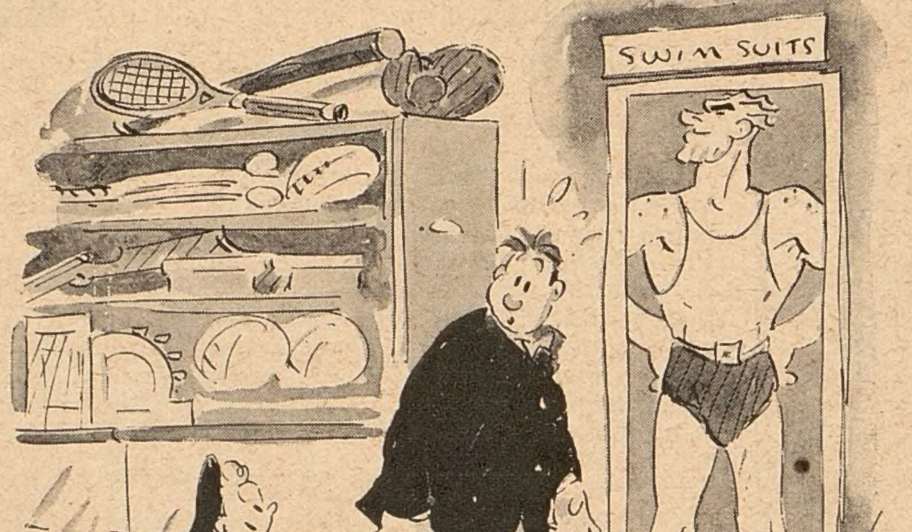
There are over 5,000 foreign tramp ships in operation today. The United States Shipping Bureau refuses to sell laid-up ships to Americans, every attempt in this direction being blocked by the bureau, although potential buyers have offered to buy these ships at two and a half times the price at which they were recently sold for scrap.

The sale of these ships would provide *employment* for thousands of idle seamen now on relief, would provide work for shipyards at once, would increase consumption of fuel oil and coal, would provide work for stevedores, and generally benefit American labor and American business.

Over 90 per cent of the raw materials imported from abroad are carried in tramp ships, the fast liners being unable to carry such freight.

During the past ten years over 60,000,000 tons of bulk cargoes have been brought to the United States in foreign bottoms, while the Shipping Bureau denied Americans the right to purchase these idle ships.—*B. L. Stafford.*

"HARDTACK"



"I want something that'll make me look like that."

YOU HAVE TO USE YOUR WITS

Minneapolis, Minn.—I sincerely hope Puzzled Reader (August 8 Vox Pop) isn't successful in having Cockeyed Puzzles banished from the pages of Liberty. They are hard and they are *fun.* You can't get any help from the dictionary but have to use your own wits.—*Madge E. Cornwell.*

BEWARE! BEWARE! B'LONEY!

Wallingford, Conn.—Boo! Look out for the Big Black Dragon (August 8 Liberty). He is reaching out to exterminate the white race! How is he going to do it?

By wiping out prominent Japanese statesmen by the dozens! Yea. He shall kill off all peaceful Japanese first and then attack the white race!

Beware of Anonemo, the Buddhist monk in disguise. He will convert every colored organization in America to war against the white race!

He is reaching into Italy, into all the world! Beware! Beware! Beware!

B'loney!—*Ralph K. Collett.*

PASSION IN A WASTEBASKET

South Bend, Ind.—I am sending one chromium-plated wastebasket by the next freight. In this ultra-new model I would like to have you deposit those " he drew her lithesome body with its undulating curves toward him and—" stories. They are the cause of many cases of acute indigestion —and even heart failure among the more susceptible of your readers. So let's have more stories without that passion stuff.

On second thought, I have decided not to send the wastebasket, since I expect you have plenty of room in the ones which remain empty because of the above-mentioned atrocities. —"*Skip.*"

WANTED: OLYMPIC SCANDALS

Aberdeen, S. D.—There's a lot of us that would be interested in reading the inside story of the United States 1936 Olympic scandals.

Liberty is the only one that can and will give it to us.—*M. H. Blan.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

CHICAGO, ILL.—Nathan Sonnenschein was arrested as he emerged from a fur store with a fuzzy bundle under his arm. "My cat ran in through that broken window," Sonnenschein explained to the officer, "and I had to go in to get him." But closer examination of the bundle disclosed that it was a fox-fur neckpiece and Sonnenschein was locked up.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—In a scramble under the basket in a basketball game Donald Kodrich was poked in the eye. Doctors examined the injured optic, shook their heads sadly, and told Donald he never would see with that eye again. "I haven't been able to see with it since I was six," said Donald.

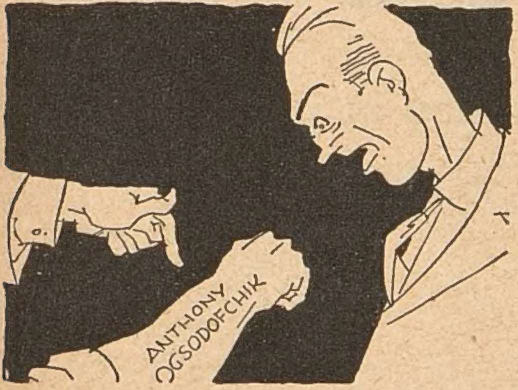
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.— Two patrolmen about to put a parking tag on a car noticed a note under the windshield wiper which read:

> Dear Officer: Please do not tag my car. My left rear tire is flat, my spare tire is flat, and my spark plugs are wet.
> DISCOURAGED.

The patrolmen held a conference, called Sergeant John King on the telephone and asked him whether or not they should tag the car.

"Of course not," Sergeant King replied; "he's had trouble enough already."

ALBANY, N. Y.— Anthony Ogsodofchik found it so hard to spell out his name that he had it tattooed on his arm for reference.



SIGNS BY THE ROADSIDE

Cheerful! But it could be worse. It's not positive either way. Anyhow, that's

TOMORROW
YOU MAY BE IN
HEAVEN OR HELL

what you run into south of Augusta, Georgia, when you start covering the highways. Keep your eyes open and you just might see it traveling south to Florida.

MORE SIGNS

This was seen in a Bowery (New York) hotel: "No card playing allowed unless room rent is paid in advance."

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY STEPHEN GROUT

"THEY SAY" SHE IS!

BUT *IS* SHE—

The King of England's Best Friend?

A Boardinghouse Keeper's Daughter?

A Newly-Rich?

The Most Envied Woman in the British Empire?

Or any of the other things "they say" she is?

Her name is Mrs. Wally Simpson. She comes from Baltimore—the same old aristocratic town where was born that Betsy Patterson—glorious Betsy—who gave her heart to Napoleon's brother and had it broken into pieces. Can a commoner ever find happiness in a royal friendship? What will come of all this?

About the lovely Mrs. Simpson have come "those ill-natured whisperings one sometimes hears on the lips of British irreconcilables—that their King has taken up with a boardinghouse keeper's daughter."

But—This same lady and her husband were honored guests at the new King's first formal dinner at St. James's Palace; and the lady alone was at the second formal dinner, which included: THE KING AND MRS. WALLY SIMPSON, Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, the First Lord of the Admiralty and Lady Maud Hoare, the former Viceroy of India and Lady Willingdon, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill.

The intriguing story of this beautiful girl, the former Wallis Warfield, today, at forty, King Edward's closest friend, comes to you next week in Liberty, together with

WHY MY WIFE AND I ARE UNHAPPY

"If the people who are envying us even half realized what we've been through—what we are still going through—they wouldn't call us lucky, would they?" asks Mama Dionne.

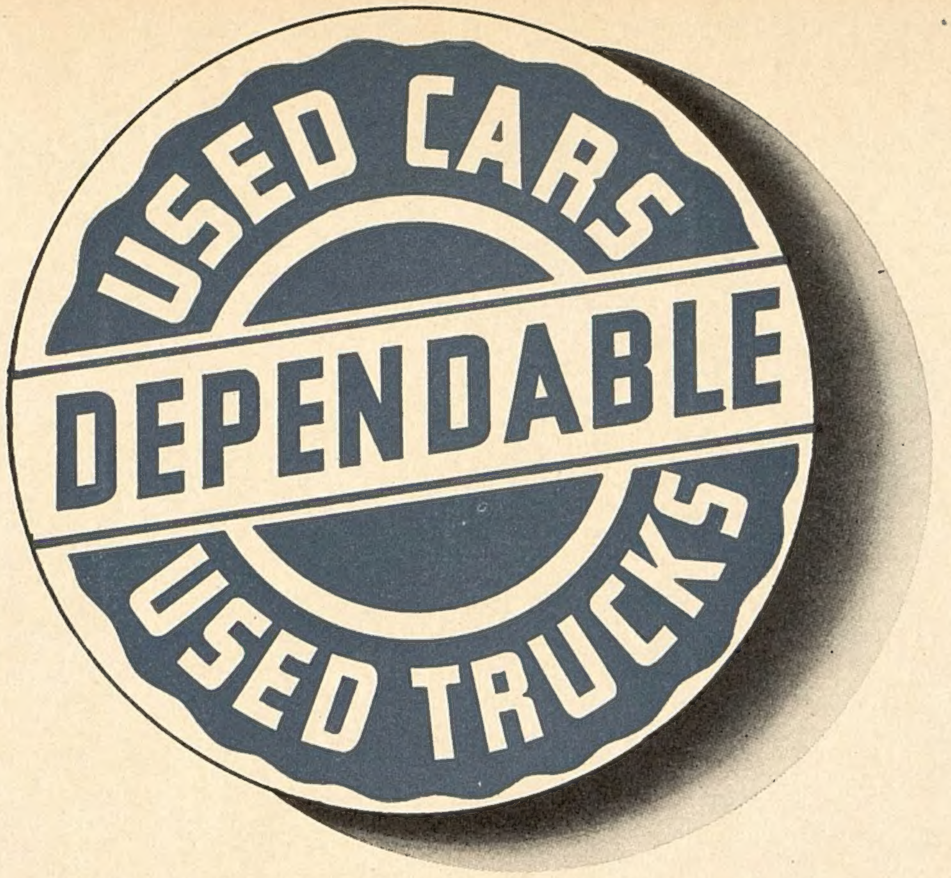
"Only four times," protests Papa Dionne, "since the quins' removal from our house have their older brothers and sisters seen them, and then only at a distance. And, though given access to the hospital, we, the father and mother, never are alone with them.

"How," he asks you in next week's Liberty, "would you like it if you were in my place?"

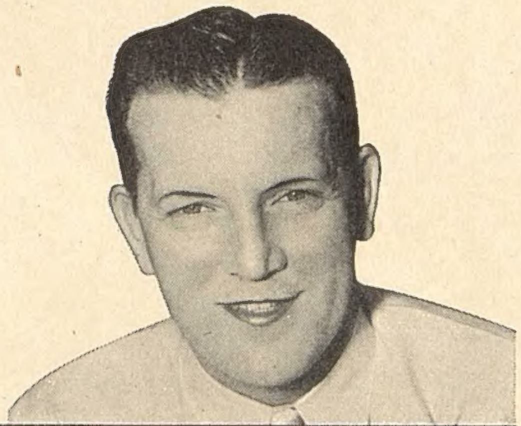
ALSO: MURDERERS WELCOME—Philip Wylie's new serial about an old-fashioned girl and a new kind of killer. Stories and articles by John Erskine, Frederick L. Collins, Larry O'Connor, and four great football coaches—Jim Crowley, "Slip" Madigan, Ray Morrison, and Harry Stuhldreher

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE SEPT. 16

Get Your Copy of Liberty Next Wednesday



Read how this Seal TAKES THE GAMBLE OUT OF USED CAR BUYING!

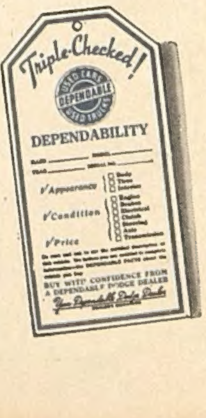


"If you're in the market for a used car don't gamble," says Leonard Forsting, St. Louis. "Go to a Dodge dealer. You can bank on honest value. That's what I did and I got a wonderful used car 'buy'."

MR. FORSTING voices the experience of used car buyers throughout America who have discovered that the safest way to buy a used car or used truck is to pick the dealer first—a dependable Dodge dealer—and then select the used car or used truck with absolute confidence.

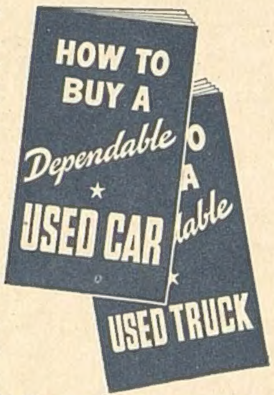
For Your Protection

Dodge dealers have worked out an amazing new plan for the purchase of a used car or used truck so that now a buyer may get the dependable facts before buying. If you are in the market for a used car or used truck all you have to do is look for the Dodge dealer's Blue Seal.



Every Blue Seal used car or used truck also bears the Dodge dealer's Triple-Checked tag which shows you that the vehicle has been triple-checked for appearance, condition and price. These two symbols are your guarantee of honest, dependable value!

You Can't Go Wrong



For your guidance booklets are available on how to buy a dependable used car or used truck. They are free. Get a copy of one or both of them at your Dodge dealer or write to Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit. With the real facts contained in these two booklets you just can't go wrong.

Visit your Dodge dealer today. See the bargain specials in used cars and used trucks he is offering. You can buy on liberal terms with plenty of time to pay. Because of the sensational popularity of Dodge and Plymouth cars and Dodge trucks you will find he has an excellent selection of trade-ins. No matter what kind of car or truck you are looking for, you are certain to find what you want!

Read What Other Buyers Say

"Here's a tip for used car buyers—Look for the Dodge dealer's Blue Seal if you want a real bargain," says W. A. Holcomb, Seattle. "I speak from experience. I bought a used car from S. L. Savidge, Inc., our Dodge dealer, and I got my money's worth."

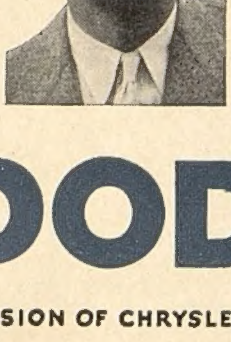
"I got . . . a bargain"

"I have a used car that I bought from the Pelton Motor Company under the Dodge dealer's new Blue Seal used car plan," says Wilfred E. Hartley, Glendale, California. "It's a honey—runs and looks as good as new. I haven't had a bit of trouble with it—and I got it at a bargain."

"Proved utterly dependable"

"I am sold on the Dodge dealer's Blue Seal used cars," says Mrs. H. E. Olson, Chicago. "I bought one from Gerds Motor Sales, Inc., here. I've put 3,101 miles on it and it has proved utterly dependable—no trouble at all—and it's a mighty good-looking car."

"You can depend on a Dodge dealer"



"As long as I can remember," says Justin R. Snyder of Brooklyn, "Dodge has stood for dependability and Dodge dealers are pretty jealous of this reputation. So I figure you can depend upon any merchandise you get from a Dodge dealer. My used truck proves to me that you can."

DODGE

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LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20

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Many smokers have chosen Lucky Strikes simply because they *taste better.* Then as the days go by they sense that Luckies make *smoother going* for their throats—that they are a Light Smoke. Certain acids and other heavy, harsh irritants naturally present in all tobacco are removed by the famous process—"It's Toasted." *Only* Luckies are "Toasted." Smoke Luckies to your throat's content.

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Luckies—a light smoke

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